



Н.Е.Е.Н.

1904







Sarah L. Sanborn







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# *The* Hi-O-Hi

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P U B L I S H E D   B Y   T H E

 Junior Class of   
Oberlin College

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Volume XIV   ♪   ♪   ♪   ♪   1903

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*Ours is the heritage passed from hand to hand  
Down the reverberating years,  
Hundreds have prized it; sons in every land  
Trust it to us, yet feel no fears.  
Treasure of friendship, work, the future planned,  
Hopes, joys, their love—we enter in—  
Ours is the heritage passed from hand to hand,  
Oberlin, beloved Oberlin!*











*Pedagogues we'll deal with squarely,  
Students we will treat quite fairly,  
And endeavor in this book  
To show exactly how you look,  
How to others you may look,*

*If you're roasted somewhat badly  
Just remember that you gladly  
Read the jokes on other folks.*

*If the faculty are treated  
With some frankness here are treated,  
'Tis that frankness to which they  
Treat us students every day.*



### DEDICATION.

This book is but the creature of an hour —  
A craft rigged rudely, leaving in its wake  
No swelling tide of thought, that shall send out  
Its ever-widening eddies to the shore.  
It is not ours to do that perfect thing  
Which shall outlive the stern arbitrament  
Of Time. Yet to thee may these pages prove  
No ineffectual token of our love,  
Bearing some deep significance along.  
To a rare graciousness which is the soul  
Of courtesy and to the strength of an  
Unruffled calm, deep-laid in godly trust,  
And hand in hand with dignity that comes  
With many years, informing it, the sweet  
And healthful spirit of unchanging youth —  
To these high attributes which do unite  
In thee, this book goes out in reverence.





*Adelia A. F. Johnston*







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## Adelia Antoinette Field Johnston

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ADELIA ANTOINETTE FIELD was born in Lafayette, Ohio, February fifth, 1837. She began early her chosen work, since at fourteen she was engaged to teach in a summer school near her home. Her course at Oberlin, the institution with which her well-known name is closely associated, commenced in 1851, before she was quite fifteen. She was graduated from what was then known as the literary course in 1856, entering upon her duties as teacher the next year, when she became principal of the Academy in Mossy Creek, Tennessee. For several years she taught, first in Orwell, then in Albany, Ohio, later in Kinsman. August seventeen, 1859, she married James M. Johnston, a teacher in Oberlin, who January sixteen, 1862, gave his life for his country. A year at Andover, Massachusetts, where she studied Latin under Dr. Samuel Taylor, preceded her acceptance of the preceptressship in North Scituate Academy, Rhode Island. The following winter she spent abroad, as a student in Leipzig University. After her return she renewed her connection with her Alma Mater, becoming, as it was then expressed, Principal of the Ladies' Department of Oberlin College, or as it later read, Dean of the Woman's Department. Hillsdale College conferred upon her the degree of Master of Arts in 1873; Oberlin, the honorary degree, A. M., in 1878. Almost fifteen years ago she began her courses in history, always popular with the students because, as she often says, she keeps her work up with the times, adding continually to her old lectures new funds of information gained in reading and in travel.

When she felt obliged to give up her administrative work in the college, the trustees, March ninth, 1900, expressed in the following words their regret at her resignation from the deanship:

"Her long and faithful devotion to the service of the college and to its interests, her great ability in administration, her wisdom and tact in every conjuncture, her high ideals for the young women under her charge and her success in stimulating the desire of attaining elevation of character have combined to make her deanship of inestimable value to the institution and to its undergraduates."

This same recognition of her services to the institution led the Alumni to choose Mrs. Johnston as their trustee. The holding of such a position by a salaried officer being found illegal, she was made a member of the Prudential Committee, an important place, in which her ability has an opportunity to display itself.

The popularity of Mrs. Johnston as a teacher has been mentioned. In this capacity she shows remarkable originality, a most unusual personal interest in the individual students for this day of large classes, and, what she herself would mention first, an enthusiastic pleasure in her work.

The same charm that holds her students spellbound—Mrs. Johnston has a keen sense of the dramatic—has made her a famous after-dinner story-teller and parlor lecturer. Around the world in a thousand places, she has her friends, her admirers.

To this personal fascination is partly due her success in raising funds for Oberlin. She gives to the work a rare tact, an undiscouraged perseverance. Aside from the contributions of money she has prompted, we owe her a debt of gratitude for the beautiful collection of photographs, for which some day she hopes to have an Art Building.

In these aspects of administrator, financier, lecturer, and tactful adviser, the undergraduates know her but slightly. To us she is rather the fascinating teacher and the charming hostess. Her "at homes" are afternoons no Wednesday-caller may forget. In those artistic rooms, with their beautiful pictures, books, china, rugs, gathered from every odd corner and famous city of the world, the gracious, sweet-faced woman dispenses the famous cups of tea in a fashion inimitably graceful.

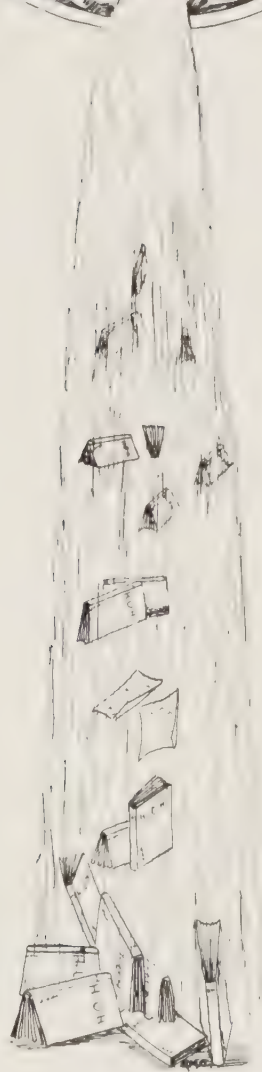




## THE BOARD



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## D a n n y @ C o . — B r o k e r s

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Down the streets in the dusk of a spring twilight shuffled a solitary little figure, picturesque in its rags, yet wholly pathetic in the dejection now expressed in every movement. Frequently the brown eyes would rest appealingly on the face of some one of the hurrying throng and a weary little voice would cry out, "Evening News, Press, a-Woyld,—Piper, Mister?" Even before he could finish, the object of his solicitations would have hurried on without so much as a passing glance, and the little figure would lapse again into silence, shift the bundle of papers—almost as big as himself—from one side to the other, and shuffle on toward the Square.

Several times it happened so. Then the child sank down on the curb, resting his head against a post as if the cares of life were too much for his tired little brain. It was here that Danny found him.

"Hello, Baby,—what's de matter? Snowed under?"

"M-m; guess so," responded the small one. Danny examined the bundle of papers and shook his head.

"No luck tonight, eh? Well, le's see if we can't fix up a scheme—jes' wait a minute!" And ever on the alert for business,

Dan dashed off in response to a whistle from the back of a passing car. Presently back he rushed, breathless but triumphant, his last paper sold, so he was free, and ready to devote his time exclusively to the "Baby's" needs.

He found the youngster, however, deep in conversation with one of the older boys whom Danny had little use for, so, marching up with small ceremony, he called out, "Hi, *you*, do de vanishin' act pretty lively, will ye? You needn't t'ink you're de main gazabo around dis orphan asylum," and he put his arm around the shoulders of the "Baby," who leaned against him trustingly.

The other fellow objected. "Ah, g'wan," he said, "I was on'y tellin' de kid—"

"Never mind," broke in Danny. "Me and dis kid understands each other poifec'ly, and we ain't askin' you to mix."

"A' right, you'se go ahead. Fly your own kite, an' youse needn't send no speshul fer me if de string breaks, nieder."

"Nope,—but if we gits stuck on top uv de sky-scraper over dere, come up after us in de freight elevator, den you kin be stuck up, too." And with this parting sally Dan returned to his plotting with "de kid."

Long and earnestly they talked, then dividing the remaining papers, they separated. Dan scurried away, yelling at the top of his lusty lungs, and the Baby—well, he wasn't such a baby after all, and these little "nobody's children" learn early to adapt themselves to circumstances. First he pinched himself hard to hurt his feelings so that he could cry. But results seemed unsatisfactory, and accordingly he bumped his little head against the post until the tears came. Once started, how he did weep!

People began to notice him as they passed, and finally one girl stopped to listen to his tearful story.

"Poor little fellow," she said at last, "how many papers have you left?"

"Ten," wailed the Baby, now thoroughly absorbed in his task, "an' me mudder said she'd beat me fer every one I brung home tonight, 'cause she needs de money."

"Well, here's a dime. You keep the papers, and if you can't sell them again, throw them away." And the girl hurried on, happy in the thought of having saved that frail body from at least ten blows.

After she had gone, the child could not suppress a smile, rather watery, to be



sure, but a smile, nevertheless. Then stowing the precious dime away in the depths of the one pocket that had no hole in it, he resumed his task.

A business man hurried out of a store near by, his change still in his hand, and as he passed the small bundle of deceit weeping on the sidewalk, he tossed out a dime, with the inward comment, "Fake, probably, but he's such a little shaver, and maybe he is in trouble, after all." A grimy little hand closed over the coin, and the jingle, as it joined its companion in the pocket, convinced the Baby that he was ready to go out of business. But Danny was not in sight, so he waited a moment, then decided to try once again.

This time more effort was needed, for it was growing late, and everyone rushed by, too busy to notice the sobs that were gradually growing less. At last, however, footsteps wavered near him, and thus encouraged, "Baby" managed to squeeze out two great tears which had the desired effect. A tall young fellow stooped over him and said, as he slipped a shiny new quarter into his hand: "Brace up, old man; it can't last always."

The Baby drew in a long breath, and with a hasty, "T'ank ye, sir," to the man, he turned, to find Danny taking in the situation with a comprehensive grin.

"Looked like Jim Corbett, kid, what'd he give you?"

As he surveyed the quarter he added, "Two bits! Hully Gee, he's a real gent, dat guy. Didn't tink you'd hit 'em so hard, young un', but den, dey don't git to it every day in de week, an' it does 'em good to loosen up *proper* when dey does git at it."

With this the two dimes were forthcoming, and the kid felt like a millionaire, when Danny slapped him on the shoulder and said: "Well, you *are* a winner, sure. You won't have to git around in de morning till your bank opens, den you kin tell 'em you wants one large share, with no water in it."

"Now, here's nine pennies. I sold all dem last editions fer you, and now what's doin'?"

"Le's eat," remarked the infant.

"Dat's me! Dere's de 'Night Owl' on de corner. We can put dat out o' business."

And hailing a third of his kind, Danny shouted: "Hi, Muggsy; jist got back from headquarters. Nother railroad wreck—exter out in ten minutes. You git twenty fer me and ten fer de Baby, an' we'll see you 'fore long. Jim Corbett's jes' set de kid up in business, an' we're goin' down to git a Waldorf samwich, an' some coffee wid real cream in it."

MABEL M. FARRELL.



## SONG OF THE PROCTOR.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-  
where;

In upon the spread  
While asleep in bed  
All the girls should be.  
(College Rule-book see.)

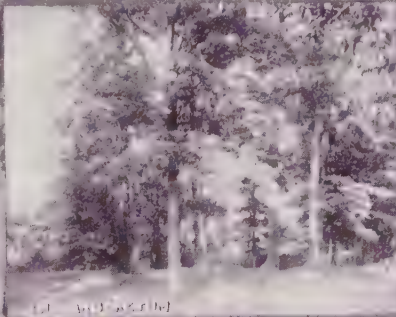
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-  
where.

Hearing naught of praise,  
Gusts of wrath I raise.  
Thankless work it is,  
Yet I know my biz.

So I come creeping, creeping every-  
where.





# Oberlin In Summer.





PRESIDENT BARROWS



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## P r e s i d e n t      B a r r o w s

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ON the twenty-sixth of May, 1595, St. Philip Neri, founder of the Congregation of the Oratory, died at Rome. His long life of eighty years had covered one of the great periods in the history of Italian civilization—what may be called the high noon of the Renaissance—the age of the Medici in Florence, of Leo X. and Gregory XIII. in Rome, the age of Galileo, of Michelangelo, Titian, and Paul Veronese, of Ariosto, Tasso, and Machiavelli. The fascinations of art and learning and luxury had so wrought upon men that their eyes were sealed to the beauty of holiness. To St. Philip, though he was *philosophia ac sacris litteris eruditus*, virtual Paganism was far too heavy a price to pay for the intellectual and artistic achievements of the age, great as these were; yet, in Cardinal Newman's words, "he perceived that the mischief was to be met, not with argument, not with science, not with protests and warnings, not by the recluse or the preacher, but by means of the great counter-fascination of purity and truth."

While it cannot be said of President Barrows, as of St. Philip, that he despaired of the efficacy of argument and science, of protest and warning and preaching, against the unrighteousness of his time, yet it can be said that as we knew him, his chief weapon was "the great counter-fascination of purity and truth"; that, like St. Philip, "he preferred to yield to the stream and direct the current of science, literature, and art, and to sweeten and to sanctify what God had made very good and man had spoilt." Of him, as of St. Philip, it is true that what "he did was to be done by the light and fervor and convincing eloquence of his personal character and his easy conversation." In the same Discourse of the Idea of a University from which I have been quoting, Cardinal Newman makes an eloquent distinction between the methods of science and the methods of literature, in the course of which occurs a description of literature that applies almost equally well to the type of character that I have in mind: "Literature does not argue, but declaims and insinuates; it is multiform and versatile; it persuades instead of convincing; it seduces, it carries captive; it appeals to the sense of honor or to the imagination or to the stimulus of curiosity; it makes its way by means of gayety, satire, romance, the beautiful, the pleasurable." What more telling description of the true humanist, the cultivated spirit that directs the highest human attainments to ends higher than their own? "The light and fervor and convincing eloquence of his personal character!" What more precise account of the method of President Barrows during the last four years of his life? Yes, he was like St. Philip in this, that he was willing to use the world's best achievements for his own high ends—the artistic genius of Milton and Rembrandt, the attractions of high place gained by patriotic statesmanship, the compelling charm of human wit and sympathy and eloquence. He gave us a spectacle of an abounding interest in life, in all its manifold expressions of grace and power, an interest that was only a handmaid to his devotion to that "favor which is life," and that "loving-kindness which is better than life."

This is not the whole story. Others think of President Barrows as the great



preacher, liberal, eloquent, devoted; the ardent champion of great causes; the superb organizer; the captivating lecturer and writer. Those who knew him remember, perhaps first of all, his marvelous personal power, his quick, appreciative sympathy, the grace and charm of all that he did and was, his unsurpassed gift of making himself beloved. All this and much more might be said. Much of it is far too intimate and sacred to be said. But as members of an institution of learning and the liberal arts of which he was the head, we may properly think of his eager and unfailing interest in all that is humanly "lovely and of good report," in all the noble activities that vivify, enrich, intensify, the common life of men. It was characteristic that in his address at the funeral services of President Fairchild, his mind dwelt almost exclusively upon the momentous events that President Fairchild had witnessed, of the wealth of life that his eighty years had seen. President Barrows' half-century, too, was a stirring time—as momentous, doubtless, as the age of St. Philip—and we may be sure that he rejoiced not only to live in such a time, but also to reflect that he was contributing his force towards the solution of the great problems of his day.

This bent of his own mind could hardly fail to influence his ambition for the college over which he presided, and in which he earnestly believed. He desired that Oberlin should continue to be, as it has long been, in vital connection with the life of the country, that it should make citizens rather than scholars, that its sons and daughters should exclude themselves from no beneficent activity and no humane enjoyment, that their spirits should be exalted and their lives enriched by whatever enriches and exalts the spirit of man—and this in the interests of the life of service, for which, as sons and daughters of Oberlin, they have been trained. He might have echoed the beautiful words of Bernard of Clairvaux: "*Sunt namque qui scire volunt eo fine tantum, ut sciant; et turpis curiositas est. Et sunt qui scire volunt ut sciantur ipsi; et turpis vanitas est. Et sunt item qui scire volunt, ut scientiam suam vendant; verbi causa, pro pecunia, pro honoribus; et turpis quaestus est. Sed sunt quoque qui scire volunt, ut aedificent; et charitas est. Et item qui scire volunt, ut aedificentur; et prudentia est.*" It was not granted to him, as to some of his predecessors, to see the effect upon the college of a long presidency, but loyal and loving hearts will rejoice to perpetuate his influence and to aid in the realization of his ideal.

One thinks of him sometimes as of Tennyson's Ulysses—an eager, though not a restless spirit, rich with the gifts of experience, yet still drawn on by gleams of "that untravelled world, whose margin fades forever and forever." Life in all its fulness was not too large for his eager spirit here, and into the fulness of life we believe that he has entered.

C. H. A. WAGER.





## THE GOOD OLD OBERLIN

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This is the sorrowful story  
Told by our Madame J.,  
When she talks with her old-time  
cronies  
Of the Oberlin of today.

“There go a man and a maiden  
Together as sure as you live;  
Not a sign of rain in the heavens!  
What earthly excuse can they give?

“Sundays, can you believe it?  
The girls go wherever they please,  
Not a single chaperon near them  
As they stroll off by twos and by  
threes.

“Now, in the old times, the good times,  
If they wished to stir out of the door,  
They went to the grove after dinner  
To come back precisely at four.

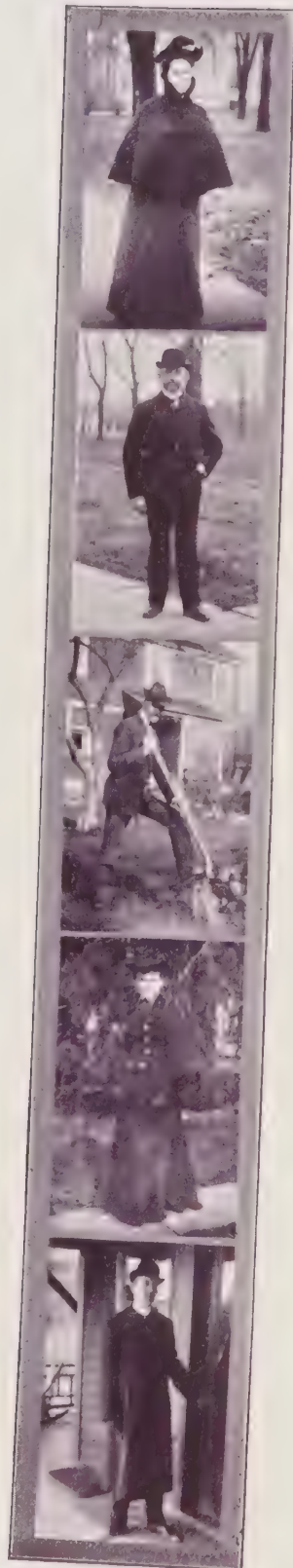
“If, oh appalling idea,  
A man had invaded their nook,  
They turned their backs straightway  
upon him,  
Dared not to speak nor to look.

“For to speak to a man on a Sunday  
Is a deed as distressing and dire,  
(I know you’ll agree when I say it)  
As walking with one after choir.

“Free from all rules are the home girls,  
’Tis the worst thing that yet has been  
done,  
For can mothers control their own  
children  
As well as a dean who has none?”

This is the sorrowful story  
Told by our Madame J.,  
As she talks with her old time cronies  
Of the Oberlin of today.





There once was a doctor named Luce,  
Who always was wont to refuse  
To her classes to go  
Without sixty or so  
Of books which she never could use.

Professor Bosworth's strong right hand  
Is wont to rule with mild command  
The theologs of Scoundrel hall,  
Married and single, great and small.

Professor Caskey's running a farm,  
If he does no good he'll do no harm.  
Perhaps he'll start some private schools  
For lads he's fired for smashing rules.

O'er frivolous Con- girls pumped and  
gay,  
One, Mrs. Woodford has the say,  
And when they act a bit untoward  
She sends them to the Spinsters' Board.

Prof. Morrison is a witty wight.  
List these words from his tactful  
tongue:  
"My wife like a Madonna looked  
tonight,  
Like a Prima Donna has sung."





**OBERLIN**

**ALUMNI.**





## TO THE ALUMNI

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"You are old, friend Alumnus," the  
Freshman said,  
"And there isn't a thing you don't  
know.  
Yet you lived when the rules were a  
monster to dread;  
Pray tell me just why this is so."

"When a Freshman," th' Alumnus re-  
plied to the boy,  
"I walked in an unerring way,  
And rules only added the more to my  
joy —  
I would it were so to this day."

"You are old, friend Alumnus, although  
it's revealed  
That you still are quite hearty and  
strong,  
Yet you hadn't a feminine Athletic  
field —  
Now how did you wiggle along?"

"When I was at school," the Alumnus  
replied,  
"No field did the young woman need  
For house-work and sewing and  
books were their pride,  
And *they're* very fine women in-  
deed!"

"And football?" the youth then in-  
quired with a smile,  
"Pray, what did you do without that?  
You never saw 'Varsity pile up a pile  
Or stretch an opponent out flat?"

"The men were all quiet in my younger  
years  
And never were eager to scrap.  
They scorned to indulge in such  
fiendish loud cheers,  
Or maim one another, mayhap."

"You are old, friend Alumnus, but tell  
me the truth:  
They say that you flunked in your  
math;  
Did such things occur in your far  
godly youth,  
Did *you* win the prof.'s bitter  
wrath?"

"They've forgotten, my boy!" the Alum-  
nus exclaimed,  
As he turned very red with vexation.  
"I always made 5. I'm excessively  
pained  
To respond with no clear explana-  
tion."

"You are old," said the lad, "Friend  
Alumnus. No doubt  
You never made calls until seven —  
Yet long ere you grew so exceedingly  
stout  
Did you call no one 'Angel of  
Heaven?'"

"I have answered five questions and  
this is too much.  
You'd your impudence just to begin.  
Now off with you quick. It sure beats  
the Dutch —  
The youth of the new Oberlin!"



REUNION DINNER 1900

With the publication of the "Hi-O-Hi" there comes to every Board of Editors the question, "What new feature can we present that will be attractive to the readers of the Junior Book?" One thing and another have been tried in the past with varying success. We are now ready to offer the results of our effort.

We have felt that among the great number of Oberlin Alumni there must be some who still take a direct interest in the life of the students of today. We have felt, also, that the majority of the students are deeply interested in the experiences, past and present, of the members of that honorable number, an integral part of which they aspire in time to become. We accordingly wrote to most of the Alumni who have kept in touch with the college since their graduation, asking them for a brief account of any experience characteristic of the days spent in Oberlin, or of their present vocation. From the answers received we have selected the few that follow to comprise this, our "Alumni Department." We could not use all the material offered us. Many have commented favorably upon our plan, "approving" and "wishing us all success." We appreciate their sympathy, but such expressions do not make an "Alumni Department," and we heartily suggest to those who have such opportunities in the future, that they make the best of them. We are very grateful to those who have shown their interest, and we most humbly submit our thanks.

We cannot expect that our successors will follow our course and on the meager beginning which we have made, develop a chapter of more pretentious dimensions. We believe, however, that such a chapter in the "Hi-O-Hi" can be made exceedingly attractive to all who take the time and trouble to peruse it. If you like the idea and are given another opportunity, improve it. You will make easier the lot of a future Board of Editors, and will aid in the successful publication of a book that is becoming more and more an "ad" for your alma mater.—

THE EDITOR.



SAN FRANCISCO, January 12th, 1903.

"THE PLYMOUTH."

It gives me great pleasure to send greetings through the Annual to my classmates and college friends from "the land of sunshine and flowers;" for, with the exception of the summer of '99 spent in doing a little of Europe, I have made my home for the past four years on the Pacific coast. The past three years I have lived in San Francisco, and have found it a most delightful city. Much has been said of San Francisco's climate,—but it has an atmosphere as well, a musical atmosphere—for this is a great music-loving and music-patronizing place. At present I am business secretary of the S. F. Musical Club, a flourishing organization of women musicians. We give bi-monthly recitals, which remind me very much of the dear old Wednesday evening affairs of the conservatory—which I always thoroughly enjoyed (when I wasn't on the program). With best wishes to all old friends of the class of '91, I am sincerely yours,

MABLE COBB ALEXANDER.

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### **The Ten o'Clock Bell.**

Perhaps you may like a little tale of school days: Mr. X—, of the class of 8—had been invited to his first class party. He had all the earmarks of a Freshman, and yet under the glow of the evening entertainment his courage rose to such a point that he dared to ask the privilege of escorting a charming young "First Year" to her home. When they came to depart, he discovered to his confusion that she had come with another young lady, and that he was expected to look out for both of them.

Everything went nicely as they passed through the campus towards Lorain Street. Young lady No. 1 lived on East Lorain, while young lady No. 2 lived on North Professor, several blocks away. As the trio came in front of Council Hall, the ten o'clock bell sounded out its ominous notes of warning. It is said that he who hesitates is lost. While the Freshman, with a divided mind, was meditating which young lady should be escorted home first, suddenly No. 1 loosed her dainty hold of his right arm, and was seen scudding in the direction of East Lorain Street. A moment later the gentle pressure on his left arm was relaxed, and young lady No. 2 departed rapidly in the direction of North Professor Street, while the "Freshy" stood bewildered, wondering what will be the result of two forces pulling in opposite directions. In a moment he realized that the ten o'clock rule also applied to himself, and he sprinted towards College Street, barely reaching his six by nine third-floor chamber by 10:05 p. m.

Since that time he has often visited the spot where they made the "great refusal," a sadder and a wiser man.

It would not be fair for me to reveal the name of the hero of this incident. Sincerely,

L. DOGGETT, '93,  
Springfield, Mass.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., December 31, 1902.

The fire burns low in the grate, and the clock is slowly ticking away the last moments of the dying year. A letter from the Editors of the "Hi-O-Hi" is in my hand and has peopled my lonely room these three hours past with forms that walked the streets of Oberlin a decade and a half ago.

As I look back on those bright days, and on my life since then, I am sure that the thing that helped me most was learning to know the teachers of those days. For example, the Hon. James Monroe, with his old-fashioned courtesy, his persistent, courageous optimism, and his most noble Christian faith. I was nearing the close of my Junior year. Somehow it came to his ears that I was trying to pay my own bills as I went on and was not exactly having an easy time. One day I received a kindly invitation to call at Prof. Monroe's house. I appeared at the time mentioned, in great embarrassment, not knowing at all what to expect. I found the professor apparently quite as much embarrassed as myself. He made some inquiries about my plans and resources, and then asked in a very gentle and courteous way whether the loan of twenty-five to fifty dollars would not be a help to me. He stated with an air of great secrecy, that a certain friend had left in his care a sum of money on purpose to be used according to his judgment in helping self-supporting young men to finish their courses at Oberlin. As the years have gone by I have heard of scores of others to whom similar offers were secretly made by the same dear old man, and I have come to understand the identity of the "friend" who supplied Prof. Monroe with money.

PAUL HARLAN METCALF, O. C. '89.

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BRIDGEPORT, CONN., March 27th, 1903.

*To the Annual Board* — Enclosed find the snap shot I promised you. I think it very good of both of us, and the person I borrowed this from made me promise that I would get the person who took it, to get the person who developed it, to get the person who has the film, to get another printed for her. So you see it has value somewhere. But you are welcome to this print to do with as you please. Sorry I have not the time to write you a story, but the truth about that is this: I like to write, but it takes time, and engenders a habit of dreaming, and awakens in me desires to rise to higher flights of imagination than advertisement writing allows me (our ads. are strictly true), so it is detrimental to my business interests and must be kept in a properly subordinate place. And since writing is with me such a passion that it will not take second place, it must be subjugated entirely — I mean the desire must be subjugates. If no annual has ever been dedicated to Mrs. Johnston within the memory of man, my own judgment would be that she is deserving of the honor. I do not remember whether any Annual has ever been dedicated to her, but I take it from the tone of your letter that none has. I am trying not to let my personal affection speak at this time, but merely to consider what the college and the student body owes to Mrs. Johnston. She is certainly deserving of the honor if anyone ever connected with Oberlin is.





P. S.—This is the first class baby of '98, and belongs to my brother. It is a good baby and is learning the "Hi-Ki."

I am glad you have decided to dedicate to her whom I have always affectionately called "The Madame." I think there is nothing connected with Oberlin that gives her friends more pleasure than the thought that now she is taking her true place in the hearts of the students. For years her position as Dean made her to most students only the strict disciplinarian, and they could not or would not see the magnificent character which she stoically hid under the stern exterior that she thought her duty compelled. That she should have during her last years of service to the college the appreciation and love of the students is more reward than she ever asked for herself or would for a moment stoop to obtain.

\* \* \* \* \*

Your request for a snap shot of myself and my wife will have to be refused for the reason that I unfortunately have no wife and will not have up to the moment of your going to press. But my previous activity on college publications makes my heart soft towards those who want things from the alumni, so I will say that I have sent for a snap shot of myself that will please you, I think. It will be sent you in a few days. You may get some sort of a story with it, or you may not, according to how much I have to do the night that it comes. Since I have been writing advertisements to fill space at five dollars a line, I have learned the value of condensation, so whatever you get will be short. Very sincerely yours,

LUCIEN T. WARNER, '98.

MARRIED — *April 29, 1902, Miss Mary Barbour Whitman to Mr. Lucien Thompson Warner.*

In this windy prairie town of 800 people, having buildings averaging up with, if not beyond those of Oberlin, and a business in many ways as large, and being only two and a half years old, with parsonage buildings, plant improvements, holding the church together, and "picking up the pieces;" with attending funerals and services ten to twenty-five miles away, the thing most representative of myself is, it seems to me, except, of course in the certainty of "striking," a streak of chain lightning.

WALTER E. LAMPHEAR, O. T. S. '99, O. C. '01.

Geddes, S. D.



Dr. Luce (to Miss Severance): "How many generations you must have seen come and go!"

Miss Holmes: "If the day of prayer is on Thursday, why do they have meetings on Wednesday and Friday?"

Miss Miller, '04: Why, it takes one day to get ready for it and one to get over it."

Miss Luce, going to chapel with her usual pile of books, was advised: "You ought to go not as a beast of burden, but as a beast of *prey*."

Miss Ray: "You are young, Mr. MacMillen. When you are older you will know better."

Little Mac: "Oh, come now! You're kidding me."

Miss Hardy and Miss Leggatt were out walking last fall and on seeing a surveyor's instrument across the street, Miss Hardy said eagerly: "Hurry up, Clara; we don't want to get into that picture."

Warth's idea of baseball—as Miller '04 goes home on an error, he exclaims: "There, he snuck in."

Clifton, while saying farewell to Miss Toole on Webster's porch, accidentally leans against the door-bell button. His consternation may be imagined by some, perhaps, when Mrs. Webster appears at the door.

If you wish to find your meeting after chapel you must learn to box the compass.

The day he left on the Glee Club trip, Sam Hotchkiss wrote this chemistry formula on the blackboard:  $KI + 2S = KISS$ .

Miss Fette, '05: "March is a short month in Kansas, because the wind blows two or three days out of every week."





"CONNUBIAL BLISS; OR, THREE YEARS AFTER."  
AL YOUNG, '97.  
COACH OBERLIN TRACK TEAM, '03.



(Tune: *Where, oh where, are the verdant Freshmen?*)

Where, oh where, are the old Alumni?  
Where, oh where, are the dear Alumni?  
Where, oh where, are the good Alumni?  
Lost now in the world of sin.  
They are a prey to the world's temptations.  
They are a prey to the world's temptations.  
They are a prey to the world's temptations.  
Gone now from Oberlin.



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# The Legend of Iambard a Poet of Algiers and His Travels

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Being an epic poem in nine books and composed according to none of the rules which in the unenlightened ages were supposed to govern that sort of composition, having a beginning, since, forsooth, it must begin, and an ending since by the limits of this book and by a kind Providence it must end, written in various and sundry irregular meters.

Gratefully dedicated to whomsoever may graciously please to read it.

## BOOK I

### CANTO I.

*The poet feels an impulse to communicate with kindred souls, which impulse moves him to travel.*

There was a poet of Algiers,  
Extremely knowing for his years.  
It chanced upon a fine spring day  
This poet to his steed did say,  
"Pegasus, 'tis time we journeyed  
To visit dwellings of the learned.  
We know by heart all Euclid's rules,  
And doctrines of Platonic schools;  
'Twould be so sweet to sympathize  
With others who like us are wise,  
Who love the problems mathematic,  
And scan exactly meters Attic.  
So bear me to a classic town  
The farthest known by its renown.



## CANTO II.

*The poet comes suddenly to a village known*

So on he rode on his good steed's back  
Till, dazed, he landed with a whack.  
"And can it be that this 's the place  
I've sought so long with patient grace?  
Ah, 'tis, I feel, 'tis Oberlin  
Its buildings must my praises win.  
There's Titus' arch, this much is clear,  
It's taken wings and settled here.

## CANTO III.

*The poet is astounded at the various noises emitted by the conservatory.*

"But what's this noise assails my ear?  
'Tis truly more than I can hear.  
Bagpipes screeching,  
Preachers preaching,  
Horns a-blowing,  
Cattle lowing,  
Could not, I'm sure, exceed the way  
They take to music in this day."

## CANTO IV.

*The poet is delighted at the Peripatetic and Platonic philosophy practised in this town.*

His eye roamed o'er the campus wide;  
Couples strolling there he spied.  
"Ha," he said, "I see 'tis plain,  
This is Aristotle's fane.  
Peripatetic doctrines here  
Are to students the most dear.  
Walking around they chatter knowledge  
As that old Greek did in his college.  
Yes, Platonic doctrines, too,  
Carry weight with quite a few.

## CANTO V. (being in an entirely different meter.)

*The poet visits the library and is astounded at the methods of study there pursued.*

"This is the place I've been searching,"  
As he walked up the library stairs.  
"But what is this noise that assails me?  
Can it be that they study in pairs?  
  
"True in the schools of far China  
They study, for so it is said,  
(Surprised to find here such a method)  
With the tongue and not with the head."



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## The College Chapel

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At one o'clock Sunday morning, January twenty-fourth, the historic college chapel, which for nearly half a century had been the centre of the academic life of the institution, was destroyed by fire. Thus one more of the old landmarks of the college and town has disappeared. The fire probably originated from an overheated flue in the basement, directly under the Academy office. When first discovered it had gained such headway that it was impossible to preserve any of the contents of this office and many of the records in the Registrar's office adjoining. Within an hour and a half the roof had fallen in, leaving only the walls.

None of the spectators will forget the magical effect of the flames on the snow-covered campus. The impressiveness of the sight was deepened by the force of our associations connected with the building. President King, in his allusion to them said on the Day of Prayer, "It is the first time that the students have met to observe this day elsewhere than in the old chapel."

We are now looking forward to the prospect of a new chapel with a capacity more adequate to the increasing demands of the Oberlin student-body. The proposed building will be erected opposite the north-east corner of the campus, where the Finney house now stands.



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## The Reward of the Wicked

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"Madge Burton, don't you think your eyes ache? Don't you think your brain's fatigued? Don't you think your nervous system will be shattered? And above all things, don't you think you're just too lazy to study another minute? Yes, I think you unquestionably are."

With this satisfactory soliloquy, Madge sent her Sophocles rattling down to the table and threw herself upon the floor by the open window to enjoy the languorous delight of an early June day. The warm air was heavy and sweet with a mingled fragrance. Every breath brought the drowsy hum of summer life. Students sauntered in the sunlight past the dormitory where nearly all the girls of Rivers College boarded. Madge buried her chin in her hand and allowed herself to drift away into dreamy memories of her childhood's home, its huge gray rocks and willow-bordered pond. She had not wan-

dered long, however, before a merry laugh aroused her and she leaned far enough out of the second-story window to see her room-mate and her own brother, Dick, below. A half wonder flitted through her mind as to what joke would be perpetrated now and who would be the unhappy victim. Then she quickly lapsed back into her dream.

A moment more and her room-mate came bounding up the stairs, banged the door and dropped into a chair in mock horror. "Margaret Alton Burton, the Saints preserve us, and you're not studying, just sitting there on the floor like any ordinary mortal! I'd be willing to bet—no, you said it was vulgar to bet, didn't you?—well, I'd be willing to asseverate that you haven't looked at your Latin and German, you, the most luciferous star in the whole class. Madgie, dear, you're not, you're sure you're not in love? You don't feel any longings to write poetry, do you? or stroll around the campus at a rate that would shame any self-respecting snail? Oh, dear me, no. What can I be thinking of?"

Madge gave a despairing "Betsey, Betsey, what *is* the matter with you?"

"Matter with me, my most adored? Not a thing in the world. Just wait until I'm sure that there is not the faintest retreating shadow of the lady prin. about these parts and I will disclose to your scholastic eye a most scrumptious plan. No lady prin in the closet, no lady prin in the hall, no lady prin under the bed. Now I'll close the transom and pull down the window. Then we'll assemble stealthily in the middle of the room."

Madge, who was more than a trifle bored at first, was getting interested. It was such an unusual thing to be consulted in Betsey's escapades except to assist her in evading the wrath of the ever vigilant lady prin.

"Now, Madgie," Beth continued, with her arms around her room-mate as they sat together on the floor, "I'm serious." Madge smiled indulgently. "You know you're going to write that lovely paper about the beauties of Rivers for the commencement number of the Students' Monthly, and you haven't even seen the finest thing about the whole town. You've never had even the tiniest little squint at the grade and lake at night — by moonlight."

"Well, Betsey, I know, but how am I going to see it? You don't expect me to climb out of my window at ten o'clock and crawl down a ladder, just like — like —"

"Any commonplace, vulgar mortal who regards a three as a necessity of life and a four as a fearful and wonderful luxury never to be indulged in except on occasions."

"You know I wasn't going to say that," Madge remonstrated.

"Yes, I know, dear, and I don't expect you to go climbing around and destroying your clothes and your dignity. I just want you to walk downstairs and out of the cellar door, like our friend, Bridget, the 'quane' of the kitchen, mum. Oh, now you begin to look curious. Well, I'll be magnanimous and relieve your suspense."

"I'd like to hear, of course, Betsey, but you know I couldn't think of doing any such thing as that, even if some of the other girls do," Madge said decidedly.

"No, of course you couldn't, but I thought maybe you would, even if you couldn't. And don't you dare assert that I haven't a conscience as tender as the youngest prep-let's. Well, your blessed brother, Dick, and his blessed room-mate, Tom, and my blessed self, Betsey, have this little scheme. Dick heard the cook planning with her best beloved to leave the hall at eight and go to a dance. Of course, she won't be back until awfully late, or awfully early, rather. My lady prin will try all the doors at ten, but she'll never think of the outside cellar door. Thereat Dame Bridget will go out, and you and I will follow in her footsteps. We'll meet Tom and Dick down street. I'll let the proctor into our little scheme. She won't tell and she can make excuses to the girls if anyone should happen to come to our room. Now, Madgie, don't say you won't. You never go anywhere with me. Lots of the girls do such things and one of the boys is your own brother. So it isn't the least bit out of the way."

Madge laughed in spite of herself. "Out of the way? I should say it wasn't. Maybe you can get permission. Seriously, I'd like to go, Betsey. I suppose such things are fun. But you know I have an obstructed will (to quote Brother James) and always see the obstacles. Why, Betsey, you don't think. What if we should be caught and sent home. I'd never get over the disgrace. I know I'd go crazy."

"But, Madgie, we can't possibly get caught. I should think you could see that. You don't want Tom and the rest of the boys to think you're a grind and a prig."

"Did Tom say so? Well, I think that is nice of him," ejaculated Madge.

"I wudna say that he did and I wudna say that he didna. No, no, Madgie, he didn't, he didn't, don't get excited. But I'm afraid that that's what people will say if you don't do anything the rest of the girls do, and you know I think so much of you I can't bear to have people say such things."

"Well, if that's what they call me, a grind and a prig, I guess I'll go, because I'm not anything of the sort, and you know it yourself, Betsey."

"Of course I do," Beth asserted joyfully.

Half past eight found the two girls creeping stealthily down the back-stairs in the



dark. Madge had to stifle a good many misgivings, but now that she had started she would not go back. At the foot of the steps a voice reached them. "It's the dread dame, herself, descending to an altercation with some unlucky wight who wasn't as wary about her performances as we are," Beth whispered. "Oh don't you wish, don't you wish, my lady prin that some little bird would just bring you an inkling of what's going on out here? We'll come home at eleven or later and get into bed and you'll never be a jot the wiser."

It took but a moment to scurry noiselessly across the kitchen floor, down-stairs and out the cellar door. Soon all four were walking briskly away toward the grade. This grade, built years before for a railroad which had never appeared, led from a spot just outside the village, down through dense tamarack swamps, to a little lake about a mile distant. It had for years been the favorite scene of every sort of student escapade.

"We'll give our best respects to Dame Bridget," said Tom, as they were well on the way to the lake, "and hope that Patrick will propose to her tonight and take her back to Ireland where she may live in peace and happiness to a good old age."

"Yes, indeed," Betsey agreed. "Let's buy her an organdy dress for a wedding present, and write on the card, 'From four unknown admirers who would have liked to marry you, only according to the cruel law of this land, even for a woman so accommodating as yourself, five at once are too many.'"

"We shouldn't think her so obliging now," Tom said teasingly, "if we should find the door locked when we got back."

"Oh, you needn't worry," laughed Betsey. "She'll do well if she gets back in time to cook breakfast. If she's late she'll have a pitiful tale to tell the wrathful matron of what terrible toothaches and headaches she had, and all the other aches that man is heir to."

At first Madge was quiet, noting the beauty of the night, peering out from the white moonlit grade into the dead black of the tamaracks where the fire-flies glimmered now and then. But even she was soon carried away by this contagious hilarity of her noisy little room-mate and her mischievous brother.

As they neared the lake, Dick climbed a stump and with a grand sweep of his arm toward the tall tamaracks began:

"This is the forest primeval, the wandering lads and the lassies,

Shaking with glee and in garments dark, indistinct in the moonlight,

Escaped from the clutch of the lady prin by the help of fair Bridget —"

"Oh, Dick, Dick," Tom called, "such a public exhibition of your wondrous powers isn't modest. Just come down off that stump, will you, or you can be 'the cat that walks by himself,' for we're going to leave you. Besides, don't be too grateful to Bridget. If we should find the door —"

"Oh, Tom, do be still," Betsey whispered. "Don't tease Madge any more. You know we're perfectly safe about getting in."

"Of course you are. I can't help it. It's such fun to tease her. I don't see how you ever managed it, anyway."

\* \* \* \* \*

Even to Madge, who was the least merry of the company, it seemed not more than an hour from the time that they started before they were again climbing the college hill toward the dormitory. While they were stealing quietly through the business part of the town at the foot of the hill she had time to reflect on her first escapade. It had

certainly been pleasant. The soft night wind over the lake and through the trees, the faint earthy scent of ferns and moss, the fire-flies in the tamaracks, the exquisite breath of some late wild crab-apple blossoms they had found—all were a delight enhanced by the witchery of excitement.

Soon they turned silently into the yard and Dick went a little ahead to open the door. In a second he met the others. "Heavens to Betsey, people, but here *is* a difficulty. I guess Patrick has proposed, and it's given Bridget a fainting fit, so she had to come back early. Anyway the door's locked."

"Dick, you don't mean it? The door can't be locked?" Madge gasped as she seized her brother's arm.

"Can't it though? Just try and see."

"But what shall we do?"

"Honest, sister, I'm awfully sorry. It's all my fault, and Tom's and Bridget's, for getting you girls into such a fix. Tom and I haven't made such brilliant records but that we can stand shooting through college like meteors and out again faster than we came. There isn't any place you can go, is there? We can't wake up any of the girls without having the lady prin pounce down upon us?"

"Mercy, I should say not," Betsey added. "She sleeps all dressed and with both eyes open. If a cat should sneeze down cellar, she'd hear it."

"We'll all be fired, Dick, and what *will* father say?" Madge whispered.

"Of course we'll be fired, Madgie, and father, he'll—he'll make remarks," Dick replied with more coolness than he felt. "Come on, let's go over under those trees and do the Cato act, ponder on our immortality the night before we meet our fates. If we only had some paper we'd write a note to father and give him fair warning, so that he wouldn't be too shocked when we come tumbling in bag and baggage."

"Oh, Dick, don't try to be funny to keep up my spirits. You don't feel any funnier than I do," Madge said with considerable irritation.

"You can be just as funny as you like, Richard Cabot Burton," whispered Betsey. "We shan't any of us be fired. Success is always the reward of the wicked. I've tried it all my long life and I ought to know. We'll get out of this some way."

"Just suggest how," Madge whispered, exasperatingly.

It occurred to Tom that it was about his turn to assist Dick in keeping up the girls' spirits, so he said, "Wouldn't it be a joke if Prexy should happen around the way he did the last time the fellows fired off cannon crackers under the girls' windows?"

"Did he catch you?" Betsey asked. Madge took no notice.

"Catch us, I should say. The fellows promised not to tell, but since this is a peculiar occasion, I guess I can. You know Prexy does the daffiest things anyway. Well, he caught us and invited us up at five o'clock the next morning. We were all sleepy and mad at five o'clock, of course. He met us at the door of the presidential mansion and invited us in with the benignity of a grandfather. We stepped as if we were walking on eggs, for we didn't know what might be coming next. After he'd asked us to follow him through to the wood-shed, he bowed with his suavest of smiles and said, 'Gentlemen, since you have so much superfluous energy at your command I want to suggest that you pump my reservoir full. It's been cleaned and is entirely empty.' Well, there were three of us and we took turns pumping till noon. We thought we must have a whole ocean up there when he came and thanked us and let us go. If we didn't feel dead-tired and cheap nobody ever did."



After Tom's brave attempt conversation unquestionably lagged. Madge was frankly on the verge of hysterics and even Beth's and Tom's spirits were cooled by the prospect of disgraceful expulsion at the end of the junior year, and the vision of stern parents in the back-ground. Dick's fertile brain was vainly trying to concoct some plan of rescue for the girls. He was about to suggest that they do something if it was only to yell and rouse the whole house, when Tom motioned to him to be still.

"What's that racket down town? It was still when we came up."

They all listened. "I believe it's a fire," Dick said. "Wait a minute and I'll run out and look down the hill." In a moment he came back. "Yes, it's a fire. There's the church bell. Let's all go. They'll expel us anyway, we might as well enjoy life while we can. It's an awful circus to go to a fire here. They've got a hand engine as big as a garden spray pump, and they carry water from the pond in tin pails and cups and saucers. Everybody bosses everybody else. Oh, it's a show. Come on."

"No. I'll not go a step, Dick," Madge said hysterically. "The matter's bad enough now without making it any worse."

This was almost too much for even Dick's and Beth's good nature. Nevertheless they stopped.

"Look up in the hall," Tom ejaculated. "See the lights all over the house. I wonder if —"

"Wonder if what?" Beth asked.

"Oh nothing. I was just going to say I wondered if the lady prin. would let the girls go, but of course she wouldn't."

"Not on your life, sir," Beth answered. "She'd as soon let me go walking with her precious pug-dog. We went last year, though, didn't we?"

"Oh, but they are coming," said Dick, "just look. Miss Dunsen herself is standing at the door to see that they're well bundled up, poor dears. Hurry girls and get in with the crowd. Nobody'll notice you and you can get back all right. It's a dispensation of Providence — your reward of the wicked, Betsey. We'll see you down town."

As they stole away under the cedars, Dick threw his arm over Tom's shoulder. "Heavens, Tom, did you ever see such an escape in your life? I tried to keep my spirits up but half an hour more would have been too much for me. The prospect of having Madge and dad both down on me at once is enough to drive a fellow to drink."

When Madge and Beth, half-dazed at this almost unbelievable change of fortune, joined the rest, one of the girls called out: "We went to your room, Betsey, but it was dark and I thought you were asleep."

"No, we weren't asleep," Betsy replied, "I guess we were probably down stairs already. How did she happen to let us go, was it all her own sweet will?"

"Why, where in the world were you?" the other girl replied. "Didn't you hear Miss Dunsen say that the President just telephoned down and said since a fire is such a rare occurrence she'd better let us go?"

After the excitement of the fire was over Dick joined his sister. "Miss Dunsen won't mind if I walk up with you," he said, "since I'm only your brother and haven't seen you for as much as an hour."

The strain had been too much for Madge and she was rather more irritable than Dick had expected to find her. "Well, I've got one thing to tell her that'll put her in good spirits," he thought to himself. "Madge," he said, "I guess I'll drop German."

"Drop German," Madge repeated, "what an irrelevant remark. I should think you'd be too glad that we're out of this disgraceful scrape to think of anything else."

"Well, let me tell you a little tale," Dick continued. "There was a young man, we'll not say who. He went to a fire, we'll not say where nor why. He with some other men, was sitting on the ridge pole of a little building next to the one which was burning, helping pass pails of water along to throw on those parts of this same little building which caught fire. Just ahead of this youth was a man, somewhat fat, somewhat pompous, and more than somewhat slow. The building caught fire once and this man did move with such cowardly slowness that the youth raised his athletic fist and did give him a mighty dig in the ribs and ejaculated at the time, 'Get along, you old fool,' whereat the man turned around and to the horror of the youth showed himself to be a certain German professor who was not over fond of the said youth to start with. Now, Madge," he continued, relapsing from his stilted tone, "do you think it's irrelevant when I say I think I'll drop German?"

"Really, Dick, did you?" asked Madge with a laugh which drove away her irritation.

"Sure I did, and here we are at the hall. Good-night. I'll see you in the morning."

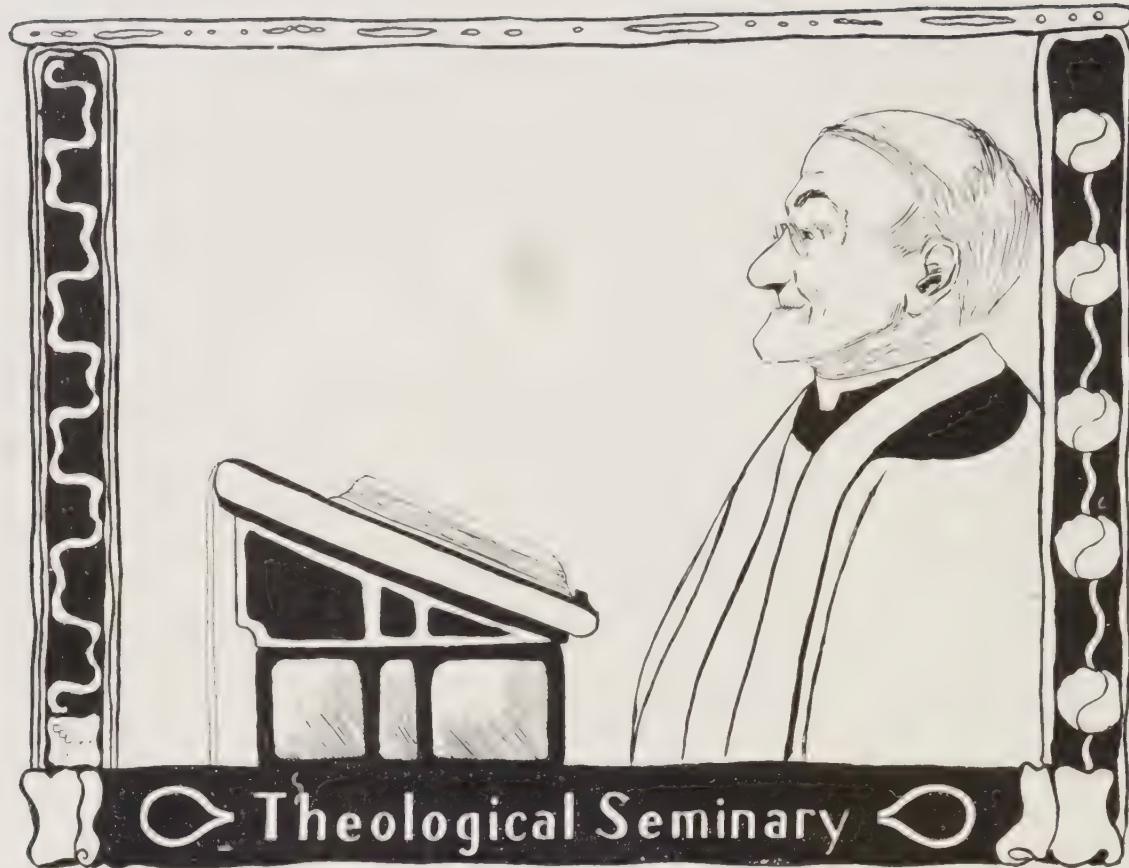
A moment later Madge dropped into a chair in her own room while Beth nonchalantly began to take down her hair.

"Well, I'll never, never, never do such a thing again," Madge ejaculated.

"Oh yes, you will," Beth replied, airily, as she turned to look at her room-mate. "It did look pretty bad, but it came out all right. I told you success was the reward of the wicked."







IN the autumn of the year 2203 A. D., a party of excavators were digging in the ruins of the once famous village of Oberlin. On the site of a building which the archæologists decided had been variously called "Council" and "Scoundrel" Hall was unearthed an aluminum cylinder dating from about 1825 A. D. In the cylinder was a roll of manuscript, yellow with age and almost illegible. There were frequent interpolations and insertions made by a curious instrument used by the ancients and called by them "the blue pencil." Professor Ahithophel, of the Imperial University of Mars, who chanced to be on a visit to Earth that autumn during his tour of the universe in his irrefragible, ethereal balloonette, kindly gave his expert opinion on the manuscript. It was, he said, in all likelihood the work of a strange creature described by anthropologists of the time as *genus theologicus*, commonly called "theolog." The work had passed under the hand of a redactor. This redactor was none other, the learned Ahithophel said, than an officer who had paternal supervision of the *genus theologicus*, officially styled, "the dean." One curious fact concerning this particular official, according to records previously discovered, was that he frequently had his hair cut without removing his hat. This redactor had at stated intervals inserted these

words in the original manuscript: "What actually happened? Reproduce the situation in your own language." Professor Ahithophel said the manuscript was evidently a double one. One one side of each sheet the theolog had "taken notes" (whatever that may mean), and on the other side of each sheet at a time from one to three years later the same writer had kept a record or "log-book" of his voyage over theological seas. It was this second writing that proved of special interest to antiquarians, inasmuch as it threw much light upon the queer customs of that early day. For example, the manuscript said that on the fifth day of December, 1902, one Thomas King had dislocated his trunk, according to medical experts of the time, a most baffling and complicated accident. The manuscript failed to state whether the unfortunate Thomas survived the shock. Following this several lines are blurred (probably by falling tears) and cannot be deciphered. The next legible lines record that one Meeker on the twenty-fifth day of April, 1903, for the two hundred and —th (the line is defaced) time interrupted the lecturer (an office of uncertain function and usefulness) to say, "Well, professor, just one question, please."

Then follows a paragraph that baffled all interpretation in which occurs the phrase, "Women's Athletic Field." The most expert linguists have striven in vain to analyze the saying. They have finally arrived at the rather hesitant conclusion that it applies to some sort of cage or pen for the pasturage of young domestic animals. Professor Ahithophel has made a copy of this paragraph and will submit it to skilled students of cryptogram in the Imperial University of Mars. The next few lines refer to an individual known as George Edward Merrill, who seems to have been a candidate for an office or title designated by the cabalistic sign, "D. D." This is probably related to the "C. O. D." found in manuscripts of the same period. This Merrill seems to have had some difficulty with one of his teachers regarding a "molten calf." It is possible he was attempting a revival of the early Semitic religion and his teacher resisted the heresy.

Following this comes the most interesting section of the manuscript. It is a story concerning one Alonzo Early. (The name "Alonzo" is probably a corruption of "Alphonse," since the phrase, "my dear Alphonse," is of frequent occurrence in writings of that period.) Alonzo, or Alphonse, so the story runs, had gone into the country to preach, a custom of which we moderns know little. The subject of his discourse had been, "The titles of Yahweh." After the discourse was ended the chronicler records that a person of great social standing in the community, dignified by the title, "the Senior Deacon," was heard to inquire anxiously, "Who is this Yahweh the parson was talking about?" Professor Ahithophel is undecided as to whether this is meant to be a piece of humor or merely an illustration of the crass ignorance of that far-off barbaric time. There are scattered throughout the document many minor references. It is recorded that on one occasion a company of theologists were gathered at a feast. Whether or not this had any religious significance is uncertain. Another company of theologists, our historian says, sent the banqueters a huge dish of fruit long since extinct, called the "onion." (It is believed by some students of the manuscript that this is the fruit that was destroyed by order of the government about the year 1975.) After the statement that this offering was presented there is a line that is generally considered an insertion, probably the work of a twenty-first century scribe. The line reads, "The Numen gets the smell." Among the many minor references are the following: Sky Pilot Sprunger (a name probably akin to the Indian titles of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries). An idiomatic saying is as follows:



"Guy Lemon sports a sorrel beard in the hope that he may be occasionally mistaken for Dean Bosworth." The name "Lemon" probably indicates a curious custom prevalent at that time of taking the names of fruits and applying them to individuals, for we read elsewhere in the manuscript the odd saying, "Currie is a Peach."

Space forbids our giving further quotations from this ancient writing. We are glad to announce that it is soon to be issued from the press of the University of Mars, with full annotations by Professor Ahithophel, bound in limp leather, with red under gold edges.



Miss Ryder (at close of Mike party, seizing Mr. Cooper as he prepares to slide out of the door): Are you looking for my room-mate? She will be here in a second.

Bess Kimball: You needn't make light of me just because Edison made light of electricity.

At Salt Lake City, in a reception to the Glee Club, "The Modern Clock" was wonderfully sung.

The advice to "Kiss her, Billy, pretty chilly. Take a plenty; 'bout twenty," was made use of by Grandpa anyway.

(See Glee Club Illustrated Jokes.)

Miss Callendar (translating): The battlefield was covered with corpses the day before the battle.

"Animals do not reason; though in opposition to this theory may be cited many wonderful dog tales. On close inspection, however, it will be seen that they all point backward. When you step on a dog's tail he feels it just as you would."—Prof. MacLennon.

Prof. St. John, giving out a lesson in Physics: You will find a very luminous chapter on polarization in the Theory of Luminosity."

Comstalk (inter-society debate): The affirmative must differ from the negative in some points.

Anderson: The public acts of mayors must be known.

Robinson in  $\phi$ . K. II. debate: A man can't get through Wellesley in three years.

Mrs. Johnston: "This happened in 1771. I remember it well, since I was in Germany that summer."

Cox, collecting laundry bills.

Keller asks him: "How much do I owe?"

Cox: "Have you your laundry slips?"

Keller: "No."

Cox: "Then it's \$3.47."

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## ‘ ‘ S c o u n d r e l     H a l l ’ ’

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**I**T was midnight. The electric lights had faded out an hour and a half before. Across the campus Talcott and Baldwin were shrouded in darkness. A waning moon hung low in the western sky. About Peters Hall and Severance were black, mysterious shadows. A few lights twinkled here and there over the town where plugging seniors were making ready for a "Mike" test, or giddy freshmen were burning midnight oil at the shrine of pedro. Even Scoundrel Hall was still. Moore no longer warbled "Mr. Dooley," and Maurice Parmelee, *mirabile dictu!* was not drilling on an oration or debate. Foley and Miller's one-ring acrobatic circus had retired for a few hours of sleep. Stim Jimson and that battle-scarred hero, Donald MacDonald, were safe in the arms of Morpheus. Good little Ernie Smith had said his prayers and gone to bed. "General" Buller had kicked out the light and turned in. "Spot" Cash was dreaming sweetly of "the ash cake bakin' on the hoe-blade bright." "Matron" Tom King had taken a last fond look at a silhouette on the study wall and retired to his unsophisticated rest.

When all was still save for John Wirkler's deep bass snoring on the second floor, the spirit of Scoundrel Hall stole from the mystic shadows where it had hidden all day long, to hold high carnival for a little time with kindred spirits. Clad in white and flowing robes, masked completely from head to foot, the spirit betook itself to a lonely spot on the ruins of the old chapel. There a circle of white-robed, ethereal beings danced about in glee, chattering the while in those weird tones of the spirit world which the human ear has never been able to detect. The advent of the Scoundrel Hall spirit was hailed with delight by the others. "Come, Master Sprite!" they cried, "it is your evening to tell us tales of your domain. Come, speak, and we will heed."

The spirit came within the mystic circle of his kind. "Dark tales and strange I have to tell," said he, "of all that motley crew who gather year by year in my domain. The corners of the earth cut figure there. From China's crowded shores there came this very year a studious pair. Armenia sent a son, and Poland two. From Wales a pink-cheeked lad, and Erin's Isle her contribution made. The South has given characters in white and black. Bohemia sent one, ah, no, sent two. Ontario, the garden of the North, has residents within my storied walls. Germans and Swiss and canny, wily Scot, Americans from North and West and East, beneath my lofty minaret they come and make my classic halls their merry home. What tales I have to tell you wait to hear. How gathered there the men of Naughty-Two and hour by hour repeated the refrain, 'These bones' (Oh, happy thought!) 'shall rise again.' Of meetings of the merry O. M. S., assembled in mysterious Forty-One, with board piled high with things men love to feed upon, a bottle in the midst whose ruby flood gave flavor to the hour and furnished zest to speed the jolly story on its way. And ever and anon were settled there affairs momentous for the student life. Loud rang the laugh and gay the happy song as long past midnight theologists sedate(?)



passed ringing jest from lip to open ear and ate the substance of the regal feast. Ah, happy memories of the O. M. S.! Hullabaloo! what thoughts does it recall! The Scoundrels' farewell to the theologs. Especially that fateful night in May, William John Williams sulked within his lair until dragged forth all red from tip to toe. And then he spoke with such pathetic speech we all did weep — wicked merriment.

The "stags" that have been held in my domain, in little parlor or upon the roof. That time that Breck (he thought I'd never tell) crawled through a transom for some devil's food. That time, again, in fearful Forty-One, the air was redolent with cubeb smoke. The tales of Hambly and his meerschaum pipe, burning Duke's Mixture like a commodore. Of Willie Hickson and the gang that met to poker play and swear like sailor men. Of fellows, shivering in numbing cold while furnaces ran low to save expense. Of wild foot-races in the dead of night on cornice far above the grassy lawn. Of serenades that Scoundrels did inflict when maids applauded and their matrons kicked. Of candy thrown to those who strove to sing and made their hideous tones more loudly ring. Of yells and groans and whistles loud and shrill that oftentimes my corridors did fill. Of laundry agents fighting for the trade and bringing back the garments torn and frayed. Of auctions when my magazines were sold, and daily papers two or three weeks old. Of Uncle Heebner and his male quartet that very late at night for practice met. Of Charley Brissell and the one lone tune he thumped away from Labor Day till June, upon the poor untuned pianoforte that gave my few musicians such great sport. Of preaching exercises, happy hours when theologs were made to test their powers, likewise the patience of the faculty, who never could in comments quite agree. Of dogma, exegesis and the rest that would-be preachers studied with such zest. Of all such things the scene is Scoundrel Hall, and many more I cannot now recall. Oh, fellow-spirits, you can hardly know what queer concerns within my borders grow. If I should write of all I've heard and seen, so vast a book has surely never been."

The Scoundrel Hall spirit abruptly ceased to speak as the whirring of alarm clocks in his sacred precincts warned him of the approach of day. The group of spirits scattered to their several abodes. Now, all this happened between midnight and dawn. And it was told to me by one of those good little fairies who sometimes interpret for us the strange stories of the spirit world. My fairy told me this—the midnight story of the spirit of Scoundrel Hall.



Parmalee (placidly)—"The Annual and the Review have besought me for writing, but I don't consider it worth my while to respond.

"Why Foley recites"—After discussing a point in Economics class about five minutes he concludes—"Well, I guess it isn't of much account anyway."

Pappadopoulos, in History class, seeing Madame trying to make out a name on a card, immediately stood up to recite.

## BOOK II OF THE EPIC.

### CANTO I.

*Mr. Frampton, '03 ap-  
pearcth as a guide.*

The poet once did take a ride  
Upon a useful trolley-car  
In which a loud-voiced tourist-guide  
Explained the landscape near and far.  
Such guide just now he fain would find  
For unco sights he saw galore.  
At once — as he this wish divined,  
Appeared a man, than whom before  
The poet ne'er a straighter spied,  
So straight he walked. "You wish a guide?"  
The stranger asked. Iambard read  
A sign pinned on his back; in wide  
Lines, "Seeing Oberlin" it said.  
The poet gladly took this guide.

### CANTO II.

*The chronicle sudden-  
ly accelerates its move-  
ment.*

*Iambard mistaketh a  
tome for Greek philos-  
ophy.*

They went then to Peterkin Hall  
And there was a figure tall  
Of care-worn face  
And weary face  
As if the world did pall.  
He carried a mighty book,  
"Ha! Greek from its every look!"  
The poet cried,  
But his friend replied,  
"All is not gold that glitters, It's nothing but an Ency-  
clopedia Britannica. They all do it, you see and  
It's often been mistook."  
"This scholarly man I like,  
His garments and manner strike  
My soul as Greek,"  
But his friend did speak  
"His name, Cohoor, is Mike."

### CANTO III.

*In which the Senior  
produceth a 1903 Annual,*

*and singeth the song of  
the Senior.*

Thus as they spoke the figure slowly strolled  
Their way and drew from underneath a fold  
Of this long robe a book in red and gold,  
While forth from his tired lips these accents rolled:  
(For the accents see Gummere, Art of Poetry, Spanish,  
French, Dutch, etc.)



#### CANTO IV.

*The sad song of the  
supplicating Senior.*

"Who'll buy, who'll buy, who'll buy my book?  
Fine ecru paper, look, oh look!  
The Selden pictures and sometimes a joke!  
Come see, come buy my book, good folk!"

#### CANTO V.

*Which philosophizes  
upon the flatness of the  
old.*

Few heeded the fellow nor list his song,  
But callously laughed and went along;  
For even the stars, the bright sunrise  
Unnoticed are by accustomed eyes.

#### CANTO VI.

*The poet buyeth An-  
nual, No. 701.*

But kind Iambard asked the price.  
"Twenty-five cents," the answer came.  
The book was his in less than a trice,  
Before the guide had explained its fame.

(Mr. Grampton disappears from this point on. It is rumored that one night he fell from the edge of the platform, nor ever was seen again. Some stanzas about the Senior men's cap-and-gown-discussion, the tail of the goat, Mike's party and a discussion of the Ego, have in them a suspicious flavor of ill-added humor that the present editor of the chronicles feels constrained to omit. The adventures of Iambard are continued in Book III.)



Edith Hatch's door is ornamented with: Keep out for the love of Mike!

Why is Harry Marsh the brightest man in the class? Because he saw early in the fall that by dropping "Mike" he would be more apt to take with him from college the two degrees A. B. and A. M. He is doing well. If in doubt, ask his A. M.

Mr. Frampton: How much do you weigh, Miss Ferrell?

Miss F.: About one hundred and thirty.

Mr. F.: You can't beat me.

Miss F.: No, but I'd like to.

This is a Dream of a Talcott Girl.

The engagement of Barbara Ward and Lawrence Stetson had just been announced at Talcott.

Immediately Barbara ran to the piano and sang "Victory," followed by Mr. Stetson, who sang "Love Will Not Always Last."

Mr. Riley: Just listen to Zeke's laugh!

Miss Camp: Isn't it monstrous? It sounds as though it comes from his boots.

Mr. Riley: Judge it does, by the size.



### SONG OF THE GOAT.

In the boundaries of the college  
Lived a band of simple people,  
Eager for the praise of others,  
Always eager to be witty.  
Once they made a desperate effort,  
Made an effort to be funny;  
Wrote some verses on the effort,  
Wrote in metre Hiawathan  
Thinking to enhance the effort.  
Here they questioned, questioned neatly,  
"Do you ask me why this nonsense,  
Why this goat is so important?  
Why these grave poetic gushes?"  
Yet their explanation lengthy  
Scarcely seems to be sufficient,  
Scarcely seems to have a meaning.  
Rather list the meaning we gave.  
Lacking wit those '03 people  
Had perforce to get a subject  
Ready-made for funnifying,  
Lacking wit as they themselves knew  
For their jokes they purchased a *butt*.





## SENIOR OFFICERS.

MALCOLM LAUGHBAUM, President.

FRANK VINCENT, First Vice-President.

KATHARINE DAUGHERTY, Second Vice-President.

WILLIAM BEAL, Treasurer.

FAITH FRASER, Secretary.

## CLASS YELL.

M—C—M! I—I—I!

Blue and White! Hi-O-Hi!

Che-Ha! Che-Ha!

Che-Ha! Che-He!

Oberlin! Oberlin!

Nineteen Three!



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## M e m b e r s o f 1 9 0 3

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EMILY MILDRED ABBOTT — “Emmylou,” Mansfield.  
Aelioian (1); Inter-society debate (4). Hobby, “Kodak-fiendist work.”

MINNIE FRANCIS ADAMS, Faribault, Minn.  
L. L. S.

WALLACE FARMER ANDREWS — “Wally,” Ada, Minn.  
Phi Kappa. Inter-society debate (3); Review Board (4).

MARGARET ADA BARR, Vickery.  
“Who means no guile, be guiled soonest shall.”

WILLARD WASHINGTON BEAL — “Bill,” Waterloo, Ia.  
Phi Delta (1); Oratorical contest (2); Inter-society debate (3); Class Treasurer  
(4). Hobby — “Seeing Folks,” also, “Eating bread and milk.”

- ELLEN SCRANTON BELDEN — "One of the Twins," Oberlin  
L. L. S. (1). Hobby, "Doing things."
- MARY MEGIE BELDEN — "The Other Twin," Oberlin.  
Art editor on the Annual (3); Inter-society story (4). Hobby, "Doing the same things."
- JOHN QUINCY BOSSELMAN — "Bossy," Galva, Ill.  
Inter-society debate (3); won Junior Oratorical contest (3); class foot ball; alternate in Inter-collegiate Debate vs. Adelbert (4).
- CARL MILTON BREWSTER, Chagrin Falls, O.  
Phi Kappa (3). "But them despised all, for all was in his power."
- FAITH SEDGWICK BROWN — "Brownie," York, Neb.  
Aelioian. Hobby, chasing proctors.
- CHARLES HULBURD BURR, Oberlin.  
Phi Delta (2); class foot ball (3), (4); class base ball (3), (4).
- ANDREW LYMAN BUTTON — "O, Button, Button, Button," Machias, N. Y.  
Phi Kappa. Hobby, things philosophical.
- ANNA CHARITY CADY, Madison, O.  
L. L. S. (1). "Not to know me argues yourselves unknown."
- ALICE EMILY CAREY, Oberlin.  
L. L. S. (1); won inter-society oration (3); assistant class treasurer (3); Vice-president of U. L. A. (4); treasurer Y. W. C. A. (4). Hobby, highest grades.
- ADA ADELLA CARPENTER, Muncie, Ind.  
L. L. S. (4). "When more is meant than meets the ear."
- EDGAR KINCAID CHAPMAN — "Chappie," "Ted," Independence, Ia.  
Alpha Zeta (1); musical union (1), (2), (3), (4); class foot ball (1), (2), (3), (4); Inter-society debate (3); Librarian Musical Union (3), (4); Secretary of First Church choir (3), (4); President of Tennis Association (4).
- MARY HELEN CLARK — "Squaw-not-afraid-to-rest," Peoria, Ill.  
Vice-president of class (1).
- PLINY OSCAR CLARK — "All Right," Huntsberg, O.  
Choir (1), (2), (3), (4); Musical Union (1), (2), (3), (4); Phi Delta (2); Treasurer of class (2); Sophomore Oratorical contest (2); Track team (2); Editor-in-Chief of the Annual (3); Treasurer of U. L. A. (4); Secretary of Musical Union (4); Class foot ball (4).
- MARY RUDD COCHRAN, Cincinnati, O.  
Aelioian (1); Secretary of class (3); News Editor of the Review (4); Vice-president of Y. W. C. A. (4). Hobby, hustling.
- EDWARD PURINE COLE — "Fat," "Pete," Sharon, Pa.  
Westminster College (1), (2), (3); Varsity foot ball (4). Hobby, sleep.
- HARRIET ADELE COMINGS, Oberlin.  
Smith College (2); L. L. S.
- DAHL BUCHANAN COOPER — "The Alderman," Struthers, O.  
Alpha Zeta (1); Class base ball (1); Captain of class base ball (3); Class foot ball, (1), (2), (4); President of class (2); won Sophomore Oratorical contest (2); Annual board (3); Review board (3); Editor-in-Chief of the Review (4); Vice-president of Y. M. C. A. (4); Students' representative speaker at President King's Inaugural (4). Hobby, everything.



- KATHARINE ALCOTT CRAFTS—"Kath," Oberlin.  
L. L. S. (1); Class basket ball (1), (2); Essay in Junior contest (3); President Y. W. C. A. (4).
- ANNA MAY CRISMAN—"Cris," Delta, O.  
Aelioian; Class Social Committee (4).
- CLEVELAND ROSELLE CROSS—"Cleve," York, Neb.  
Phi Kappa (2); Sophomore Oratorical contest (2); President of class (3); local debate Manager (3); President Ohio Inter-collegiate Debating League (3); Oberlin-O. W. U. debating team (3); Recording Secretary of Y. M. C. A. (3); Editor on the Review (4); Corresponding Secretary Y. M. C. A. (4); Oberlin-Notre Dame debating team (4). Hobby, Economics.
- KATHERINE McCONNELL DAUGHERTY—"Pat," Oil City, Pa.  
Aelioian (3); Captain class basket ball team (3); Vice-president of class (4).
- MARION DAVIS—"Pigmy," Ware, Mass.  
Basket ball (1), (2), (3), (4); Phi Alpha (4); Thanksgiving farce (4).
- DIANTHA LAURA DEWEY, Mardin, Turkey, Asia.  
L. L. S.
- MARY IRENE DICK—"Dickie-bird," Oberlin.  
L. L. S. (2); Smith College (3). Hobby, Bicycle.
- CHARLES ELWOOD DULL—"Dull," Weston.  
A. B. Central College, Huntington, Ind., '02; class foot ball (4). Hobby, Chemistry.
- SARAH HANNAH EDWARDS, Lenox, Mass.  
"I never did repent of doing good."
- ELLERY PAYNE EDWARDS—"Deacon,"  
Alpha Zeta (2). Hobby, Mike.
- KATHARINE MAY FAIRCHILD—"Katrinka," Oberlin.  
Assistant Class Treasurer (1); L. L. S. (3). Hobby, Skating.
- RALPH BROOKS FAY, Elyria.
- EDNA KATHERINE FEARL, Johnstown, Pa.  
L. L. S. (3).
- LLEWELLA MARGARET FESSENDEN, Spring Valley, S. D.  
L. L. S. (1); Captain basket ball team (1); Basket ball (2), (3). Hobby, Athletics.
- ROY WILLIAM FOLEY—"Grandpa," Elyria.  
Class foot ball (1), (2); Track team (1), (2), (3); Treasurer Musical Union (2); Phi Kappa (2); Manager of Annual (3); Treasurer of Musical Union (3), (4). Hobby, Finance.
- ELVA MARCELLA FORNCROOK—"Kid," Findlay  
State University of Iowa (1), (2); Findlay College (3); Oberlin (4); L. L. S.
- ALICE GARDNER FRANCES, Oberlin.  
Phi Alpha; Chairman Phi Alpha Program Committee (4).
- FAITH ALICE FRASER—"Fuff," Cleveland.  
Phi Alpha. Baldwin May Queen (2); Baldwin President (4). Hobby, Fleur de Lis.
- HARRY EDMUND GILES, Oberlin.  
Alpha Zeta.

- HOWARD PAINE GRABILL—"Dicky," Hayesville  
Class base ball (1), (2), (3), (4); Phi Delta (1); Captain class base ball (2);  
Inter-society debate (3); Manager Varsity base ball (3), (4); class basket  
ball (4).
- EDITH ELIZABETH GRAY, Pittsburg, Pa.  
Aelioian.
- DAVID RAY GREGG—"D. Ray," Traer, Ia.  
Phi Delta (1); Class Treasurer (1); Orator Junior contest (3); Junior reply  
to Spade Oration (3); Recording Secretary Y. M. C. A. (3); President  
U. L. A. (4); Spade Orator (4).
- DAVID BASSETT GROSVENOR—"Davy," Chicago.  
Glee Club (1), (2), (3), (4); Track team (1), (2); Base ball team (4).
- EDITH LESLIE HATCH—"Patch," Creston, Ia.  
L. L. S. (3); Basket ball (1), (2), (3), (4); Secretary of class (2); Vice-  
president, Talcott (4).
- GEORGE BENNETT HATFIELD, Batavia.  
Oberlin (4).
- FLORA KRAUSE HEEBNER, Worcester, Pa.  
L. L. S.
- HARVEY KRAUSE HEEBNER—"Uncle," Worcester, Pa.  
Alpha Zeta (1); Class Base Ball team (1), (2), (3), (4); Junior Oratorical  
contest (3); Annual Oratorical contest (3); Member Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4).
- HARRIET MAUDE HENDERSON Oberlin  
Always recites.
- CLARK SAMSON HUTCHINSON, Acton, Ind.  
Butler College, Indiana (1), (2), (3); Oberlin (4). Hobby, History.
- GRACE GENERVA JACKSON—"Jacky," Oberlin.  
Hobby, China-Painting.
- LIZABETH FRANCELIA JACKSON—"Bess," Elyria.  
Aelioian.
- HARRIET ALICE JENNEY—"Harry," Winona, Minn.  
Aelioian (3); Musical Union (1), (2), (3), (4).
- PERRY DOANE JENKINS, Collinwood.  
Glee Club (3), (4); Class Foot Ball (3), (4).
- MYRA ANNA JOHNSTON, Oberlin.
- BLANCHE MARGUERITE JONES—"Dizzy," Jackson.  
Phi Alpha; Sergeant-at-arms Phi Alpha (4); Baldwin May Queen (4).
- MABEL ANNA JONES—"Nibbs," Salt Lake City, Utah.  
L. L. S. (3); Sheldon Jackson College (1); won Inter-Society Debate (3);  
Delegate to Geneva Conference (3); Inter-Society Debate (4); Treas.  
L. L. S. (4). Hobby, 5's.
- ELIZABETH SEATON KIMBALL—"Kim," Madison  
Phi Alpha. Basket Ball (2); Love-feast Toast (3); Vice-President Phi Al-  
pha (4).
- CARROLL NAPIER LANGSTON, St. Louis, Mo.  
Phi Delta.
- MALCOLM ACTON LAUGHBAUM—"Laugh," Bucyrus.  
Class Foot Ball (1), (2), (3), (4); Class Base Ball (3); Class Basket Ball  
(3); Manager Varsity Basket Ball (4); President of Class (4).



- VINNIE D. LETTS—"Vinagrette," Letts, Ia.  
Aelioian Western College (1); Chairman Y. W. C. A. Social Committee (4).  
Hobby, "Pretty things."
- EDWIN ALLAN LIGHTNER—"Happy," Youngstown.  
Alpha Zeta. Glee Club (1), (2), (3), (4); Choir (1), (2), (3), (4); Musical  
Union (1), (2), (3), (4); Base Ball Varsity (1), (2), (3), (4); President  
Glee Club (3), (4); President Y. M. C. A. (4).
- GAIL LOWRY, Berlin Heights.
- HARRY LUKE MARSH, Bridgewater, N. Y.  
Track team (1), (3); Phi Kappa (2); Track Team manager (3). Hobby,  
Economics.
- AGNES MARY McCREARY—"Topsy," Erie, Pa.  
L. L. S. Hobby, rubber boots.
- ETTA JEANETTE MILLER—"Jean," Scottsville, N. Y.
- JAMES BLAINE MILLER—"Zeke," Erie, Pa.  
Phi Delta. Class Foot Ball (2), (3); Varsity Foot Ball (4). Hobby,  
"Knockin'."
- ORA MAY MITCHELL, Chrisman, Ill.  
Aelioian.
- MAUDE ALLENE MONROE, Oberlin.  
Basket Ball (1), (2), (3), (4). Hobby, Skating.
- EDWARD JAMES MOORE, Chili, N. Y.  
Alpha Zeta. President Class (1); Manager Review (4).
- JOHN ROSCOE MORGAN—"Toddy," Oak Hill.  
Phi Kappa. Class Foot Ball (1), (2), (3); Varsity Foot Ball (4); Varsity  
Base Ball (2), (3), (4); Inter-Collegiate Debate (4).
- GERTRUDE EVELYN MOULTON, Lansdown, Pa.  
L. L. S. College for Women W. R. U. (2).
- MYRA LUCINDA MYRICK—"Mike," Woodworth, Wis.  
Aelioian.
- RUTH GENEVIEVE NICHOLS, Marietta.  
Marietta College (1), (2); Basket Ball Team (3); Aelioian (4); Centennial  
Committee (4).
- NELLE KATHARINE PARSONS, Oberlin.  
Vice-President Class (3).
- THEODORE GUTHRIE PASCO, Berea, Ky.  
Berea College, Kentucky, (1), (2), (3).
- HARLAN WILLIAM PEABODY—"Judge," Oberlin.  
Class Foot Ball (1), (2), (3), (4); Class Base Ball (1), (2), (3), (4); Track  
Team (3); Varsity Basket Ball (4).
- EMELYN FOSTER PECK—"Pedagogical Emelyn," Oberlin.  
L. L. S. Annual Board (3); Review Board (4).
- ORVIS ALLEN PERSONS, Oberlin.  
Class Base Ball (2), (3), (4).
- CORDELIA FAN RAGON—"Cordie," Macomba.  
Basket Ball (1); L. L. S.; Secretary U. L. A. (4).

- CAROLYN AUGUSTA REED—"Caddy," Oberlin.  
L. L. S.; Annual Board (3); "Ivy Ode" (4).
- DUDLEY BILLINGS REED—"Dud," Oberlin.  
Ex. 'or; Glee Club (4); Varsity Base Ball (4).
- HAROLD WAYNE RENIFF, Erie, Pa.  
University Rochester, N. Y., (1), (2); Phi Delta (3); Class Base Ball (3);  
Class Foot Ball (4).
- AUGUSTUS RILEY—"Gus," Riley, Ala.  
Fiske University, Nashville, (1), (2), (3); Alpha Zeta (4).
- WALTER J. RYAN, York, Neb.  
Phi Kappa (1); Inter-Society Debate (3); Class Basket Ball (3); Associate  
Editor on the Review (4); Alternate on Oberlin-Notre Dame Debating Team  
(4); Sub. on Varsity Foot Ball (4); Captain Class Foot Ball Team (4).
- MARY ELIZABETH RYDER, Andover, Mass.  
In the "Con." (1); Aelioian (3); Essay in Junior Contest (3); Prize Farce  
for the Annual (3). Hobby, Fire Escapes.
- SARAH LOUISA SANBORN, Chenoa, Iil.  
Aelioian (2).
- MARY BELLE SHREFFLER, Akron.  
L. L. S. (3). Hobby, New Shoes.
- RAYMOND NEWTON SHUART—"Raymie," Oberlin  
Class Foot Ball (1), (2), (3), (4); Class Base Ball (1), (2), (3), (4); Captain  
of Class Foot Ball Team (2); Class Basket Ball (3), (4). Hobby, "Red-  
Headed Girls."
- CHARLES ROSS SHULTZ—"Shultzie," Somerset, Pa.  
Gettysburg College (1); Alpha Zeta (2).
- FRANCES DAVIDSON STARKEY, Ashtabula.
- JOHN WALLACE TAYLOR—"Jack," Oberlin.  
Class Foot Ball (1), (2), (3), (4); Class Base Ball (1), (2), (3), (4),  
Captain Class Foot Ball Team (1); Phi Kappa (1). Hobby, Science.
- EDWARD HENRY TENNEY, Oberlin.  
Phi Delta; Class Base Ball (1), (2), (3), (4).
- ANNIE LAURA WHITE—"Enschen," Oberlin.  
Vice-President of Class (1); L. L. S. (2); Mt. Holyoke (3).
- ELIZABETH WILLARD—"Bess," Chicago, Ill.  
Choir (1), (2), (3), (4); Musical Union (1), (2), (3), (4); L. L. S. (2);  
Won Oration in Inter-Society Contest (4); Farewell Speech at Love Feast  
(4).
- JOHN EBENEZER WIRKLER, Newton, Kan.  
Glee Club (3), (4).
- JESSIE ELIZABETH WOLCOTT, Delta.  
L. L. S. (4).
- BERTHA WRIGHT—"Wrighty," Hancock, Mich.  
Phi Alpha (3).
- FRANK WALTER VINCENT—"Peg," Oberlin.  
Phi Kappa (1); Won Second in Sophomore Oratorical Contest (2); Won  
Junior Oratorical Contest (3); Won Second Place in Home Oratorical  
Contest (4); Varsity Track Team (4). Hobby, Oratory.



Madame J.: I walk with my lips and the tips of my tongue. I speak on my toes and the balls of my feet.

Prof. Bogart: Seven sweet Sutherland sisters sauntered through the streets, straying straight for the milliners' shops, seeking straw chapeaux suitable for their canary-colored hair.

Dr. Luce: This profound superficiality soaring aloft through the illimitable confines of the intellectual sphere, which, combined with the ethereal, evanescent optimism of Shelley, the Weltschmerz of Carlyle, sweeping in rivers of sweetness and light to turn the throbbing machinery of the Philistines and inculcate among the howling, smashing, bawling populace the grand style with its emotional calm — this profound superficiality revolutionizes the evolutionary era.

Prof. MacLennan: Never mind the matter, as Sidney Smith says, if you please, emotionally, intellectually and conatively.

The Junior smoke after the barbecue last year was a great success, except that young Cross was not used to it.

Prof. Cowdry (translating): "Nothing is more simple than — "Mr. Durand, next, please."

Miss Ballard (translating): Her eyes were opening and shutting, for she lay dead.

Elsa May Smith (translating): The colonnades were marching along.

Prof. Cowdry: "It wouldn't be feminine if it wasn't something."

Prof. St. John: Mr. Roberts, supposing you had a perfectly level track, and on it a freight car. If there was neither friction nor gravity could you move it?

Mr. R.: I don't think it would take much.

Prof. S. J.: Very well, I think you could start it, Mr. Roberts.

The morning after a German conversation club was formed at Miss Peck's boarding house, the chaplain read Genesis 10:7 — "Let us go down and there confound their language that they may not understand one another's speech."

Dud Reed (in Salt Lake City, seven a. m.): Where are you going, Ewalt-

Bob: Thought I'd drop down by the Mormon Temple.

Dud: Go round to the east side, and say: "Thrice Holy of Holies," and a man will come up and show you an underground passage into the Temple.

Bob (fifteen minutes later, bluffing his disappointment): The right keeper wasn't there!

Giles, to Mrs. Johnston, after she had told the class to select days for papers: May I make a date with you?

Prof. Wager: Ben Jonson's wife weighed three hundred pounds. He had much to love.

Some difficulty: "A lady who thought she could speak French met another gentleman who thought he could, too, but they didn't understand each other."



### FOOT BALL TEAM.

M. A. Laughbaum.....left end.  
D. B. Cooper.....left tackle.  
E. J. Moore.....left guard.  
E. K. Chapman, P. O. Clark....center.  
H. W. Peabody.....right guard.  
J. Q. Bosselman,

R. T. F. Harding.....right tackle.  
W. J. Ryan, captain.....right end.  
D. B. Reed, R. N. Shuart..quarterback.  
J. W. Taylor.....left half-back.  
C. E. Dull.....right half-back.  
P. D. Jenkins.....fullback.

R. W. Foley, O. Ramp....Substitutes.





### **BASKET BALL TEAM.**

Forwards.....R. N. Stuart.  
                             J. R. Morgan.  
                             E. A. Lightner.

Center.....D. B. Reed.  
                             R. T. F. Harding.

Guards.....H. R. Grabill.  
                             M. A. Laughbaum.  
                             E. K. Chapman.



### **BASKET BALL TEAM.**

Marian Davis,  
Eva Moulton,  
Flora K. Heebner,  
Ruth Nichols,  
Edith Hatch,  
Katherine Daugherty,  
Louie Fessenden,  
Annie White,  
Jeanne Miller,  
Mabel Jones,  
Sarah Sanborn.

## MR. COOPER'S ANTIPATHY\*

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Of whole cloth I've made this tale  
All about the bachelor, Dahl,†  
Who cannot bear the social whirl<sup>1</sup>  
Or stand to call upon a girl.<sup>2</sup>  
The reason dates back to the year  
When Dahl a Freshman did appear<sup>3</sup>  
Ready to disburse his tin  
As others did in Oberlin.<sup>3</sup>  
A Senior ‡ said, "Now Dahl, my lad,  
If you don't want to be a cad,  
Don your cap and come with me  
To Morrison's,<sup>4</sup> a maid<sup>5</sup> to see."  
He went, not once alone, but twice  
And went again.<sup>6</sup> He thought her nice.<sup>7</sup>  
He took her to the U. L. A.,  
A concert, called there twice a day;<sup>8</sup>  
Till soon 'twas whispered of the lad,  
"That Freshman Cooper's got it bad."<sup>9</sup>  
Now Dahl, you know, was rather green,  
Though she a man or two had seen,  
And knew the way to turn him round,<sup>10</sup>  
Without a thought his heart to wound.<sup>11</sup>  
At last he kinder lost his head,  
And things he hadn't orter said  
He said.<sup>12</sup> 'Twas whispered in the town  
That she had neatly turned him down.<sup>13</sup>  
Of course, the fellows teased him sore,<sup>14</sup>  
And when he thought the matter o'er,  
He hated like the —— to think  
He'd squandered such a pile of chink.<sup>15</sup>  
So now he's skeptical and wise.  
When girls come up, he turns and flies.<sup>16</sup>  
Some folks may think it's but a fad;  
But others know this story sad.

\* Carefully compiled from hitherto unpublished data.

† Dahl Buchanan Cooper, author of "Homespun Philosophy" (Oberlin, 1902-3).

<sup>1</sup> Mem., Sept. 10, 1900—"I'm done with frivolity. Give me the farm and common-sense."

<sup>2</sup> "That fool room-mate of mine calling again. He'll learn."—Note found in Chemistry, p. 254.

<sup>3</sup> 1899.



<sup>3</sup> "Homespun Philosophy" for March 31, 1903.—

(*Vide super.*)

"When ye git into a place once,  
Don't go sticking up your nose.  
It's a stuck-up kinder big dunce  
That don't do as others does."

‡ Uncertain. Probably Bowles.

<sup>4</sup> A house where the girls work hard.

<sup>5</sup> A \* \* \* \* \* a F \* \* \* \* \* e.

See "Homespun Philosophy" for June, 1902 —

"Many an insect's lurkin'  
"Mid the petals of the flowers."

<sup>6</sup> Vide Mem.: Oct., Nov., Dec., 1899, and June 14, 1900.

<sup>7</sup> Idem: Feb. 14, 1900.

<sup>8</sup> Idem: Feb. 29; March 1, 2, 3, 1900.

<sup>9</sup> Smith's Diary, March 3, 1900.

<sup>10</sup> Letter from A. F. to Hortense Chummy, Jan. 24, 1900.

<sup>11</sup> Vide letter from A. F. to D. B. C., April 1, 1903.

<sup>12</sup> Vide idem, April 2, 1903.

<sup>13</sup> Smith's Diary, April 3, 1903.

<sup>14</sup> Hi-O-Hi for 1901.

<sup>15</sup> Letter from D. B. C. to A. F.

<sup>16</sup> Letter from A. F. to Hortense Chummey, Feb., 1902.



After Prof. Bogart had carefully explained a case in criminology, Mr. Grabill called out excitedly: "You're right, Prof Bogart, about that. I read exactly the same thing in the Plain Dealer."

Prof. Bogart: "Thank you, Mr. Grabill; I'm delighted that you bear me out."

Foley, in Finance Class: "Income is that which comes in."

Cooper: "When I was Cupid at a Valentine party—"

Miss L. Burton: "You would make a cute little Cupid."

Lightner, '03, introducing Mr. Williams of Yale: "We now have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Williams for the last time."

Pasco, '03: "If you want home-made bread, you must get a home-bred maid."

When Peabody of *Oberlin!!* Roome of Chicago, Grosvenor of Chicago, and Huntington of Sandusky, stalk into History, Madame's eyes are seen taking notes. They are no sooner seated than she tragically exclaims: "Those fellows who just came in have the country swing."



ARBOR DAY PICNIC 1903

The financial manager of the Review, on March 9, received a postoffice money order payable to Mrs. E. J. Moore. Postmaster Steele refused to pay it till he had proof of Ed's marriage.

Mrs. Johnston: "Now I want you to note carefully how you express your thought, Mr. Grosvenor, and I certainly ardently desire you to 'cut out' all slang!"

Miss Gray: We need to *develop* an atmosphere.

Mr. Altvater (Introduction to Directory): I preferred accuracy to haste.

During Parliamentary Drill at Aelioian Miss Letts had her voice tried in an adjoining room by a committee. The chairman returned, saying in despair that Miss Letts would sing nothing but "D. Ray."

### The Real Reason.

My cap and gown, all folded up  
And wrapped in tissue paper quite,  
I keep upon my high, high shelf,  
And gaze upon it, every night.

I do not wear it, commonly,  
I bear all taunts with courage stout—  
For chapel seats, and rough old floors  
Full soon would wear it out.

Cordie Ragon (as the utensils run short at the spread)—I wouldn't object to a coeducational spoon.

Inquiring Friend (the evening Miss Coming's cad, Rexford, was coming)—"Has the baby cut his eye teeth yet?"

Harriet—"I never felt them."

Professor McLennan: "Now, Mr. Beal, we have concluded pretty definitely that the infant consciousness does, or does not, grasp the particular, and later—"

Mr. Beal: "But—!! and—!! don't you think—!! I can't quite—!"

Professor Mc.: "And later the—To prove my point I would state *finally* that I haven't been watching a youngster for three months for nothing, who doesn't know me from an ironing board."

\* Note—Mr. Beal is still in doubt on this subject.

An effusion to Baby Mac, by a senior member of Philosophy X.:

Dear little Philosophical Baby,  
Here are some posies for you.  
Do you still look at things through the haze\* of abstraction?  
As your daddy affirms that you do?  
Sweet, come down to the world of concreteness,  
Here's for color and smell, don't you ken?  
No general truth, but with mystic suggestion.  
With love from Philosophy X.

Lightner, '03, speaking in Y. M. C. A.: "I have figured out that if a hundred of us each give a cent we shall raise thirty-six dollars."

Miss Ryder and Miss Daugherty loudly call down the hall: Sarah!

Sarah: What?

Misses R. and D.: Sanborn, of course.

Mr. Marsh: I didn't give the Annual everything of note I had done. I wanted to seem modest.





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## Dooley on "Fince Paintin'"

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fission to be in."

Fince-paintin' 's grand, too. Ah, moi mon, jist reflect, hit's one of the foine harts to paint a fince. Ye're own ancister, un' moin, wuz a fince-painter — Moike Angelo. Gosh, Hinnessey, but yer bousum hought to swill with proide whin ye think o' Moike un' all the finces he wuz afther a-paintin'. Ye remimber, Moike painted all the finces in Hitaly — Moike, he loiked Hitaly, and they hurrud how foine it wuz over in China, un' the King, he sint to Moike, un' siz he, — "Say, Moike, Oi've got a grand wall over here; come over on the nixt stamer and paint it fer me." Siz the King in the postscript, "A wall ain't no harder thin a fince to paint. Yours afflictionately—" Will, Moike wanted loike the deuce to paint the Chinese wall, boot sum of thim blasted Dagos in Hitaly, siz they — "Moike, ye've a darun soight more wurrud to do here before ye go skoi-larkin' over to Choina un' a-paintin' Choinese walls. We've got a cistern here that ye bitter be afther paintin' or we'll foire ye, be dad." So Moike, — he wuz rail scart of thim Dagos — he siz, "Since the cistern's afther nadin' a coat," siz he, "Oi'll stay un' do it oop brown." Well, Moike did such a darrun foine job, that they turned the cistern into a chapel. Were ye niver afther hearin' of the Cistern Chapel, Hennessey? Moike didn't kape his wurrud about doin' it oop brown. He used ivery darrun color in the rainbow. The dagos wuz sore as sin, un' sid they to Moike, "Moike, ye broke ye're wurrud; ye sid ye'd do the cistern oop brown, un' its ivery shade of the rainbow, be dad." Moike, he got oop un', siz he, "Oi mint," siz he, "to make it brown," siz he, "boot Oi ain't mooch of an oi fer color," siz Moike, "un' Oi got some other tints in," siz he. "To be rale brafe un' to the pint," siz Moike, "Oi'm color bloind." Un' thin he sat down agin.



## OFFICERS OF 1904.

FRANK C. VAN CLEEF .....	President
LA MYRA TREAT .....	Vice-President
EDNA C. GRANT .....	Secretary
LINDEN ADKINS .....	Treasurer
SARAH LAIRD .....	Assistant Treasurer

## CLASS YELL.

Hi-ki! Hi-yi!  
Rip! Rah! Roar!  
O. C! O. K!  
1904!

Colors: MAROON AND WHITE.



## BOOK III OF THE EPIC.

### CANTO I.

*The disappointed poet  
besecches that peculiar  
and evasive creature,  
which hovers over this  
town and which is  
known as the Oberlin  
Spirit, to show him a  
man of a philosophic  
turn of mind.*

"Twas dead of night and all was quiet in the midst of  
Oberlin town,  
And still and slow the poet now did wander up and down.  
"Oh where," said he, "Oh where may be the man I've sought  
so long?  
The students here don't seem to be in learning very strong.  
I'm tired of hearing chattering of what they have to eat,  
And foot ball games and base ball games, their charms are  
all too sweet.  
Grant me," said he, "A man to see who knows the ancient  
Greek,  
And lengthily and learnedly philosophy can speak."

### CANTO II.

*The poet captures a  
Junior.*

Then out of the night to the poet's sight came a noisy  
clatt'ring rout.  
"Aha," said he, "I want to see what this is all about."  
So he seized a frightened youth by the hair and dragged  
him beneath a tree.



"Until you've told the dreadful truth you never can go free,  
 Is it some goblins out for a spark or the Oberlin Spirit  
 on a lark,  
 Or what's this dreadful rebel rout that sudden invades  
 the dark?"  
 "Oh sir," said he, "I'll have you know 'tis nought but  
 the Hi-O-Hi,  
 We'll wed it tonight to a thousand sales for all good  
 folk to buy.  
 The pedagogues we'll warmly roast and students such as  
 need it most,  
 Some kindly soul must see, you know, they don't get vain  
 and boast."

### CANTO III.

*The poet is delighted  
 with the conversation of  
 the Junior and questions  
 him further.*

"One so benevolent and kind  
 I've sought for many years to find.  
 What class attempts this task, not slight,  
 To set the 'Institution' right?  
 And what's its chiefest claim to glory?  
 Tell at once the whole, proud story."  
 "Well, sir," the youth with speed replied,  
 (He watched his classmates go and sighed)  
 "Our really greatest claim to fame  
 Is that the profs abhor our name.  
 They squelch us duly every year,  
 And yearly we again appear.

### CANTO IV.

*The Junior relates the  
 exploits whereby he has  
 become obnoxious to the  
 learned faculty.*

"When Freshmen on a winter's day  
 We came to chapel in sad array.  
 For New Year's vows we'd buried deep  
 We thought it fit to mourn and weep.  
 The profs they glared, the profs they glowered,  
 And manifold blessings on us showered,  
 For marring the quiet of the congregation  
 By such an unseemly perturbation.  
 As Sophs, by old tradition's right,  
 We grabbed a Freshie one dark night,  
 And lugged him off in consternation  
 To take a short but sweet vacation.  
 And then, alas, we did learn with speed,  
 The doer's pursued by his evil deed.  
 In chapel the faculty loudly swore,

Of scraps they'd certainly have no more.  
 So now you see if we're rather slow,  
 'Tis those old profs have made us so,  
 By utter lack of appreciation  
 For deeds intended to rouse the nation."  
 "I see," said the poet, "and 'tis a shame,  
 The faculty's clearly all to blame.  
 But still if it be those unseemly creatures  
 Called Sophs, are really the pride of their teachers,  
 You know I think I'd rather be  
 Abhorred than loved by the faculty."

#### CANTO V.

*The Junior continues  
 singing his own praises.*

"Athletics are our chiefest boast;  
 Of captains we possess a host;  
 Of class games I'll not speak at all —  
 Their prominence, you know, is small.  
 Was it philosophy you said  
 In which you had so largely read?  
 Believe me, 'tis within my power  
 To treat this subject by the hour,  
 Except of course, sir, in a test,  
 At other times I talk my best.  
 Simon, a second Socrates  
 (Naught's in a name, sir, if you please.)  
 Instructs us in philosophy;  
 This man you, learned sir, must see.  
 His method is like Socrates'.  
 Quite philosophic, if you please.  
 He daily gives us all a quiz  
 Of this the purpose really is,  
 To bring out from the common mind,  
 What you never dreamed you there could find."

(At this juncture the poet and the Junior engaged in a terrific altercation with regard to one called Hobbes, the poet insisting that he was a philosopher, and the Junior, that, to the best of his knowledge, he was, is, and will be a baker. Thus the two students of philosophy separated not in affection but in wrath.)





FACULTY MEMBERS OF '04

There is a man in our town and he is  
wondrous swell;  
But out on tramps he looks the worst,  
the sorriest as well.  
"A man's a man for a' o' that," and  
yet we may suppose,  
He feels a little bigger when he wears  
his glossy clothes.

Who with her swift pen the Freshman  
soul harrows?  
Who makes them labor? the lovely Miss  
Barrows.

A gentle voice, a manner kind and  
sweet,  
Unite to make her graciousness, her  
courtesy complete.

Who is the man in the gleaming glasses,  
Keener than the east wind, sweeter than  
molasses?

If you'd ask whom everybody loves,  
he'd answer, I suspec',  
"Most courteous of courtly men, our  
own John Fisher Peck."





#### '04's VARSITY CAPTAINS.

- F. H. Pierce, baseball captain, 1901.  
 A. L. Holter, baseball captain, 1902.  
 L. S. Miller, trackteam captain, 1902.  
 P. D. Hillis, football captain, 1902.  
 G. R. Brown, basketball, 1903.  
 E. Anderson, trackteam captain, 1903.  
 L. S. Miller, football captain, 1903.

#### IF YOU PLEASE.

To the evening Caty-did  
 In a branch of willow hid  
 You may find an analogue  
 In our Ethics pedagogue.  
 From his platform hear him say  
 Twenty-seven times a day,  
 "If you please, if you please, if you  
 please."

While upon your notes you write  
 Or a stealthy note indite  
 On his pet proviso stayed  
 All the hour he nothing said.  
 Half the term his cheery tongue  
 Revelled out its little song,  
 "If you please, if you please, if you  
 please."

Stay serenely in your seat  
 Though you hear him oft repeat  
 Those three words, and re-repeat.  
 Though your head may sadly ache  
 And your nervous fingers shake  
 Just to listen—please forbend  
 To grow weary. He will send  
 You straight through the course, my  
 friend,  
*If you please, if you please.*



### FOOT BALL TEAM.

Siemens.....left end  
 Adkins.....left tackle  
 Nissen, Woodruff.....left guard  
 McIntosh .....center  
 Grall.....right guard  
 Waller.....right tackle  
 Staub.....right end

Van Cleef (captain).....quarterback  
 Spiers, Brissel.....left half  
 Anderson.....right half  
 Chamberlain .....fullback

Huntington, Berryman, Bissel, Parmelee, Wilkinson, Pocock, substitutes.



### **BASKET BALL TEAM.**

F. C. Van Cleef.....forwards  
 A. W. Staub.  
 R. M. Robinson (captain).  
 E. B. Chamberlain.....center  
 R. W. Paterson.....guards  
 P. D. Hillis.  
 C. F. Brissel.....substitute





### **BASKET BALL TEAM.**

Annie Miller (capt.)

Olive Sieben

Clara Jones

Sarah Laird

Rachel Brightman

Nellie Moore

Eunice Miller

Alma Stokey



### TRACK TEAM.

Anderson. Angle. Berryman Bissle.  
 Jackman. Chamberlain. Hillis.  
 Miller. Pappadoupolos. Paterson (captain).  
 Van Cleef.

### BASEBALL TEAM.

Miller. Paterson. Ford.  
 Skinner. Staub (captain). Pocock.  
 Shurtz. Wilkinson. Parmelee.  
 Brown. Smith. Nissen.  
 Brissle. Adkins.



ARBOR DAY PICNIC, 1903.

### Pa Annan.

There once came a circus of great renown,  
 To which flocked all the men in town;  
 With whom good Deacon Annan went,  
 And entered that great and noisy tent.  
 He sat there silent all the while,  
 Nor even cracked a feeble smile.  
 He never, never will go more  
 To such a *tiresome, awful* bore.

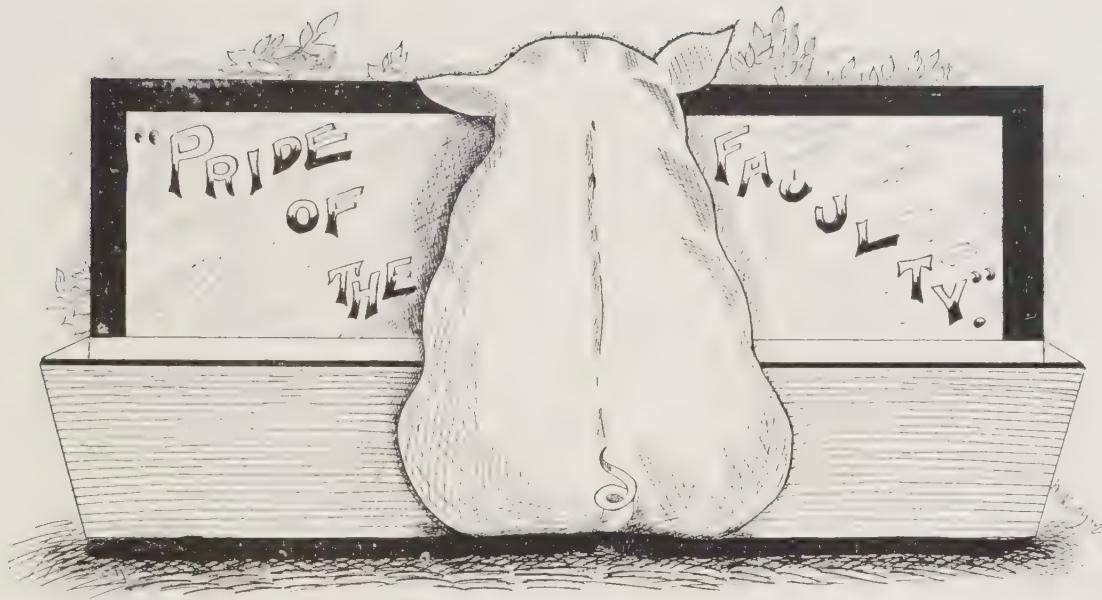


ANNUAL BOARD.





Seniors .....	Warner Gymnasium
Juniors .....	Baldwin Cottage
Sophomores .....	Lord Cottage
Freshmen .....	Peters Hall
Senior Academy .....	Parlors of Second Church
Academy and Conservatory .....	Warner Hall



### CLASS OF 1905.

B. F. McMAHON .....	President
OPAL FRANCIS .....	Vice-President
KATHERINE SENTON .....	Secretary
D. C. JONES .....	Treasurer

### YELL.

Rip! Ri! — Hi! Ki!  
 Rah ! Rah ! Ki ! Yi !  
 We yell, we yell !  
 1—9—0—5 !

Colors: BLACK AND ORANGE.

## BOOK IV OF THE EPIC.

(Being the strange demeanor of the Sophmores as witnessed  
by Iambard of Algiers.)

### CANTO I.

*The poet here in-  
dulges in mild satire.*

*A Freshman refers to  
the tug-of-war.*

*Relates how the  
Freshman President was  
swiped before the  
Thanksgiving Party.*

"Who are those frisking, jumping folks?"  
Iambard queried soon;  
"Are they the Annual's incarnate jokes.  
Light as a toy balloon?"  
(I know not where or how or why,  
He'd heard about the Hi-O-Hi.)  
"Oh, no," returned a Freshman boy,  
"They are the Profs' own pride and joy.  
Yet at the last end of their rope  
They have been ever since it broke."  
"How so?" with interest the poet wished to know.  
The Freshie told him all the tale below:  
How far tradition deemed the scrap's the thing  
Till gentler measures under a new King  
Came into vogue. Still all the Function's Glee  
Held in our Pilgrim Fathers' memory.  
Distracted was by search for someone lost.  
This time of peace 'o6 their leader lost.

### CANTO II.

*Narrates the pacific  
influence of a Fancy  
Ball,—One line whereof  
contains a weak pun to  
reward the diligent  
seeker.*

*Co-educational disad-  
vantages.*

But a festive dance did the cause advance,  
Of peace and the rupture heal.  
With the music's strain the wrath did wane  
And peace to their hearts did steal.  
The maids were fair and the men did swear  
They longed to go in and hop  
With their lovely friends—here the story ends  
With a finish or a stop.

### CANTO III.

*Lack of time forbids  
further disclosure of  
Sophomore doings.*

*The poet makes ques-  
tion of the future.*

*The poet passeth to  
further adventures.*

The Freshman had still other things as daffy to narrate,  
But now the misty night had come, the hour was growing  
late.  
The poet scarce had time to hear of when they ate and ate;  
(The night, the men the maidens left to unescorted state)  
And other deeds obstreperous the Freshman might relate.  
The famous poet had this thought come flying to his pate:  
Will such rambunctious nonsense its pace sometime abate?  
Or will these creatures always keep fooling at this rate?  
But as the poet all in vain essayed to penetrate  
The mystery of the Sophomore class, or read their doubtful  
fate,  
The bright Apollo disappeared within his western gate.  
And so the poet furled his sails and 'gan to navigate.  
For subsequent adventures till the next book just you wait.

(Here endeth the Epic of the rambunctious Sophomore class.)





### FOOT BALL TEAM.

Myrick .....left end  
 Warth .....left tackle  
 Ewert .....left guard  
 Earl .....center  
 Cleverdon .....right guard  
 Bellows .....right tackle

Metcalf .....right end  
 Jones (captain).....quarterback  
 Lampson, Ellis.....left half  
 Keller .....right half  
 A. Barrows .....full back  
 Bartholomew .....substitute

Grant ....Simmons ...Henderson .....substitutes



### BASKET BALL TEAM.

J. M. Clifton.....forward	W. K. Van Cleef.....center
A. S. Barrows .....forward	H. E. Funk.....guard
H. T. Simmons.....guard	
R. M. Case.....substitute	S. F. Bellows.....substitute
R. F. Rice.....substitute	P. H. Smith.....substitute



### **BASKET BALL TEAM.**

Anna McDaniels.

Leona Fette.

Nell Hardy.

Nan Gleason.

Mary Uline (Capt.).

Edith Story.

Lucile Sylvester.

Chloe Vosburg.

Katherine Williams.

Imogene Clouse.

Flora Greenlees.

### **BASE BALL TEAM.**

Kinney.

Jones.

Funk.

Sperry.

Case.

Lampson.

Clifton.

Rice.

Peck.

Ellis.

Bellows.

Kellogg.





ARBOR DAY PICNIC, 1903.

### IN THE LABORATORY.

Alkalis, says Mr. Warth,  
Are peculiar creatures,  
Turning fats to soups, he says,  
Is one of their main features.



There is crashing of filters and smashing of glasses,  
Diabolical odors and test-tubes in masses,  
Chilly breezes a-blowing a mixture of gases,  
Delights of the chemist no pleasure surpasses.

In the midst of this chaos a man doth preside  
Who walks like a cat and who's very sharp-eyed.  
Should the floor and your beakers just chance to collide,  
You think he is distant, he's right at your side.



Prof. Wightman, (trying to teach his class some French idioms): "Miss Vosburg, please translate into French 'I am twenty years old.'"

Miss V. : "I can't say that."

Prof. W.: "Perhaps you can translate 'I am sixteen years old.'"

Prof. MacLennan (in psychology): Have you ever gone from a brilliantly lighted room into a dark street and been unable to keep the walk? I have, many a time.

✓

Did you ever see a Freshman taking Mike?  
 Did you ever see Prof. Martin with no bike?  
 Did you ever see a football made of pearl?  
 Did you ever see Joe Ellis *sans* a girl?  
 No, you never, for it never, ne'er could be,  
 Don't you see?  
 You *never* saw Joe Ellis *sans* a girl.



'05'S STAG.

## *To the Class of 1906.*

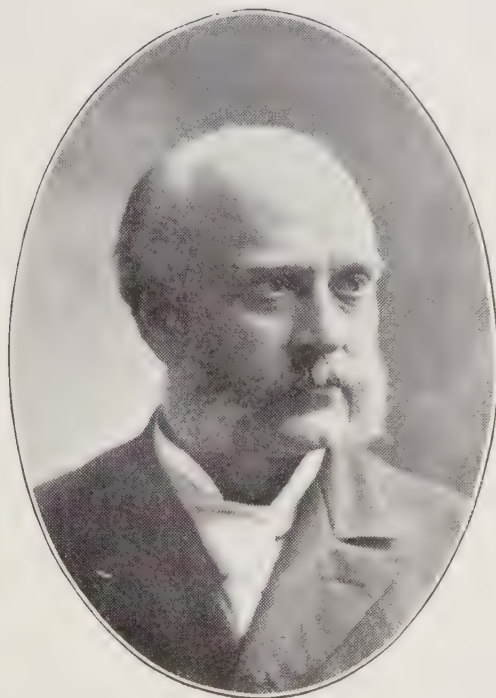
*In view of the forcible detention of the president of the Freshman Class from attendance at its Thanksgiving party, we, the Class of 1905, do hereby declare: First, that the class as a whole had nothing to do with the affair. Second, that such an action does not meet with the approval of the class and is sorely regretted.*

*Signed,  
Class of 1905.*

*Oberlin, Ohio,  
November 28, 1902.*







**WILLIAM BENTON CHAMBERLAIN.**

*Born September 1, 1847, in Gustavus, Ohio.*

*Died March 7, 1903, in Chicago.*

Prof. Chamberlain was pre-eminently an Oberlin man, most of his life having been spent in connection with the college, the church, and the town. Before he had finished his college days he was the popular leader of the First Church choir—a position that he held for fifteen years or more. Shortly after his graduation he was appointed to a professorship in the Conservatory and later in the College and Seminary. During this time he organized the Oberlin Glee Club. In 1894 he accepted the appointment to the chair of Elocution and Sacred Music in Chicago Theological Seminary. This called forth a protest on the part of all Oberlin, but since naturally Chicago was unwilling to release him, we were obliged to let him go. He had been absent but a short time when his connection with the work and place so dear to his heart was renewed by his election as Alumni Trustee of Oberlin College, a relation which he sustained until his death.

To his work Prof. Chamberlain gave not merely the sufficient amount of interest and time, but also an enthusiastic enjoyment. He had what has been called a "fine sympathetic sense." Indeed, he knew of no relationship but that of friend. You saw friendship in his eye, felt it in the grasp of his hand, knew it in the sincerity and kindliness of his voice. His interest in his work and his friends was a part of himself.

Few men have occupied so large a place in the lives of so great a variety of people as has Prof. Chamberlain. Among his brother professors he was loved as a real brother; among his pupils he was a trusted adviser and friend. In Oberlin and in Chicago he was known for his good citizenship. As a frequent supply in the churches of Ohio, Michigan, and Illinois, he won many friends, and "in the homes where he visited the impression left was not that of having entertained a stranger, but a kind, loving, familiar friend." He charmed all whom he met by his ready optimism, his genial sympathy, the responsiveness shown to every demand upon his time and his interest.



#### CLASS OFFICERS.

W. A. BARROWS	.....	President
HELEN WATSON	.....	Vice President
CLARA HUSTED	.....	Secretary
D. H. LIGHTNER	.....	Treasurer

#### YELL.

Rickety ax ! Hickety hix !  
 Zip rah ! Boom bix !  
 Hi chi ! Hi chix !  
 Oberlin ! Oberlin !  
 Nineteen Six !

Colors: YELLOW AND BLUE.

## THE LEGEND OF THE FRESHMEN CLASS.

### I.

*The poet describes the city and the coming of the wet students.*

*How there was a precedent.*

A six months' time ago or more,  
This town was filled with students stout,  
Each with his rain-coat girt about  
To shield him from the beastly pour.  
With clothes all wet and faces set  
These students they rushed to and fro;  
I hasten to say 'twas Joining Day,  
And then it always rains, you know.  
And if you looks in the hist'ry books,  
That's the way it's done, since year number one.  
When the Collitch began to grow.

### II.

*The poet shows how there was one class that was rare good to look upon, but dangerous withal.*

One worthy class there was and a fair,  
You've seldom looked on such a one,  
And though 'twas dreadf'ly young, I know,  
It had heaps of brains and lots of go;  
So the rest of the classes didn't dare  
Do unto it as they'd been done.

### III.

*So that the villain of the epic offers peace.*

Wherefore the Sophmores, full of fear,  
Lest in a scrap *they'd* miss the fun,  
Gave to the Freshmen the Joyous Palm,  
That the Dove of Peace, and Friendship Calm,  
And that sort of thing, might flourish here;  
And with a Pig-roast 'twas begun.

### IV.

*How the Freshman eats the Sophomore his salt.*

They cooked a pig in the woods by night —  
(Under a weeping willow tree) —  
And then in a tug of war they fought,  
Without class feeling, as young gents ought  
To please the Powers and be polite —  
The Freshman won the victoree.

### V.

*How the Freshman appears at chapel in seemly garb.*

Twice have these Freshman beaux and belles  
Marched in pride up the chapel aisle;  
Once when the masculines wore the rope;  
Once — more gorgeous than Leo the Pope —  
When the girls amid the cheers and yells,  
Wore those ruffs in such noble style.

### VI.

*In which the poet relates how the chief man is borrowed by evil ruffians.*

Now on the Thanksgiving party night  
A band of villains, — evil men —  
Borrowed our President from his class  
And left us without our Head, alas!  
Out under the Stars unseemly Light,  
They bore him far o'er Moor and Fen.



VII.

*How the poet feels his  
little worth. And how  
the Freshmen are right  
merry.*

(There's a dearth of fens near Oberlin,  
But hang it! Poets must have rhymes.)  
As for the rest of the Freshman tale:  
They've followed hot on the same old trail —  
Parties and dances, no more a sin,—  
A whole year full of grand good times.

VIII.

*How they also gambol  
about in the fresh air.*

They've followed the bounding basket ball,  
And sported on the foot ball ground;  
And if we have not proved to be  
First in the games, it was modesty,  
Which should be the heav'n-born gift of all.  
Alas that it isn't always found!

IX.

*How there is one dark  
villain who does cleave  
to the Freshmen.*

But amid the glory they have won,  
In midnight hours, when churchyards yawn,  
The famous and justly infamous math,  
Stands like a hoo-doo upon the path  
Of the sad-eyed Freshman — wretched one!  
Just as it's done in ages gone.

X.

*But he may trample  
the villain under his  
foot.*

However this math may have an end  
Despite the sine and cosine mix:  
Then the class, with joy, shall take its way  
Toward the Cold, Hard World, as people say.  
And as unto Seniorhood they tend  
You'll hear still more from naughty-six.





### FOOT BALL TEAM.

Peck .....left end  
 McDaniels .....left tackle  
 Morril .....left guard  
 Long (captain).....center  
 Thompson, .... Kuyper.....right guard  
 Skiles .....right tackle

Pendleton .....right end  
 Mosher .....quarterback  
 Barrows, Funk.....left half  
 Hampson, Warren.....right half  
 Bell .....full back

### SUBSTITUTES.

Jay.  
 Taber.  
 Priest.  
 McKay.



**BASKET BALL TEAM.**

McKay (captain).

D. Lightner.

Shank.

Taber.

Evans.

Anderson.

Barrows.





### **GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM.**

Jeanne McIntosh (captain).  
     Helen Cochran.  
         Gertrude Smith.  
             Jean McMillen.  
                 Louise Gulick.  
                     Anna Louise Strong.  
 Margaret Thomas.  
     Mary Porter.  
         Anna Matchette.  
             Faith Parmelee.  
                 Nellie Shell.  
                     Mabel Curtis.

### **BASE BALL TEAM.**

Funk.  
     Pendleton.  
         Ross.  
             Paterson.  
                 Barrows.  
                     Skiles.  
                         Thompson.  
                             Taylor.  
                                 Pinney.  
                                     Lightner.



ARBOR DAY PICNIC 1903.

**THE FORLORN FRESHMAN AND THE SYMPATHIZING SENIOR;  
OR THE FRESHMAN'S FATE.**

(An incident of 1906.)

"I boned on math"—the Freshman said,  
Said the Senior, "Say no more,  
But take a brace and try again.  
It's happened thus before."

"I boned on math"—the Freshman said,  
Said the Senior, "Nay, no more!  
Pay a dollar fee and take th' exam.  
I've tried it o'er and o'er."

"I boned on math"—the Freshman said,  
"And should have remarked before,  
I boned on math with all my might,  
And drew a neat 4.4."

Then the Senior spake him never a  
word,  
But beat with his fist full sore  
That Freshman fresh who forced him  
to  
His sympathies outpour.

Speaking of the underground railroad during the Civil War, Miss Dakes, '06, said: "What did they do with it after the war? Were the tunnels torn up, or are they still there?"

Freddy Mosher: "This qualifying (for the Review) looks to me more like quantifying."

Louise Abbott, '06, entering Burgess' with two other Freshman girls, goes up to Frank Tobin: "Are we allowed to get soda-water here?"

Two Freshmen went out in the country to sleigh  
For a ride on a Sunday night.  
The bleak roads were drifted and they were thrown out—  
She said, "You are treating me white."  
When her friends the next morning remarked, "You are lame—  
You are limping, our joy and pride."  
She was "fussed," but attempted to throw off the blame.  
My *room-mate is!*" she replied.

During the Roast Beef—Mr. Tabor describes a Valentine party, as the short, fat girl, the big blonde, and the little dark one—then enthusiastically exclaims: "And it's such a dandy house, too,—only three rooms and fourteen cozy corners!"

Prof. Martin: "Give the reason for the subjunctive in line 19."

Mr. Van Nice (quickly): "Line 19, did you say? It's line 20."

Prof. M.: "Thank you; I shall try to make mistakes hereafter. You never answered me in such a short time before."

Mr. Barrows: "Whenever I talk to Dr. Luce a whole lot of slang comes into my head."

Miss Hampson: "You are fortunate to have anything come."

The night of the reception some one inquired of Mr. Warren: "Are you going to the Y. W. C. A.?"

Paul: "No, I am going to C. A. Y. W."

What makes that deaf'ning noise  
That smites upon my ear?  
Who comes? Ah yes, I understand —  
The Freshman ruff is near!

Thanksgiving night the girls up-stairs call down, "What dress you got on?"

Miss Matchette, '06, on stair landing, "Same old one."

Bevier, '06, waiting for her in the court below hears only the answer. His feelings(?)



Innocence personified —  
 Never cribbed, and never lied;  
 Never cuffs nor ponies tried,  
 That's a Freshman.

### The Freshman — His Wail.

When moonlight o'er the azure seas  
 In soft effulgence swells,  
 When silver dews and balmy breeze  
 Bend down the lily's bells,  
 When soft and sweet the rosy sleep  
 Should lap my soul in dreams,  
 Then teacher mine — Oh, teacher mine,  
 I'm grinding out my themes.

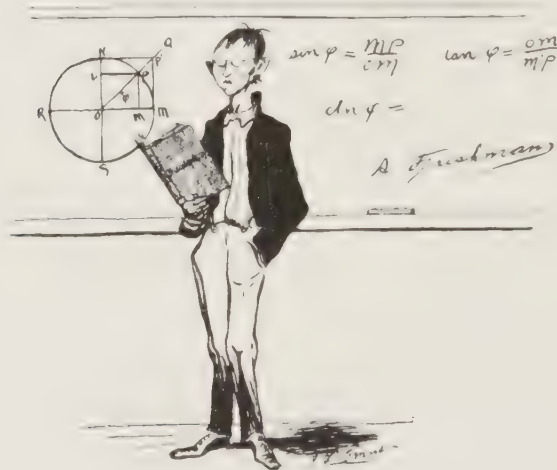
### To Mr. Cairns.

The Prof. he is a happy man,  
 His realm it is the log and tan,  
 And there he flunks whome'er he can.  
 The Prof. he is a happy man.

Tell me not in mournful numbers  
 Freshman math is not a dream,  
 And the Freshie flunks who slumbers  
 When he should compose a theme.

If at first you don't succeed  
 Just flunk and flunk again;  
 In Freshman math you'll learn with  
 speed,  
 This fate awaits all men.

When you're sitting quite complacent  
 Prof. Andy has a way  
 Of saying to your consternation  
 "You're blind as bats today."



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## A Thrush on the Campus

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The month of May is nearly over, the wave of migration almost past, and the campus still harbors a wood-thrush. One would think he had lost all reckoning of time or else all sense of his responsibility as home-maker and provider; he seems wholly devoted to his art. Has he even forgotten the pleasant haunts of his kind, beech shade in abundance, ferns, and the moist scent of leaf mould? Or would he think of exchanging them for a robin's portion of open lawn, with scant shelter of seclusion in the scattered evergreens? Whatever his motive, here he is on the free academic turf, side by side with his plain-mannered kinsfolk, flashing the bright rufus of his wing-coverts against the slate gray of theirs, a dainty, dashing figure by contrast. Now retreating behind a screen of spruce boughs, now exposed and unabashed on the outermost perch, he has made himself wholly at home, and sings with a will.

The bird himself is in the song. If ever he finds or recognizes himself, it is now. And what is he in essence but a woods voice, a memory, a lingering trace of incense from the worship of the lost god Pan?

Whether heard as a solitary mid-morning performer, or with an accompaniment from the early chorus of robins, he is at a disadvantage here. There is no setting for him like the wide, still woods, where his notes come filtered through the faintly rustling leaves, on a tide of elusive influence. From his lurking place in an evergreen, but a little distance from the public walk, comes a naked shaft of melody that darts through the senses and is gone without leaving a haunting memory of sweetness. A little sentiment will replace what is lacking in the circumstances and bring out the beauty that is there. Bird and song are both welcome. Ask the worker in the laboratory, to whose ear the sounds come through the open window, if they are a permissible distraction for him. The thrush shall have the freedom of the campus, while here; and may good attend his wanderings. If he leave us silently and as if by stealth, it shall be from habit and not from fear.

For the present at least he is here from choice, unmolested, a gay adventurer, young birdhood aflame with spring and careless of his wealth of impulse, no matter who sees or who listens. He mounts a spray of balsam and poises there, fluting phrase after phrase from his ready repertory of woods melodies, fragments of arias composed perhaps in bygone ages, but rendered now with so fresh and artless a fervor that they seem but the gentle ebullience of his joy. Ancestral themes they may be, but the immediate source is a mirror soul reflecting the life of leaves and sunbeams, itself alive and a-quiver with light and warmth and color, quick with the pulse of May. Millenniums of the finer scents and sounds of the woods seem sifted through the bird's consciousness and into the notes of his song.

It is not music. It is a blossom of sound, blown to us by chance out of Eden, falling with a light, reviving touch. With no hint of grossness, no merest shadow of effort or flaw of self-consciousness, the wood-thrush speaks directly to our feelings, charming us with the thought of an earthly paradise. It is his gift to soothe and refresh, rather than to stir our longing for the unattainable. Not so with our other two peerless thrushes. The veery, whose rarer call you dare not hear too often, makes you for a moment the sharer of a mystery that you well know cannot be meant for a spirit of earth, with its double burden of mind and conscience. And the hermit-thrush — better never have heard him than to have listened in a sordid mood. Cold analysis would be just as profane. Let him take you in a mood of yearning humility, and he will build you out of the hush and shadow of the forest a ladder up to heaven. We may listen but rarely to his transcendent theme. We are the more contented with the ministry of the campus thrush, and his more attainable charm.

HENRY CHESTER TRACY.







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## The Student Board of the Conservatory

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This year a new element has been introduced into the Conservatory, which bids fair to make the life of the Conservatory girl of the future more attractive in many ways. It is an attempt to unify the student body in this department, and give to the large number of girls who are classed Conservatory, the same organization and privileges which are found in College classes. The benefits of such a system need not be enlarged upon.

A committee of sixteen girls has been chosen, and from this number a president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer have been elected. This body is known as the Student Board of the Conservatory, and consists at present of Miss Julia Severance, Miss George De Yo, Miss Katharine Gaffner, Miss Alice Foster, Miss Florence Bixler, Miss Mary Frye, Miss Mabel Haight, Miss Juliaett Kinney, Miss Lorena Schabacker, Miss Anna Comstock, Miss Carrie Herbig, Miss Mary Burlingame, and Miss Katharine Fink. It has for its officers, Miss Mabel Farrell, President; Miss Alice Fisher, Vice-President, and Miss Augusta Poznanski, Secretary and Treasurer.

One object of this Board will be to make the new girl feel that she has become part of an organized body, instead of being merely *one* of over three hundred girls, who do not know her, and who take no interest in her welfare. On joining days, new girls will be assisted by different members of the Board to solve the difficulties that puzzle beginners. Then, as the term progresses, some kind of entertainment or reception will be given by the Board, in order that every new girl may meet and know a number of people whose interests are the same as her own. This social feature may prove especially valuable to the girl who is not fortunate enough to live in one of the larger college houses, and whose opportunities for meeting many people socially are consequently limited.

At any time she may be called upon to take an active part in the work of the Board. This will bring her in touch with a number of girls she might not otherwise meet, for she cannot be on a committee, or act as a chapel proctor, without becoming well acquainted with others in the same position. This executive work will also make her feel that she has, aside from her lessons, some responsibility for the good of the whole. She will feel more interest in all matters pertaining to the Conservatory Department, and that loyalty which is known as "class spirit" will increase among Conservatory women.

As the Board gain experience they will undoubtedly devise many other ways in which the new girl may be drawn out and interested, but this movement is also for the benefit of all girls in the Conservatory. It will give to those who have spent some time in Oberlin an opportunity which may prove of great value to them.

Members of the Student Board will gain an experience which will develop their executive ability, and give them greater capacity for accepting and bearing responsibility. They will also grow more tactful, for a girl cannot do this kind of work without becoming more thoughtful and considerate of others. Therefore this organization should broaden and strengthen every girl who takes part in it.

Above all, this Board may be of great service to the Executive Department of the whole institution, for there will be organized committees to whom plans may be presented, and appeals made. The Board has already proved its usefulness in several matters which have been put into its charge. This has brought into the Conservatory that element of student government which is so attractive and helpful in the College Houses.

Surely any girl who has lived under student government will realize what an immeasurable advantage this will be to the Conservatory in the years to come, and will give to the Board her very hearty and loyal support.

MABEL M. FARRELL.



Miss Shutts, con.—Edna, aren't you going to society tonight? It must be that you haven't prepared your "instantaneous."

Edna—You must mean "extemporaneous."

Miss Shutts—O, yes; I guess that is what you call it.

Mr. Jordon, in fifth term harmony class: "When we get in *Canon* we will be big guns."

Mrs. Johnston: "He had claims to the imperial crown because Ferdinand and Isabella were his grandfather."

Mrs. Johnston's History-class, morning of Psych Test. Ten girls absent. "The health of the class is failing." She then gives a short lecture on undertaking too much outside work.

Prof. G. F. Wright (speaking of spiders): "These animals have various organs, including mouth organs."



MUSICAL UNION



## THE MUSICAL UNION.

MR. E. F. ADAMS .....	President
MR. P. O. CLARK .....	Secretary
MR. R. W. FOLEY .....	Treasurer
MR. E. K. CHAPMAN.....	Librarian

## BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Mr. E. F. Adams.	Mr. E. P. Johnson.
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Mr. P. O. Clark, Secretary.	Prof. C. W. Morrison.
Mr. R. W. Foley, Treasurer.	Mr. Chas. H. Adams.

HOLIDAY CONCERTS, DECEMBER 18 AND 19, 1902.

The Messiah.

SOLOISTS.

Soprano .....	Mrs. Genevieve Clark-Wilson of Chicago
Contralto .....	Miss Alice M. Sovereign of New York
Tenor .....	Mr. George W. Jenkins of New York
Basso .....	Mr. Frederic Martin of Boston
Professor George W. Andrews, Conductor.	
Professor William K. Breckenridge, Organist.	

## INAUGURATION WEEK.

LOHENGRIN — MAY 12 AND 13.

Matinee by Boston Festival Orchestra. Emil Mollenhauer, Conductor.

SOLOISTS.

Soprano .....	Anita Rio (Elsa)
Mezzo-Soprano .....	Isabelle Bouton (Ortrud)
Tenor .....	William R. Wegener (Lohengrin)
Baritone .....	Emilio De Gogorza (Frederick of Telramund)
Bass .....	Frederick Martin (King)



### PANTOUM OF THE PIANO.

Hark! the eternal piano!  
 Tinklety! Rippletly! Crash!  
 Worse than the huckster's "Ban-nan-o!"  
 Worse than a whole tea-set's smash.

Tinklety! Rippletly! Crash!  
 Floats from each window and door—  
 Worse than a whole tea-set's smash  
 A bull in a big china store.

Floats from each window and door;  
 Pounding and thumping and din—  
 A bull in a big china store  
 Competing, would surely not win.

Pounding and thumping and din  
 Sound on. A steam engine's clatter  
 Competing, would surely not win—  
 Racket and noise our brains batter.

Sound on! A steam engine's clatter  
 Would soothe an Oberlin man—Oh,  
 Racket and noise our brains batter—  
 Hark the eternal piano!

**WILLIAM HENRY RAYMOND**

*Born, January 18th, 1880, Angola, N. Y.*

*Died, June 14th, 1902, Cleveland Ohio.*

Wm. H. Raymond, a member of the Conservatory, and an ex-member of 1904, was killed in Cleveland by a passing car. It was a great shock to his Oberlin friends, among who he was esteemed for the promise he gave of a musical career, as well as for his manly and modest character.



## OBERLIN THEATRICALS.



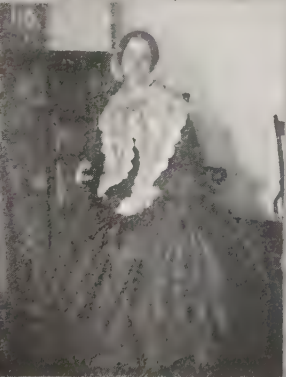
Miss Clark as "Malaprop" in the "Rivals."



Miss Gilchrist as "Miss Mattie" in "Cranford."



Miss Leeper as "The Aunt" in "Wanted, a Chaperone."



Miss Shotwell as "The Country School Marm."



For the student who constantly forgets his rehearsal ticket, there is one thing to fear; that is, that when he approaches the Pearly Gates, Frampton might be there to demand his green ticket before allowing him to pass.

In Conservatory Board meeting Miss Farrell: "What are the Con colors?"  
Miss Comstock: "Green and gray."  
Miss Poznauski: "Appropriate. Green when you come in and gray when you get out."

At Youngstown: The glee club car got in at two (a. m.)  
And Frampton wrote: "As we go through, may I come call an hour or so?"  
Her mother strangely said him "No."

Miss Fuller, con., looking at the Village Improvement waste paper cans on the telephone poles around town: "I wonder if those are there to catch the sap."

In comparing our college life with that of other colleges, we find that with us the annual class "hop" is a minus quantity.

"Spring would be but rainy weather,  
Were there nothing else but spring."

Count that day lost whose low descend-  
ing sun  
Finds that you've been to visit Hobbs  
or Mun.



"The Spring has come,  
Has come again."



TALCOTT'S HEAD WAITER.

At the Artist recital: "How do you suppose that old fellow manages to keep up singing all the evening?"

"Oh, he takes a turn about. He sings German to rest his English voice, and English to rest his German."







PROFESSOR MRS. V. V. CHAMBERLAIN



PROFESSOR MRS. V. V. CHAMBERLAIN



PROFESSOR MRS. V. V. CHAMBERLAIN



J. H. CHAMBERLAIN



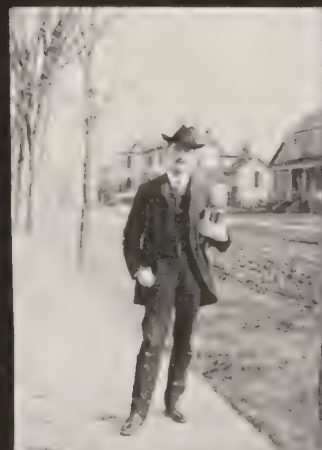
PROFESSOR MRS. V. V. CHAMBERLAIN



PROFESSOR MRS. V. V. CHAMBERLAIN



PROF. F. F. JEWETT



PROF. S. F. MACLENNAN

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# T h e C h o i c e

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Sutherland took the two letters his man held out to him, glanced at their inscriptions, then laid them side by side on the table at his elbow. When his pipe was puffing comfortably and the fire crackling to his taste, he lay back in his lounging-chair with closed eyes. It was that he might the better see the two envelopes awaiting his attention. He wanted to compare them honestly, through and through; not alone the contrasting exteriors, but the true inwardness of them. He could see more clearly with his eyes closed.

A third letter entered into his thoughts. It had arrived that morning from a man, one whom he had helped, whose resultant gratefulness was dear to him because it had worked in the whyfor of things to bring him the smaller of the unopened envelopes—a little, blue-tinted missive, directed in delicate, complex handwriting, and sealed with the initials M. P. Its companion, bearing the same postmark as the letter in his pocket, displayed upon its square, glazed surface, straight lines of precise, immature characters—no “dots and dashes” here, but all lucid, plain, certain. In the desk behind him a certain drawer contained a hundred similar envelopes, dated and numbered, with edges torn from over-hasty opening, many of them creased and soiled because he had carried them in his pocket for days after their arrival; yet he could have foretold the contents of the last fifty as he could foretell the contents of this one within reach of his hand, almost to a sentence. He questioned if familiarity with five hundred instead of half-a-dozen blue-tinted notes would suffice to acquaint him with the probable purport of a single new one.

The first had been a surprise, teaching him to associate the element of novelty with the name, Mignon Parker. “He was like a brother when we were children,” it read. “Since the days when I played my summers through on his father’s farm, we have seen little of each other, but I have always followed his ambitions and rejoiced in his good fortune. He wrote me that you had given him a real opportunity in securing this pastorate for him, though it is not the first time you have showed him a kindness. For fear you would never mention the matter to me, who am—did you know it?—his cousin, I must take this way of claiming for a friend the man who has befriended Arthur.”

He had puzzled over this display of interest on the part of the exquisite, brilliant girl for Arthur Colton—awkward, slow, ambitious for the fulfillment of but one desire, the chance to preach in a church of his own. In college he had looked after the man because he guessed how many directions for expanding, how many perceptions of the shade of meaning in life would be lost if his own scanty allowance were

halved or cancelled. Mollie had once or twice wondered about their relations, as much as during her short year at college she had analyzed personal preferences or questioned anything he might do. Mollie was not curious, nor critical with regard to his judgments.

Two years after graduation, when the publication of a thin volume of poems made his name dynamic, Sutherland had easily got a church for the man. Thus he had gained the gratitude of a sure friend, though he barely kept himself from dissecting in place of valuing the devotion of this prodding, unsusceptible nature. Mollie wrote him that the new minister, who had just arrived, proved to be the man, Arthur Colton, with whom he used to study in college. There was an improvement since that time, she thought.

Sutherland noted this item as a rare instance of objectivity in her letters. Usually the square, glazed envelopes brought him only one cry of gratitude for the goodness inducing him to love her. He made her life. The ordinary, petty affairs of the town, the whole intellectual world, in so far as they failed to touch upon his existence, were sealed to her.

In response to some formulation of this consciousness in him, he dropped the accumulating duties of his work in the city, and went again to the far-away western town. As Sutherland called up searchingly the incidents of his visit, he knew that then for the first time he began to see her intellectually. The glamour cast by her girlishness, the flushing of her pale cheeks when he was near, the shy glances of her gray eyes, her quiet intensity of devotion,—he no longer felt their charm. She was becoming the somewhat pathetic, uninteresting girl other men found her. Nevertheless, he had been a fool to ask her that question. He winced now as he saw her take up this volume of poems—it was worn with her handling. "I don't understand them, dear," she had answered. "You know I am not—clever like you." He was always hurting her in some way that week, then blaming himself into rather inadequate efforts at amends.

Some time after he had resumed his work, with apparently the same incentives and purposes, he received another blue-tinted note. The expression of gratitude for some verses sent its writer implied a subtle understanding of him that made its acceptance treasonable. He was finding it hard to answer the passionate words in the square, glazed envelopes. He caught himself simplifying his method of expression, omitting the fine complexities that found their way into other letters. He was true, but to Mollie, not to himself. Often other affairs would crowd out the reading of her letters until late at night. So to check the tide of indifference creeping in upon him he replied at greater length and made his remembrances to her more frequent, more elaborate.

One day when he and Mignon Parker were discussing Browning's conception of women, she had defended warmly the faultless painter, Andrea del Sarto. A man had a right to expect of his wife more than even a quiet devotion. She must be devoted, but she must also be inspiring. Sutherland remembered the quick, appreciative glance she gave him when he quoted to her, "Incentive comes from the soul's self. The rest avails not." And yet—

A strange letter reached him from Arthur Colton. His loyalty to his friend, he wrote, forbade silence. Mary Leonard had told him that the man he held highest of earthly friends possessed her love. He could not begrudge him the happiness for which he, himself, had unworthily striven.

Once more he held in his hands a note in the fine, complex writing, a gracious



acceptance of his invitation to meet Miss Mary Leonard at luncheon, in the tea-room. That affair, inaugurating Mollie's week in the city under the chaperonage of his best woman friend, had somewhat fallen flat, Sutherland was convinced. Mollie had been unusually quiet. The others acted as rude as most coteries do when a stranger is introduced into their midst. Once, after a brief but lively passage with Mignon Parker he smiled across at the flushed face of the girl opposite him to see, as she answered his glance, that her eyes were bright with tears. The old indignation against himself returned.

Mollie told him at the end of the week that she admired Miss Parker, and mentioned a photograph of himself she had seen in her room the day they were entertained by her. There was also a book of his poems. Miss Parker had thought the two were cousins. With a sudden, sick wrath for his own meanness, he had showed her the verses written to M. P. She thought them pretty, but did not refer to them again.

Scarcely three weeks later, heavy snows were delaying the mails, night came, bringing no letter. His telegrams were unanswered. He wired Arthur Colton, whose letter, received that morning, assured him of Mollie's health. Sutherland sent one other message, that he would arrive on the noon train the day following.

What should be his purpose in going? For a year he had dodged a question. Did he owe it to his work to break the engagement with Mollie? It would end the paralyzing strain of this terrible pretence. Moreover, he had seen too many lives ruined by just this kind of blindness, to go on himself unthinkingly. If he loved her — of course her happiness was dear to him; how dear? Rigorously he had been shutting out of his heart the appeal of those blue-tinted notes, always charming,—her cleverness never for an instant foiled her sweetness. Tonight he deliberately laid the two letters side by side to choose.

"I'll pay my fancy out," he said to himself, his mind back on that conversation with the girl of the fine, complex hand. "'Only let me sit the gray remainder of the evening out'—'Since there my past life lies, why alter it?'"

It was dark in the room and his pipe was cold when he took the square, glazed envelope to the window to decipher the childish, familiar writing. It had grown suddenly dear, appealing. "'What would one have?'" the faultless painter's words came back to him. "'In heaven perhaps one more chance. So — as I choose.' God help me to deserve this chance on earth — as I choose."

With unsteady fingers he tore open the envelope and bent his head over the dim lines. He repeated them several times to himself before he understood their meaning. "Help me to explain. I have pleaded with Arthur to let me tell you. It is — we are happier together than you and I. You are free. Try not to suffer. I am happy." The rest was a blur to him. Wave after wave of utter misery broke over him. Outside the lights glistened on the wet streets. Hundreds of people hurried by. Bells jangled, newsboys shouted. The confused noises of the crowded city floated up to the man by the window. He leaned his face against the cool glass, crushing the paper in his hand.

He had chosen, and past him brushed a figure the shadow of whose wing rested on the face of a pale, quiet girl. One hour, another, went by. Long after the noisy street had settled down to its fitful night-silence, the little, blue-tinted note lay alone, unheeded on the table.

R. M., '04.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner  
Eating his Christmas pie;  
He put in his thumb and pulled out a  
Plum—  
And about a minute afterwards he  
wished he hadn't, for everybody looked  
shocked and said it wasn't according  
to the usages.

"Where are you going, my pretty  
maid?"  
"I'm going a-walking, sir," she said.  
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"  
"If you've asked Dean Luce, kind sir,"  
she said.

Little Gracie Scrunchion cried for her  
luncheon;  
Where shall she get it, now she must  
Mun shun?  
How, when she's hungry, await for the  
mobs!  
How, when she's broke, shall she feast  
her at Hobbs'?

Sept. 24 (joining day): Two students meet on campus, one old, one new. Old student, "Sharp's my name." New student, "Dull's mine." (And each wonders if the other is in earnest.)

"What are you doing with your apology so early? We don't have Greek till 10:30."

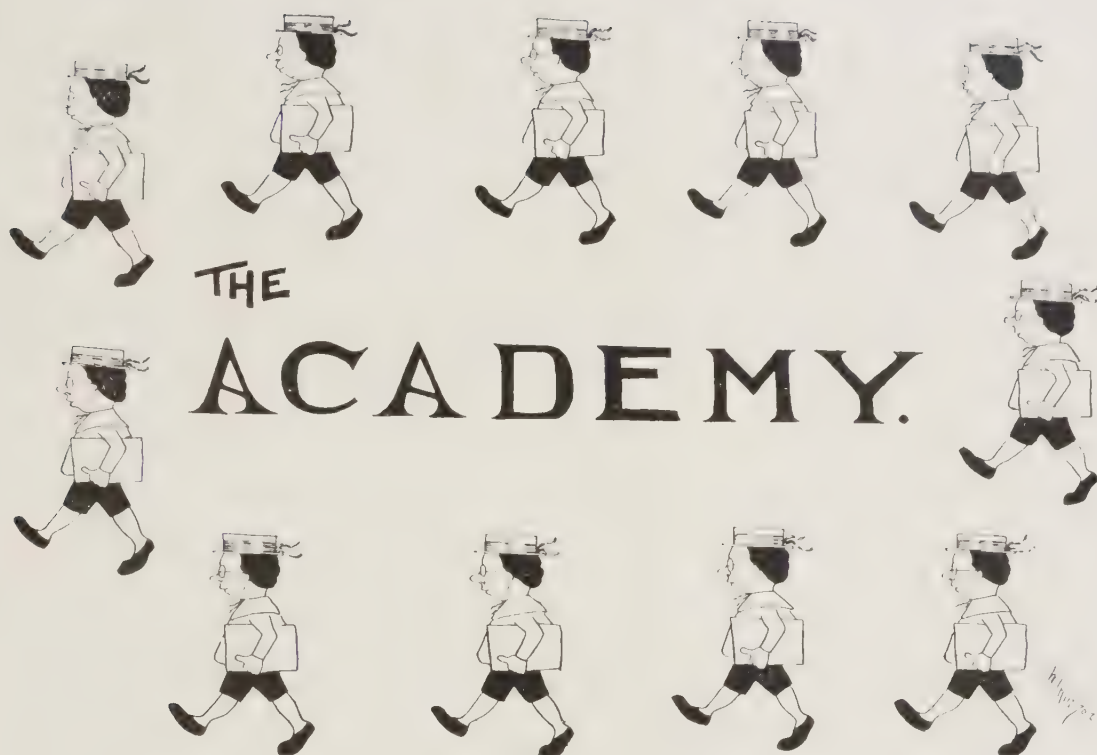
"Oh, I guess I'll need an apology in every class."

Prof. M. (outlining next day's lesson in the Odyssey and giving the line where each event is related): "And then Circe sprinkled a potion over the (22) swine and they became (395) men, and Odysseus went down to the ships and found his comrades shedding (410) large tears, and they were like (415) calves."

There's hope of recovering diamonds,  
Your watch will come back again.  
But the loss that's entirely hopeless,  
Is the loss of a fountain pen.

Grall enters Constitutional Law class at one o'clock with his dish-washing apron on. Sudden exit of apron.

J. H. Parmelee, '04: "We have sailed out from our sea of isolation and cannot retrace our footsteps."



1907.



#### CLASS OFFICERS.

EDWARD L. WERTHEIM .....	President
MARY A. STEVENS .....	Vice-President
RUTH M. JOHNSON .....	Secretary
C. L. MILLER .....	Treasurer
MARY L. DE CLARK .....	Assistant Treasurer
HELEN THORNE .....	Historian



## BOOK VI OF THE EPIC.

### CANTO I.

*The poet meets a  
Senior Cad, the worthy  
successor of Plato's  
Academicians, and finds  
out what manner of man  
he is.*

Under a tree quite unconcerned,  
The poet now a youth discerned.  
Addressing him our friend did say,  
"And who, bright youth, are you, I pray?"  
"Oh, I, don't let it make you sad,  
Am that despised thing, a Cad.  
'Twill grieve you that it thus should be,  
Old Plato's school's now scorned, you see,  
By all those puny Freshmen small,  
And all those mighty Seniors tall,  
And did I not myself esteem,  
Life wouldn't half worth living seem.

### CANTO II.

(The Cad, observing the poet's sympathy, relates his  
exploits which the poet puts into verse.)

## THE LAY OF THE SENIOR CAD.

### I.

*He gives expression  
to Miss Hosford's view  
of him and his kind.*

Away, away in far Cad-dom,  
There dwells this illustrious class,  
And there we may tarry forever,  
Some say that we never can pass.

### II.

In spite of this statement disheart'ning,  
Our fame will go forth through the land.  
In days which in college await us  
They'll fear our athletic right hand.

### III.

To turn to the past, not the future,  
We've tried to the best of our might  
To find this old Oberlin spirit,  
I pray, sir, do give us some light.

### IV.

I think that it must be a bird, sir,  
My reason you'll see is quite fair;  
The reason I think so is this, sir,  
It seems to dwell only in air.

V.

And now to appease this old spirit,  
Whose home, as I said, is the air,  
We opened our very first party  
With singing of hymns and a prayer.

VI.

At last to a tale of dire insult —  
The Children's Home was the scene  
Of the last of the parties we've had, sir;  
The things that they said were most mean.

VII.

Those horrible Juniors and Seniors —  
I'm sure that they must be insane —  
Declared they considered it fitting,  
We go there at once and remain.

(At this juncture the chapel bell was heard, and the Cad, who was young and exceeding proper, departed with celerity, so that the poet could get no more out of him.)

**Blueness.**

I used to be easily moved,  
Was ready to sympathize —  
Sad tales of disappointment  
I read with tearful eyes.

And when a Cad, for Dido  
I mourned long nights and days —  
And my tender heart oft smote me  
When we studied Shakespeare's  
plays.

But tragedy's lost its power  
To move me any more;  
Since I got my blue book back,  
And found therein —1.4.

Wertheim, '07, says in class meeting: "It hurts me to think that a class I'm president of is in debt."

Helen Hampson, as door-bell rings; "There comes my groceryman."  
In walks Mr. Dick.



**BASKET BALL TEAM.**

Keyes.

Shimmon (captain).

Miller.

Durfee.

McMillen.

Ward.

Olmsted.





### **ACADEMY GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM.**

Helen Thorne.  
     Lily Smith.  
         Edna Crider.  
             Elizabeth Swing.  
                 Mary Stevens.  
 Alice Cole.  
         Carrie Harrington.  
             Grace Nickerson.  
                 Louise Kelsey.  
                     Ida Wells.  
                         Nellie Smith.  
                             Katherine Sheldon.



THE HEROES OF CATHAY.

At an '07 class meeting a day or two before Thanksgiving, Mr. Wirtheim gives an urgent appeal for everyone to attend the party, and then says: "Here is the list, boys, if anyone wants to see it." No one comes forward, and the girls leave the room very demurely.

Riddle: What did the chapel clock strike the last time? The ground.  
Who last played on the organ?  
The firemen with the hose.



1908.



**OFFICERS.**

HARRISON WILLIAM BLEVINS .....	President
PAULINE DUSTIN JOHNSON .....	Vice-President
EDWARD TATUM STREET .....	Treasurer
LOUISE RUSSELL KELSEY .....	Secretary

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**C l a s s       H i s t o r y**

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Well, if here isn't my 1904 "Annual" of Oberlin College! It has been so long since I have seen it and it is very pleasant to have my good times brought back so distinctly to my mind. And here is the history of my class, the Middle Cads. How well I can remember what we did then; we did more than this book says we did, for it was necessary to have room for the advertisements.

It was in the autumn of 1902 that we first came together and organized. We did not know each other very well, and so we decided to become acquainted through a party. The committee decided on a nutting party, and on a beautiful Saturday afternoon a majority of the class assembled at French Hall and after we were introduced by our chaperon we started for the woods. We very much enjoyed the afternoon, but all voted that they did not like the flavor of the nuts.

We all thought that since we had had such a nice time before we should like another party. Taking advantage of the 9:00 o'clock rule, and following our dean's directions, we received our guests with great dignity and had an enjoyable evening. That evening comes back to my mind very vividly as that was our first real party and it was there that we began our lessons on the rules of Mrs. Grundy.

We did not distinguish ourselves greatly that year, but we contributed much to the college world in general.



It was our duty then too, to learn the names of the Kings of Israel and Judah, and what they did, and we received a part of our foundation for our higher work, for even though we were so young then and so insignificant, nevertheless it was just a short time before the class of 1908 were receiving their diplomas.

The several years that followed the winter of 1902 and 1903 were very enjoyable and profitable, but not more so than this year for we were very young then and when we made mistakes they could always be laid to our youth and were forgiven. Another fact was that our class then had more boys than girls and many outside girls envied the '08 girls.

"There is always a time for work and play," and it is time for work now. So, good-bye, dear book.

Wanted! — On March 14, 1903, a chaperon, by the Middle Academy class.



### **BASKET BALL TEAM.**

Blevins.

Holmes.

Eastman.

Calkwarf.

Gillette.

Street.

Reagor.

In this life or the next,  
 When in need of a text,  
 Mark this — and always be firm—  
 That when prone to be late  
 In small matters or great,  
 "The early bird catches the worm."



"THE EARLY BIRD."

Street Acad. "Look at that hot cup of cocoa. What a loss of energy."  
 Pasco, '03: "That's what I always think when I hear you talk."

### Rondeau of the Gramophone.

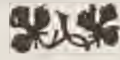
The gramophone is versatile—  
 It's farce or drama at your will.  
 On quiet Sunday afternoons  
 Our's plays and sings the sweetest  
 tunes!  
 Or tells about the dollar-bill  
 Lost by a Reub from Punkinville.  
 It ripples forth a Melba trill  
 Or strumps the "Ragged Rag-Time  
 Coons"—  
 The gramophone.

Of operas you have your fill  
 Of patriotic songs that thrill;  
 Just hear how daintily it croons  
 "The Rose of Red," and "Silv'ry  
 Moons."  
 A charming entertainment-mill—  
 The gramophone!



## THE LAMENT OF THE COLLEGE BELL.

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On the steps of a ruined chapel  
Sat the bell of the college town,  
Broken and worn and dejected,  
Dishevelled and quite cast down.

And there in the mellowing sunrise,  
Midst a chaos of mortar and smoke,  
She thought of her former triumphs —  
(And whether the chapel used coke.)

"The social life of a village  
My iron grasp has held,  
And men have flocked at my bidding  
And few, if any, *rebelled*.

"My voice has a bell-like sweetness,  
And a greeting for young and old,  
And men have said as they heard it,  
'Twas the sweetest story e'er *tolled*.

"Now the men of other villages  
May like this or that very well,  
But you ask an Oberlin gentleman,  
And he says, 'Ours (hours) are struck on the Belle.'

"But my realm has passed to another,  
That Baptist cow bell thing  
Utters her feeble mimic —  
Her neck I'd gladly *wring*.

"I used to remark, 'I Amabel.'  
'Then Isabel,' others proclaim.  
But since they have taken to floor-a-bell,  
That is my present name.

"My taste is for something simple,  
With a tone of the tragic as well —  
The doom of my towering conquests  
Proclaims my name to be *Knell*."





Henry Churchill King

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## Henry Churchill King

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Elected President of Oberlin College November 19, 1902.

**M**Y attempt to say something for the ANNUAL of what I think to be the meaning and significance to Oberlin of the event recorded at the head of this page, will take the form of such an answer as I may be able to make to the question: What equipment has Mr. King brought to the office to which he has been elected?

The principal events of Mr. King's life are too well known to call for repetition here; but the fact should be recalled that although he is still in the very prime of life, he has served the institution over twenty years, and is thoroughly and practically familiar with every phase of the college life and work. And his wide range of duties has, on occasion, included that of executive officer, *pro tem*, a position which, considered in the abstract, is anomalous and of peculiar difficulty, involving, as it does, heavy responsibility coupled with authority that is, of necessity, vaguely defined and of uncertain duration. It is believed that in the performance of this duty he acquitted himself well, and the Trustees by their action have so testified.

It would appear, therefore, that Mr. King had run nearly the whole gauntlet of the duties of a college president, except, perhaps, the one that grows out of that ever present problem of college finance—the securing of means to bridge that steadily widening gap between the actual cost to a college of a student's education and the (much less) sum he is asked to pay for it. President King's record thus far has apparently demonstrated beyond peradventure that he is not without equipment in this regard.

A recent magazine writer has said that in these latter days there is a widely prevalent notion that the ideal university president, while possessing the scholarly attainments of the old time college executive, "must also be distinguished by most of the qualities and characteristics of a modern captain of industry." However desirable such a combination may be, it seems probable that it can be found in but few men available for such a position. Be that as it may, it is to be observed that the great universities which have recently elected presidents have not selected men who have come into wide public repute on account of their special business sagacity, or practical knowledge of affairs. On the contrary, they have, in one important particular, at least, closely followed the old tradition. In every case their choice is a man especially distinguished for commanding scholarship and high standing in the educational world, thus placing the emphasis of high authority, so to say, on the importance to an institution of having at its head a man widely reputed as possessing these high qualifications. And its importance as a factor in the growth and prosperity of a college along right lines cannot be overestimated. It is regarded as, in a sense, a guarantee of the scholarship of its graduates. It is a most valuable asset. It means students, and students of a better class. It attracts the favorable attention of those who are seeking "investments," that promise a good return, in the cause of higher education.

Oberlin's choice is not lacking in this important qualification. Mr. King's recently published books, which have given him high rank as a theologian, and a clear, philosophical thinker; his numerous pamphlets on religious, philosophical and kindred topics; his prominent part as counselor in the work of organizations dealing with educational problems, both secular and religious; his courses of lectures at the great universities; his more public utterances from pulpit and platform, have all combined to make him widely known as a man of approved scholarship, broad culture, and high educational and ethical ideals. As a representative of Oberlin he has aided largely in increasing her prestige, not only with the general public, but among eminent scholars and educators as well—in securing a more adequate, a wider recognition of the important position she really occupies in the field of higher learning.

It has been remarked that the election of Mr. King "laid emphasis on the teaching side of the presidential office;" and the character of his work as teacher, the success that has attended it, bear eloquent testimony to his uniqueness and strength in this regard. "He is pre-eminently a teacher," said an educator of keen discernment who has known his work long and intimately; and few will dispute the verdict. He has a broad and thorough knowledge of the subjects with which he deals, and rare technical skill as an instructor. But a mere enumeration of his mental qualifications falls far short of accounting for his power as a teacher. No explanation will at all suffice that does not take account of the "personal equation." It is the rare personality back of the teacher that makes him an inspiring force in the class-room. With no neglect of a thorough and painstaking attention to the technique of the work in hand, with no relaxation of his efforts to stimulate the intellectual powers of his pupils, to foster their individuality, to encourage them to grapple at first hand with the problems under consideration, yet his teaching always carries with it a strong ethical appeal. The lofty ideals by which he is actuated, his singleness of purpose—all those sterling qualities that go to the making of his personality, by some subtle means make themselves felt, and they stir the heart, arouse the nobler impulses; and the earnest student comes into some vision of the great spiritual realities, a clearer apprehension of which is (as Mr. King's pupils are not allowed to forget) the goal of the true seeker after knowledge. They are made to feel that all education worth seeking makes for character; that the problems worth investigation root themselves in life.

In that larger relation in which the great teacher stands to the student—that of critic, adviser, counselor and friend, Mr. King is no less pre-eminent. His wisdom and tact, his rare insight, his ready but discriminating sympathy, his understanding of the special difficulties, the perplexities, the problems—often sorrowful ones—that so frequently confront the college student, have made him a powerful and abiding influence for good—the extent of which cannot be told or estimated—in the lives of that great number of those who have had the advantage of his advice and counsel.

But the answer to the question I have set myself would be altogether incomplete did it fail to lay strong emphasis on the value of Mr. King's special work as a religious teacher. It is characterized by directness, simplicity, a forceful, winning method of presentation, and it carries with it, always, a strong appeal. He is, to use a term of his own, an "effective witness" to the great truths which have for him such a deep meaning and significance. To the writer, some aspects of his religious teaching appear to stand out with peculiar distinctness: First, his emphasis on the supreme importance of the ethical—his attitude of doubt as to the genuineness of religious experience that does not emerge—does not objectify itself—in life and conduct, in a manifest high



sense of duty; and second, the constant use of his deep knowledge of Bible truth and teaching in dealing in a helpful and practical way with those difficulties that arise in the experiences of every day life. It bears the stamp of reality. It deals with "persons and personal relations," with life, and life in its work-day aspect.

None of the many works done by Mr. King has so wrought itself into the life of Oberlin as has that work in his historic Sunday morning training class. Forming no part of the college curriculum or of the college work—it being altogether a self-imposed duty—it has, yet, during all these years been an ever growing, vital force which has permeated every department of the institution. For many students, that Sunday morning hour has come to mean more than all beside in their Oberlin life; many have found there the needed solution of their own perplexing problems; have found the uplift and strength which have carried them through trying hours of temptation and discouragement; the impulse toward better things which has changed forever the current of their lives. The qualities which have enabled Mr. King to exert this helpful influence must be counted as an important part of the equipment for the headship of a Christian college.

It may be said, then, that Mr. King has earned by scholarship and achievement the high position to which he has been called, and that, at all points, he is abundantly equipped for just that service which Oberlin has asked him to undertake. None who heard his chapel address that morning following his election can doubt that he brings to the office a high conception of its duties, and a grave sense of the important responsibilities involved in the trust he has undertaken. None can doubt that he will give to Oberlin, without stint, of his very best; that his mighty capacity for work, and work of the most effective kind, will, as in the past, be used unsparingly in Oberlin's service. Whatever the details of his policy may be, it will doubtless be sane, practical and progressive; and there are abundant grounds for a confident faith that under his administration Oberlin's history will be one of steady progress along the best educational lines,—a constant, persistent reaching forward toward the highest educational ideals; that she will keep firm hold of all that is best in the accepted thought of the past, will gather in and assimilate all that is tried and well-proved in the newer learning, and will, in all things, maintain her high and unique position among the great educational institutions of the Middle West.

L. D. HARKNESS.



Mr. Worth, who housekeeping is, on being asked to give the characteristics of alkalis, spoke very intelligently: "One thing they do is to turn fats into soups."

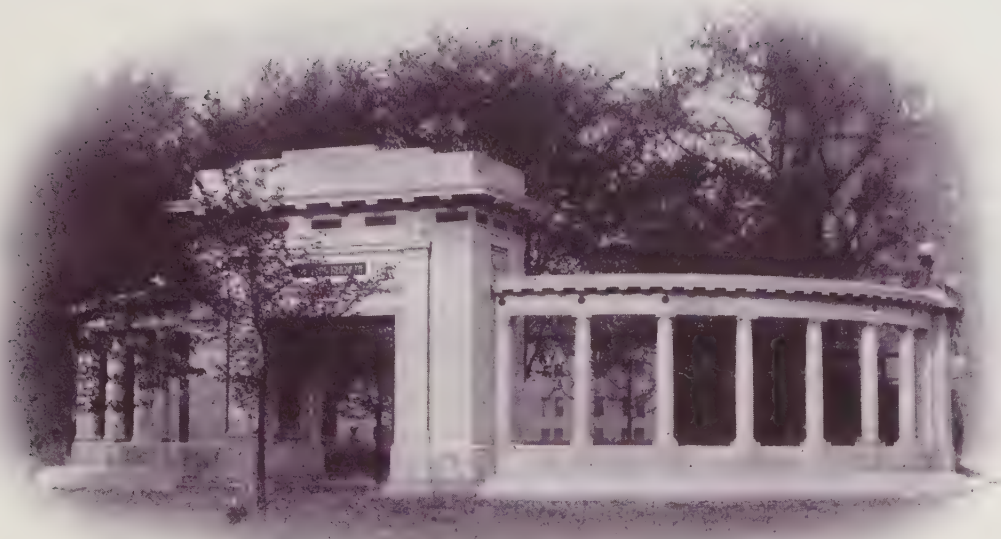
This is Ann Daykins' busy sign: "Carlyle's Message to the Individual—Get Out."

Ernest Chamberlain in History class, when Madame asks for a proverb applying to the development of civilization: "The longest way round is the shortest way round."

Dr. Luce: "How young your friend is, Mr. Messenger!"

Tow-head: "He graduated from Columbia several years ago."

Dr. Luce: "But he didn't get any older while I talked to him."



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## I n a u g u r a t i o n      W e e k

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NONE may again reproach Oberlin weather with treachery and gloom, for the day upon which we were to inaugurate our new president shone forth cool and bright. Surely the radiance of spring sunshine gladdened all the many friends of Oberlin and will enhance for after years the manifold beauties of the great week in her history.

The procession formed at half past eight, its different groups assembling along Professor Street, from the Severance Chemical Laboratory to Warner Conservatory. To the music from the band on the campus the long line slowly arranged itself and moved around the corner, back again past the Conservatory, through the Memorial Arch, and across the Campus to the First Church. It was an effective and inspiring sight—the double lines of students and friends stretching as far as the eye could see, brilliant dashes of color and blots of white against the green of grass and trees. Picturesque, indeed, and more. To many there must have occurred President King's own words, "We must remember the *significance* of the ceremony; we must keep it from degenerating into mere show." One always thrills at the enthusiasm of many hearts united to honor a leader who is worthy of admiration and of love.

The procession entered the church in reverse precedence from the order of march. The Musical Union came first, followed by Alumni, guests of the college, the Oberlin

Board of Commerce, representatives of Universities and Colleges. The approach of President King was heralded far down the line by cheers and clapping of hands. Never were class yells so enthusiastically shouted, nor student-hearts more full of loyal enthusiasm for college and for president.

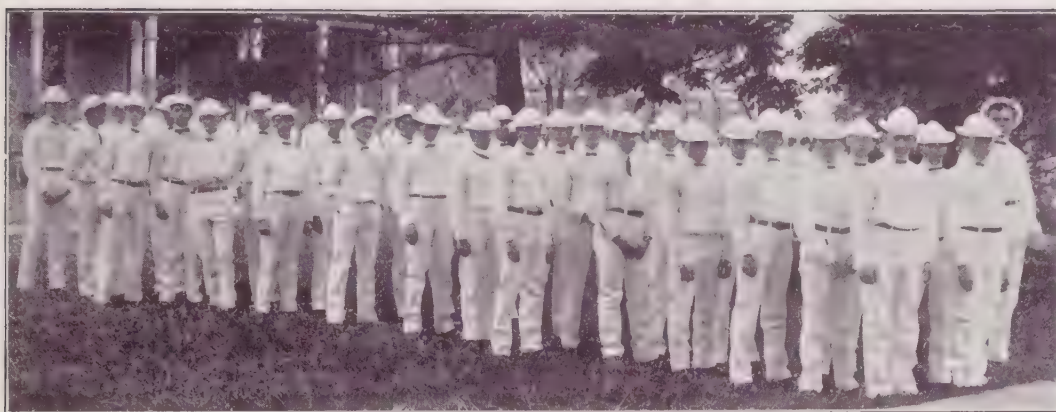
"Our God, Our Help In Ages Past," was the processional hymn, and to its beautiful and dignified music the President entered the church. Before Prof. Breckinridge had finished the ever-great Tannhäuser March, the seats were packed, while friends and students still pressed in to crowd every foot of space. It is to be doubted if a more notable audience ever gathered in Oberlin. Certainly a more effective setting has never been provided. The crimson draperies were held in place by heavy gold cords; a series of pennants and college-fans were happily grouped along the balcony, around which had been hung the portraits of the preceding presidents, and jardinières of crimson and yellow tulips emphasized brilliantly the effectiveness of our college colors. In the room were noted educators, representatives of prominent colleges, and a loyal host of students, alumni, friends of Oberlin, such



an assemblage as could be found in no other institution than an American college of today.

Hon. J. G. W. Cowles, L.L. D., presided over the ceremonies of the inauguration, introducing first Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D., of Columbus, who offered the invocation. The Musical Union then sang the "Banquet Chorus" from the *Odysseus*, followed by an address on behalf of the trustees, by Dr. Cowles. He reviewed briefly the evolution of Oberlin College, its original aims, its illustrious history, concentrating in the great names of President Mahan, President Finney, President Fairchild, President Ballentine, President Barrows. The part of Oberlin has been marked by sacrifice and noble singlemindedness. Responsibility characterizes its present, opportunity its future. In President King he saw a man who would preserve the highest in Oberlin tradition, while at the same time he broadened the outlook and vitalized the future of the Oberlin-to-be. In the close of his address he alluded to the subject of President King's presentation a little later, "This is the day to resolve that the work of the college be not only maintained, but improved and enlarged without yielding to the academy one year of the college course and





reserving from the university with its specialties and professional schools, the ancient right of the college to furnish a liberal education and the opportunity of character-building, while intellectual and moral training advance together with effective religious teaching and influence as the basis of morality." To his formal entrusting of the interests of Oberlin College to his care, President King responded: "I accept the responsibility of Oberlin College now publicly entrusted to me by you through the Board of Trustees as a God-given trust, and as made precious and sacred by the labors and sacrifices of great and noble men gone, and to its duties I pledge my best thought and effort. May God make me faithful to my trust and grant his presence."

Prof. Edward Increase Bosworth, D. D., spoke on behalf of the Faculty, pledging the support of his academic co-workers and sounding again the note of evolution in Oberlin history. "For twenty-five years in the logic of events, the premises have been forming for the conclusion that we recognize today."

The Alumni were represented by William Godell Frost, Ph. D., D. D.; A. B., O. C., '76, president of Berea College. It is to this man that Prof. Bosworth attributes the inspiration ultimately prompting him to enter the ministry. His loyal enthusiasm expressed itself in words that most satisfactorily voiced the feelings of the Alumni, present and absent.

Mr. Dahl Buchanan Cooper spoke on behalf of the student body. It could have



had no more pleasing representative. Mr. Cooper characterized the Oberlin student as enthusiastic, in athletics, in work and in a higher college patriotism, as democratic, energetic, high-principled. He expressed the general happiness of the students in the choice of a man known and loved as friend and teacher. He pledged to the support of the new President, co-operation and devotion on the part of every student, promises that found an echo in the hearty applause from the great student body.

A chorus from the Messiah, "And the Glory of the Lord," preceded the address of Pres. William Jewett Tucker, D. D., L.L. D. of Dartmouth College. Dr. Tucker suggested an answer to the questions, "Is Modern Education Capable of Idealism?" or "Can the Subject-Matter of Modern Education With Its Attendant Method be Idealized?" In a scholarly and able manner, characterized by a literary style of rare precision and grace, Dr. Tucker outlined tendencies in modern education and discriminated between old and new materials, or subject-matter in education. The present educational tendencies are toward humanitarianism, breadth rather than precision of knowledge, a practical application of theory to life. We need then an ethical basis upon which to rest our educational theory. This can and is being built.

The address of President Henry Churchill King formed the culmination in an unusual series of continually enjoyable speeches. His subject was the "Primacy of the Person in College Education." The college he carefully distinguished from the academy and from the university. The former is fitted for immature students; the latter for very mature students and for specialized training and purely intellectual purposes. The work of the college, on the other hand, is to fit men for life, for citizenship. "The supreme opportunity that a college education should offer is opportunity to use one's full powers in a wisely-chosen, complex environment, in association with the best, and all this in an atmosphere catholic in its interests, objective in spirit and method, and democratic, unselfish, and finely reverent in its personal relations. Such an ideal definitely combines the best of both the older and the newer colleges, and the colleges that best fulfill this ideal have a work that is beyond price and without possible substitute. The college must furnish a life sufficiently complex to insure to the student a wide circle of interests and to call out his entire personality." After naming some respects in which the college should afford opportunities for growth, President King continued, "In general those colleges will best meet the demands for breadth in education that are most free and best organized to meet the entire range of human interests. In all cases with whatever inevitable limitations of situation, it must at least be demanded that the college should be heartily, though discriminatingly, catholic.

"The student-life should not be a hermit or cloistered or exclusive life. The more natural and normal the personal relations both to men and women in the midst of which the student lives, the better the preparation for the social life that awaits him. Let his relations to the community life, civic and religious, so far as possible, be those of an ordinary law-abiding citizen, and let him act as such a citizen so far as such action is open to him. It does not seem too much to expect that ultimately courteous and gentlemanly conduct should not be more rare in our educational centres than in ordinary towns."

Then followed a plea for democracy in college ideals, and an appreciation of the supreme place of the Faculty in determining the college spirit and influence. Wisdom and sagacity, high principles, sanity, tact, these characteristics are to be de-

manded of the college teacher. When one tries to measure the power of even one or two such men in a college community one begins to see at last what the one indispensable factor in a college is, and how much is at stake in the choice of a Faculty. . . . Let us not for a moment imagine that any changes in courses or methods or organization can ever take the place of the one indispensable means—the personal touch of high and great personalities.” The closing sentences summarized convincingly the purport not alone of this address, but of the greater part of President King’s teaching, “All that is most valuable in college education exists only in living men. ‘God give us men.’”

A great body of people, filled to overflowing with a sense of the significance and the power of the hour just passed, rose to sing the hymn of Dr. Gladden, “O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.” One seldom hears more significant singing. President Charles Cuthbert Hall, D. D., of Union Theological Seminary, made the closing



LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE

prayer and pronounced the benediction. Prof. Breckinridge’s postlude, “The March From Aids,” ended the beautiful and memorable service.

For the college students the two concerts practically ended their most immediate interest in the ceremonies and functions of the two days. The Wagner program was played by the favorite Boston Festival Orchestra under the leadership of Emil Mollenhauer.

- I. Vorspiel.....“Tristan and Isolde”
- II. Aria (Adriano).....“Rienzi — Mme. Bouton
- III. Siegfried’s Idylle.....
- IV. Violin Solo — Prize song from “Die Meistersinger”.....Mr. Witzemann
- V. The Ride of the Valkyries.....
- VI. Romanza.....“Evening Star” from “Tannhäuser”
- VII. Overture .....“Flying Dutchman”



This concert was followed by a delightful reception on the Baldwin-Talcott lawn, given by President and Mrs. King to guests and students. President Tucker and President Hopkins of Williams College received with them.

The Boston Festival Orchestra and the Musical Union sang in the evening, Wagner's "Lohengrin." When the audience poured out of the church it was to find the campus brilliantly lighted with Japanese lanterns, strung in glittering ribbons from the roof of the library, the top of the flag-pole and the highest branches of the trees.

At ten o'clock Thursday morning Rev. Frank S. Fitch, D. D., of Buffalo, made the dedicatory address of the Memorial Arch, the cornerstone of which was laid last fall, and which now stands a permanently beautiful monument to the noble life sacrifice of the Shansi martyrs.

Scarcely less significant than the installation of President King was the inauguration of Prof. Edward Increase Bosworth as Dean of the Oberlin Theological Seminary. Both men expressed a deep satisfaction, a profound confidence in the assurance of the other's friendship and co-operation. In the same spirit of consecration to great opportunities and responsibilities that marked President King's acceptance of his new position, Prof. Bosworth took upon himself the title of Dean of the Seminary. He outlined the policy as distinctly that of a post-graduate school with the method of the laboratory and of the seminary. President Hopkins, in his address, "The Call of Christ to the Ministry of Christ," showed himself peculiarly alive to the new tendencies, and the great opportunities in the theological teaching of today. He outlined "the rational, ethical democracy" of the Christian world, and closed with a personal appeal to the graduating class for allegiance to the principle of self-denial.

The Seminary banquet and Alumni address ended the two days of ceremonies, and of memorable occasions. To the students it was a peculiarly significant time, an opportunity to meet splendid men and women of other colleges, to grasp and reflect upon certain wide problems in modern education, to realize the place of the college graduate in this complex social structure of life today, to revigorate and deepen allegiance to the ideals for which Oberlin has stood, and which in the future she is to express under her new president more rationally, more broadly, more perfectly.



Photo by Rice

## THE LABORER



<sup>1</sup>A Poem by I. M. Ures.



Upon a city street there stood an aged man  
Whose ragged clothes hung loose around his drooping form,  
And shone thread-bare upon his shoulders bent with work  
And cares of many years through life's continued storm;  
While in his dark and wrinkled face there seemed to lurk  
A sadness worn by many of his laboring clan.  
A shovel, coal-begrimed in warped and hardened hand  
Was his support. His old felt hat the hot <sup>2</sup> breeze fanned.

Nor welcome smile, nor admiration's zeal would he command,  
Yet few had purer lives or character superior,  
'Mong those with richer clothes or face <sup>3</sup> more fair to see.  
Though homely was his form, yet 'neath the rough exterior  
Among the coarse hemp threads of toiling poverty  
There was a noble heart, the hidden golden strand.  
He waited for the car <sup>4</sup> to take him to his home,  
Where wife with frugal meal <sup>5</sup> would watch to see him come.

The car approached. He slowly climbed the steps. The crowd  
Of men upon the platform made no room where he  
Might lean to rest, but stood as though he were not there.  
He looked inside; perchance one vacant place there yet might be.  
The loose-filled rows he scanned with weary, longing care,  
Where sat indifferent wealthy men and stylish women proud.  
He saw no place for him, a lab'rer midst the grand,  
For sons of luxury recline while toiling men must stand.

No place within, without; and so he sat right there,  
Down in the doorway on the little step and sighed  
A long-drawn breath of sweet relief. It soon was brok'n.<sup>6</sup>  
"Get up old man," the rough conductor rudely cried  
And frowned. But hardly had the words been spok'n  
When from her seat within arose a maiden young and fair;  
And springing toward the aged man, she sweetly said,  
"Oh, sir, I know you're tired; please take my place right there,  
For I am young and strong, and I can stand up here."<sup>7</sup>  
The old man then arose and looked down in her face so fair,  
And as he smiled, there glistened in his eye a tear;  
And sitting down he warmly thanked the happy maid.

Then rose a scholar grand, and offered her his place  
 And said,<sup>8</sup> "You make us all ashamed. Your simple grace  
 And noble heart will fill your life with joy and be  
 A priceless gift which naught can ever take from thee.  
 For he's a slave to self, his noblest self he'll smother,  
 Who no kindness shows or stoops to help another;  
 And 'tis in love we live, in giving find our greatest gain.  
 Who lives for just himself, alas! he lives in vain!"



<sup>1</sup> [If it were merely for the intense interest which attaches to the labor problem at the present time, this in itself would serve as adequate excuse for the appearance of these verses. But more than this, Mr. Ures comes as a new and potent voice in the literary world, giving earnest of brilliant triumphs in the future. His espousal in "The Laborer" of the wage-earner's cause, at once allies this modern with Langland and Burns, those sweet singers of "the lowly." Mr. Ures' complete mastery of technique is exemplified more particularly in his lovely lyrics "Ithaca, N. Y." and "True Love." Lack of space alone prevents their appearance here.] —The Editor.

<sup>2</sup> An exquisite example of Mr. Ures' felicitous expression. The lovely juxtaposition of *hat* and *hot* appeals to the least sensitive poetic ear. "Apt alliteration's artful aid."

<sup>3</sup> "Those \* \* \* with face." Classes of society are dealt with here. There is an implied personification of the Rich with but one face.

<sup>4</sup> This lovely transition from the strand and all its poetry to the humdrum of ordinary existence as represented by the street-car, is admirably managed.

<sup>5</sup> A beautiful touch. Compare "Home Sweet Home."

<sup>6</sup> A war of controversy has waged among the critics over these four simple words. There are two possible solutions to the problem as to what broke. Some eminent scholars maintain that it was the "breath of sweet relief." I am of the staunch opinion that it was the car that broke. This conviction is strengthened by the words of the conductor, "Get up, old man." For further light see my book, "Mr. Ures and What Broke."

<sup>7</sup> The relative positions in the car of "right there" and "up here" make an interesting study for the student.

<sup>8</sup> This remarkable speech of the "scholar grand" in the street-car is brilliant with moral gems, and affords an admirable close to this masterpiece.

Prof. Wager, in Eng. Lit.: "Now I am going to make a statement which once brought me the honor of getting into the Annual: "The only fault of Addison was that he drank too much."

Miss Smith: "Does that mean that he was frequently intoxicated?"

Prof. Martin, looking up the position of the Aesarus river in the classical Atlas: "The fool thing is here, but it is not named."



## ROMANTICO-MANIA.

(A Glose.)

Texte.

Now the hungry lion roars,  
And the wolf howls the moon,  
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,  
All with weary task fordone.

—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

As the raging forest-king,  
Ranging with the winter's snow,  
Preys on great or little thing,  
Martin, mouse or mutton; so  
Greedily our public taste  
Hunts the romance-writers' stores,  
Prowls this literary waste  
And "Haste, Davis! Runkle, haste!"  
Now the hungry lion roars.

Ranting critics rave and rail;  
Literary chaos reigns.  
Everything as best they hail.  
Still the late romance remains  
Through this parlous comment rife,  
Marginalia thinly strewn  
With a silly tale. What strife,  
Gloom, confusion brood o'er life!  
Night enshrouds the day too soon,  
And the wolf howls the moon.

Scorn to read the latest book;  
Stick to friends the years have tried!  
Shrivel then 'neath scathing look,  
Silent, stupid, sit aside!  
"Everyone but clod or sage,  
Dolt or pedant, just adores  
Lovey Mary!" Thus they rage,  
Posting through the newest page;  
While the student bold ignores  
And the heavy ploughman snores.

Thousand-fold editions stare;  
Gay advertisements appear.  
Harassed readers race and tear  
Through "the ten books of the  
year."  
Dazed, they hang o'er Lethe's brink,

Skimming chef d'oeuvres night and  
noon,  
Tired, o'er somnolent to think  
Lethargic at last they sink  
Into slumber — blessed boon!  
All with weary task fordone.

## COMING HOME FROM CHAPEL.

Blessings on you, couple slow,  
Who ahead from chapel go,  
Sweetly you do bill and coo;  
Quite unconscious that for you  
Are these hints and mutt'ring dire  
Of the crowd with rising ire.  
If they jostle, never mind;  
All this mob is rude you'll find.

Can it be they'd ratner eat  
Than prolong your smilings sweet?  
Well, 'tis good that they should learn  
Patience's value to discern;  
So go slow and slower still,  
Though the world should take it ill.  
Others' aims are worthless stuff.  
Please yourselves, and that's enough.

## AN EVENING SONG.

The day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of night,  
But a noise is wafted downward  
From the "K. M.'s" in their flight:

I see the light of pale students Who ne'er from their work can desist, And a feeling of mischief comes o'er me, That my soul cannot resist.	A feeling for downright fun — With ne'er a thought of the pain That my noise may cause the Proctor When she leaves her work again.
--	---

I read aloud some story —  
Some simple, heartfelt lay  
That troubles my neighbors immensely,  
And drives all peace away.

Not from the good old Horace, Not from my Math. sublime, Which has echoed Freshman curses Down the corridors of time.	For with awful ghosts of zeros Their mighty thought suggest The metrical translation, And dread, nerve-racking test.
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Or I cook on my chafing dish  
The viands of my choice,  
And I lend to the odor of cooking  
The beauty of my voice.

Such songs have power to drive crazy — And bring on that look of care, That causes passers-by to say — "I see a Proctor there!"	Who through long days of labor And nights devoid of ease, E'er hears those awful noises Unlike to melodies.
--	--

And the night is filled with tumult,  
And the noise that infests the day,  
Shall double, and triple, and multiply,  
Till the Proctor's hair turns gray.

ÆLIOIAN ΦΚΠ  
LESBIAN ΦΔ  
CADMEAN AZ  
ACME ΦΑΦ LLS



LITERARY SOCIETIES





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# Phi Kappa Pi

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THE history of the Phi Kappa Pi is the achievements of her great men in the past. When we glance at the early pages of the secretary's book, we learn that the society received its charter in 1839; that the honored name of Ex-President James Fairchild ('38) stands as one of the earliest members; that the orators pleaded for "the annexation of Texas"; gloried in the brilliant victories of the Mexican War, and cried out against the inhuman treatment of the slave. We see that the questions debated were subjects that were dividing our country: state rights, the abolition of slavery, railroads and canals, and high tariff versus free trade. We find that the essayists told of the vast amount of wealth hidden in the mountains, in the forests, and on the great plains of the West, of the opportunities afforded capitalists to invest their wealth in railroads and manufacturing plants, and the alleviation of the poor laboring class is found in their taking government lands in the West and making homes for themselves.

When we glance at such names as Cross, Fitch, Metcalf, and others, or even within our own memory, we are filled with pride at our great inheritance. We are stirred with an intense desire to hand down to posterity the same spirit of thoroughness, hard work and brilliant achievement.

A sketch of Phi Kappa Pi as it appears today is the work and results of her present members. We do not speak boastingly when we say that the same earnest work which distinguished those who have gone before, is with us yet.

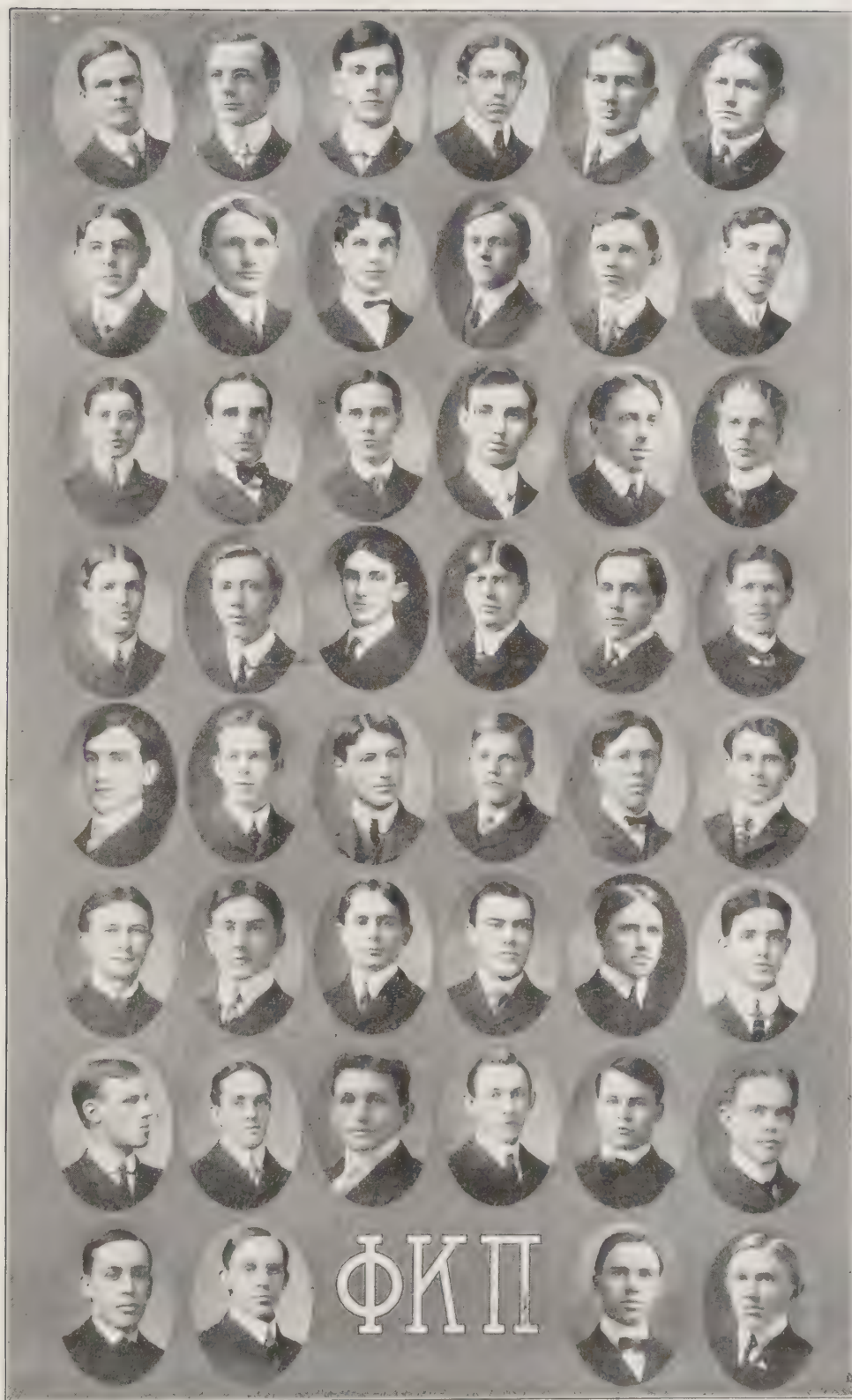
Glance at the work of our present Seniors. In our 'Varsity debate teams we see the names of Morgan, Cross, and Ryan. In college oratory, we behold high upon the roll of fame, Vincent. On the Review Board we find Cross and Andrews.

Looking at the record of the Juniors, we are especially proud. The Union Library Association came to us for a president, a treasurer, and one editor of the Review. The 'Varsity debate team called one of our members to defend the college against Notre Dame. In the Junior Contest, we feel that honor will again come to our representatives and society.

The Sophomores are the largest in numbers and have shown enthusiastic work in inter-society debate, and our representatives won the two highest places in the Sophomore oratorical contest.

We are very small in our representation of Freshmen—only three in number, but they are determined to get the most out of their opportunities. Honor comes to this class at this time, for one of its members was chosen to represent the society in inter-society debate after his first appearance.

If some of our Alumni members of Ante-Bellum times could enter the classic walls of our society rooms today, sit in our upholstered chairs, be called to order by the gavel made from a piece of a Spanish war vessel which was sunk in Manila Bay, and given to us by one of our most honored sons, they would feel that their work was regarded as a sacred trust. If they could hear our orators plead for



better men to deal with our country's present problems, for civic reform, for justice and common sense in dealing with the race problem; if they could hear us debating the Philippine question, the money problem and the trusts; if they could listen to our essayists tell of the unlimited opportunities for college men, with technical knowledge to deal with the nation's problems, they would feel the thought rising within their breasts, that the same motives which sent the sons of Phi Kappa Pi to the front in '61 is with the members today, and that they will accept the questions and opportunities that confront our people, with the same unselfish and sacrificing spirit that distinguished the men of other days. The older members would be filled with pride at the work of the present day as we are proud of our inheritance.

#### FACULTY MEMBERS.

A. A. Wright, '65  
Lynds Jones, '92

Edgar Fauver, '99

S. K. Tompkins, '01  
Edwin Fauver, '99

W. F. Andrews  
C. M. Brewster  
A. L. Button  
C. R. Cross  
H. L. Marsh

'03

F. W. Vincent

J. A. Morgan  
D. B. Reed  
W. J. Ryan  
J. W. Taylor  
E. H. Tenney

Eric Anderson  
D. B. Barsamsian  
C. F. Brissel  
E. B. Chamberlain  
W. F. Grall  
L. S. Miller  
N. Nissen

'04.

R. W. Paterson  
F. H. Pocock  
R. M. Robinson  
C. T. Roome  
A. W. Staub  
F. C. Van Cleef  
E. V. Wilkinson

A. S. Barrows  
J. M. Clifton  
F. M. Dolan  
J. R. Ellis  
H. E. Funk  
E. C. Hamilton  
W. F. Harris  
M. Jaten  
F. C. Kellogg

'05.

B. F. McMahon  
I. S. Metcalf  
P. R. Myrick  
J. Kudin  
P. H. Smith  
W. J. Sperry  
W. K. Van Cleef  
L. M. Webb  
J. B. Wolfe

W. R. Messenger

'06.

H. G. Vincent

J. D. Paterson



## BOOK VII OF THE EPIC.

(Being an account of the poet's visit to a meeting of the Light Bearers, which men were not generally supposed to attend.)

### CANTO I.

*The poet makes his  
plans and goes.*

Our good young poet long did ponder now  
What society to see, and how.  
Above Alpha Zeta in the window sill  
He thought he'd sit, quite unobserved and still,  
But then he pondered long again and said,  
"Those who bear the light must first be visited.  
Diogenes of Aelioians first  
Is known to me, in classic legends versed,  
And though they say no men at present go,  
I'll find a way and all their secrets know."  
So up the steps he stumbled one dark night.  
"Their name excuses lack of other light,"  
He said and listened as a solo sweet  
Came floating down, his eager ears to meet.  
Quickly then he sat him on the floor  
And peered right through the nearly closed door.

### CANTO II.

*The poet recounts in  
verse what he there saw  
and heard.*

This is the versified story,  
Writ by the man from Algiers,  
Of what he there saw and attended,  
He'll remember it all his years.  
  
The critic was known as a Senior,  
Firm and learned her mien,  
As she gave her inspired opinions  
Dismay was plain to be seen.  
  
Essays, extempore speeches —  
Which last to the poet's mind  
Are the worst and most troublesome tortures  
That man could possibly find.  
  
With interest he heard a discussion  
Concerning a woman's right  
To orations, the weighty productions,  
Fitted to masculine might.  
  
To his sorrow he heard them declaring  
Women's orations absurd.  
"What then, oh what," he reflected  
Are some of the men's that I've heard?"



Following came a performance  
 Known to them all as a drill,  
 In which the Seniors shone brightly  
 And carried things after their will.

Plans they concocted and carried  
 For adorning this fair little hall.  
 To the poet who listened intently,  
 The sense of their projects seemed small.

But slowly his interest was waning,  
 He wandered away to dream land.  
 And soon he was noisily wakened  
 By the whole of that maiden band.

[NOTE.—The chronicle stops here, but it was learned on inquiry that on the night in question the Light Bearers enjoyed a grand march around the building during the time of parliamentary drill. When they issued forth from their room the Poet, in sheer terror, fled precipitately. The society, thinking him to be the janitor, immediately discharged that worthy for attempting to obtain literary instruction under false pretenses.]

#### ÆLIOIAN.

'03.

Emily Abbot  
 Faith Brown  
 Marv Cochran  
 Anna Crisman  
 Katherine Daugherty  
 Edith Gray  
 Elizabeth Jackson

Harriett Jenney  
 Vinnie Letts  
 Ruth Nichols  
 Mvra Myrick  
 Mary Ryder  
 Sarah Sanborn  
 Elizabeth Wilson

'04.

Jean Cotanche  
 Celia Fisher  
 Edna Grant  
 Bertha Hatch  
 Ida Hill  
 Cassie Kelner

Sarah Laird  
 Annie Miller  
 Anstice Newton  
 Della Purcell  
 Lucile Reed  
 Olive Sieben

Myra Treat

'05.

Dessie Borthwick  
 Mary Porterfield

Chloe Vosberg  
 Mary Rodhouse

#### CONSERVATORY.

Pamelia Allen

Phoebe Harrington





## PHI ALPHA PHI.

Φιλοσοφία Αληθεία Φιλία

Gwenn Marie Clark  
Marion Davis  
Edith Francis  
Alice Francis, Chairman Programme  
Committee  
Ruth Francis  
Faith Fraser  
Sarah Lowing, Corresponding Sec'y.  
Jessie Halstead  
Helen Hampson, Secretary.  
Sarah Harkness

Gertrude Jenner  
Marguerite Blanche Jones, Sergeant  
Elizabeth Seaton Kimball, Vice-Pres.  
Bertha Mason  
Ruth Mosher, President  
Nellie Elizabeth Orr  
Gail Ridgeway  
Marion Roberts  
Lucy Robeson Stine, Treasurer  
Mary Uline  
Elizabeth Williston  
Bertha Wright



## BOOK VIII OF THE EPIC.

### CANTO I.

*Having come to an end of this adventure the poet sees a fair maid.*

*The poet observes the ways of U. L. A.*

The poet after this event espied  
Where knocked a fair young maid upon a door  
Fast shut, which suddenly did open wide,  
Whence issued forth a person grave and hoar.  
The letters, U. L. A., he proudly wore.  
A microscope in one, books in the other hand  
He held; upon his back he bore  
A box. He seemed very grand  
And worthy over all to have command.

### CHAPTER II.

*The poet beholds the initiation to the 'clusive 'clusiveness of the U. L. A.*

*The three aspects of this adventure occurs to the poet, namely, (1) emotional. (2) intellectual, (3) conative.*

He bent his microscope upon the maid:  
Nor flinched she from its fearful-fearless gaze,  
But steady, patient, hopeful there she stayed—  
Awaiting eke her mede of blame or praise.  
Eftsoons he ceased, nor very long delays  
The books for her perusal to present.  
Next, when she'd read, his bidding she obeys,  
And in the box five hundred times a cent  
She slips to make the aged sire content.

### CHAPTER II.

*In which the poet observes a happy termination to the event.*

*The poet, having achieved an aphorism, seeks further adventure.*

With that the closed door he open threw,  
Inviting her with fair and courteous smile  
To enter halls denied save to the few  
Who undergo the three-fold patient trial.  
But once within the hardly-opened pile,  
The maid found welcome and potential friends;  
Which when the poet saw, "A weary mile  
It is," quoth he, "that never, never ends";  
So saying turns and on his journey wends.  
(End of Book.)

(The further adventures of the Poet from Algiers are chronicled hereafter, being as full of matter as a prof. is of mind.)

## PHI DELTA.

### FACULTY MEMBERS.

G. F. Wright, '59	F. Anderegg, '85
E. I. Bosworth, '83	G. M. Jones, '94
J. R. Miller, '00.	

	'03	
W. W. Beal		H. P. Grabill
C. H. Burr		D. R. Gregg
P. O. Clark.		C. N. Langston
H. E. Giles		J. B. Miller
A. W. Reniff		

	'04.	
H. W. Bails		P. D. Hillis
G. R. Brown		A. S. Mann
S. R. Campbell		H. L. Rawdon
C. L. Chute		L. D. Woodruff
C. J. Ford		E. E. Shepler

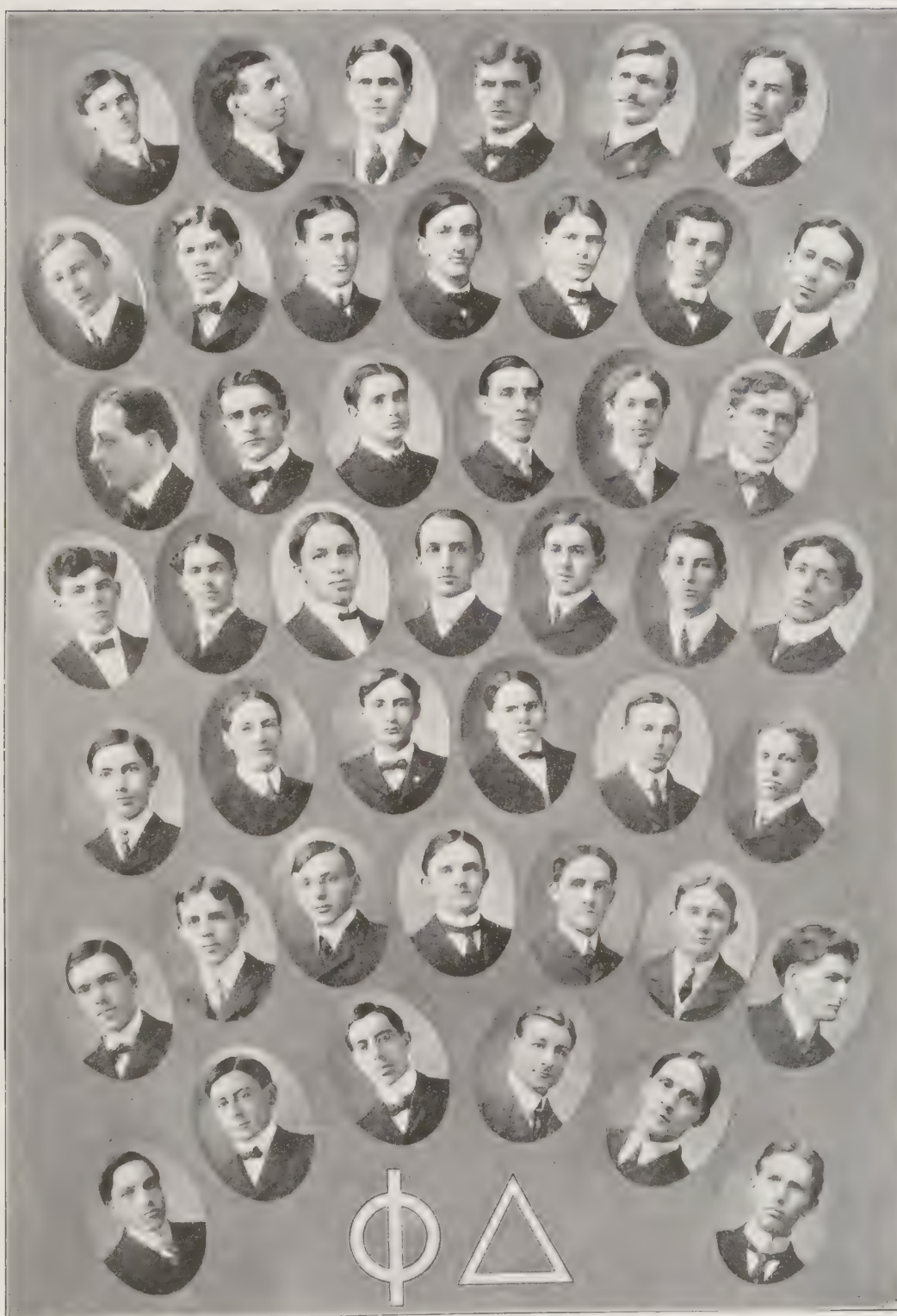
	'05.	
A. M. Case		G. H. Patterson
M. E. Chamberlain		R. W. Sanderson
H. A. Clark		C. L. Sentz
I. L. Grant		H. F. Shurtz
B. J. Henderson		C. M. Steele
D. C. Jones		H. C. Warth
L. V. Lampson		G. W. Strong
W. G. Mallory		S. N. Wilmot

	'06.	
J. R. Cleverdon		W. W. McKay
R. H. Long		D. C. Pinney
A. P. Lothrop		H. H. Ross
N. W. McGill		A. J. Oppliger
L. W. Todd		

### POST GRADUATE.

H. C. Tracy.





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# Phi Delta

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IS it a long time since any of the history of Phi Delta has appeared in the Annual? Well, what would be better? And besides, there is in our society no colossus of wit who is worthy of exceeding praise. If there were he would not want a value in the world's talent market without such advertisement. We have no so-called cranks whom we should delight to exhibit as such. If we had, such exhibition would edify no one, but would merely reflect the poor taste of the author in choosing material for his sketch. But a fact or two of Phi Delta's history, picked from the Phi Delta Register recently given to us by Harry N. Frost, '01, might prove interesting.

The exact date of the founding of this society is unknown. By this we do not wish you to think it of prehistoric origin; it was really brought into being in the fall term of 1839. It was founded by Ezra L. Stevens, '43, who, with six classmates, constituted its first membership. This institution of forensic culture has borne successively the names, "Philomathesian," "Union Society" and "Phi Delta." The motto is *Φιλῶ Διάλεκτον*.—*I love debate*.

The first meetings of the society were in a class room in old Tappan Hall. About 1860 it began to use the northwest room of the chapel, a part of which was last occupied by the office of President King. To furnish this room the members of the young society heroically invited an individual tax of five hard-earned dollars. Here Phi Delta and Phi Kappa Pi met in weekly session—Phi Delta on Wednesday and the sister society on Friday evenings.

Rev. Chauncey N. Pond, our oldest resident alumnus, recalls for us Elisha Gray, whom Oberlin recognizes as the inventor of the telephone, in the attitude of combined observation and imagination as, standing on the north side of the room and pointing opposite, he said he could see a fine library case filling that entire side of the room with a graceful arch over the president's chair. This suggestion ripened soon into the library of the U. L. A. "Early in the spring of 1861," adds Mr. Pond, "I moved the appointment of a committee to confer with Phi Kappa Pi to consider the organizing of a third society. A joint committee was appointed and undoubtedly another society would have been formed had not Uncle Sam organized a society of a wholly different sort. So many of the boys went to the war that in 1863 and 1864 the two societies united until the war was over."

Many former members of Phi Delta, carrying with them the same talents and energy as undoubtedly made them workers in their literary society, have since become strong in their professions; and to these we look for inspiration. Among our most illustrious alumni are Jacob D. Cox, whose likeness adorns our hall, J. G. W. Cowles, Gen. Shurtleff, Professors Hall, Anderegg Bosworth and G. F. Wright, Governor Nash and Guy Callender, professor-elect in Harvard College. Says our alumnus historian: "Phi Delta has always had a high standing among the societies. In 1875 it defeated Alpha Zeta in a spelling match, and soon afterward was victorious over both of the other societies in the regular inter-society base ball series. Brawn and brain were both of the best and a large share of Oberlin's prominent college men have been members of Phi Delta."

## L. L. S.

A YEAR brings great changes even in a literary society, as proof of which you might compare the atmosphere of the first meeting with that of the last, the weather being approximately the same, and the thermometer in the room standing at the same point.

The first meeting was unmistakably melancholy, notwithstanding the fact that Miss Carey presided with consummate dignity and Miss Willard *read* a most excellent oration on "Culture." The shades of the illustrious Seniors who occupied the chairs beside us at our last meeting had a depressing effect. There was a vacancy in our hearts, as well as in the room, for we seemed to have lost our leaders. It was very evident that the present Seniors were not yet accustomed to their newly acquired honors—they tried to look perfectly at their ease, but they undeniably had the air of the "novus homo," and inasmuch as all but three of the number assembled, belonged to the class just mentioned, the pervading atmosphere of the society was not that of calm composure, the "being used to it all," so much sought after in the social world. There were groans of dismay and threatening looks when the names of those who had just appeared were read again for four weeks from that night. Despair and distraction reigned in spite of the thirty members, and each one was sure she would have to be excused from society—she never could bear the burden.

But things have to grow better or worse, and for L. L. S. they grew better. Miss Strong and Miss Penfield came to help us, and there was someone besides Miss Lee, who was brave enough—or possibly well enough informed on the subject—to speak in general discussion. We have been very fortunate, too, in our presidents—they may not all have been able to repeat Robert's Rules backwards, but Miss Jones is capable of giving information when asked. One president showed undue partiality towards Miss Heebner, in that as soon as she had taken her seat after reading the critique, she was forthwith recalled to the platform for an extempore speech.—Other members are not commonly so favored, but we have forgiven the president, on account of the valuable information received. Miss Heebner had just returned from Columbus, where she had visited the Penitentiary and the Institution for the Feeble-Minded, in the latter of which she assured us fervently that she found a number of Oberlin girls. Here was some consolation—if the strain of our society work proved too much for us, we should still have the companionship of Oberlin alumnae!

But since mental vigor depends so much on bodily strength, Miss Crafts and Miss Carey felt that they ought to tell us how we might avoid a residence in Columbus, should we prefer some other part of the United States or Europe as the scene of our activity. Miss Crafts says we should eat no meat—Miss Carey says we should eat nothing but meat. Since both proved their points from the Bible, and neither the judges nor the house could agree, the controversy has been settled by each member doing exactly as she has done all her life.

A great many other things, both serious and funny, have happened, but we would not weary the reader with the repetition of them, but would let L. L. S. speak for herself.

And now the last meeting of the year is almost at hand, and it will present a striking contrast to the first. We now number half a hundred, and our individual public appearances are few and far between. Miss Peck thinks it is stupid for girls to debate, so we only try that once in two weeks, but even then many of the grave problems of the world are settled according to the decision, unanimous or otherwise, of three very learned young women. The solemn Seniors now wear with perfect calmness all the dignity befitting their exalted position, and it is with deep sadness that we think of the twenty-seven vacant chairs that will meet our eyes at the first meeting next fall. Yet our faith in the future of L. L. S. is as great as our pride in the past, and we know that others will come to fill the chairs and carry on the work.



**L. L. S.**

**FACULTY MEMBER.**

Mrs. A. A. F. Johnston, '56.

'03.

Minnie Adams  
Ellen Belden  
Mary Belden  
Anna Cady  
Alice Carey  
Ada Carpenter  
Katharine Crafts  
Diantha Dewey  
Mary Dick  
Katharine Fairchild  
Edna Fearl  
Llewella Fessenden

Elva Forncrook  
Flora Heebner  
Edith Hatch  
Mable Jones  
Gail Lowry  
Agnes McCreary  
Evelyn Moulton  
Emelyn Peck  
Cordelia Ragon  
Mary Shreffler  
Annie White  
Elizabeth Willard

Jessie Wolcott

'04.

Myra Clark  
Martha Fisher  
Lucia Fuller

Anne Fulton  
Mary Hillis  
Eunice Miller

Ermina Tucker

'05.

Helen Abbott  
Leona Fette  
Hazel Neill

Perle Penfield  
Edith Rogers  
Edith Storey

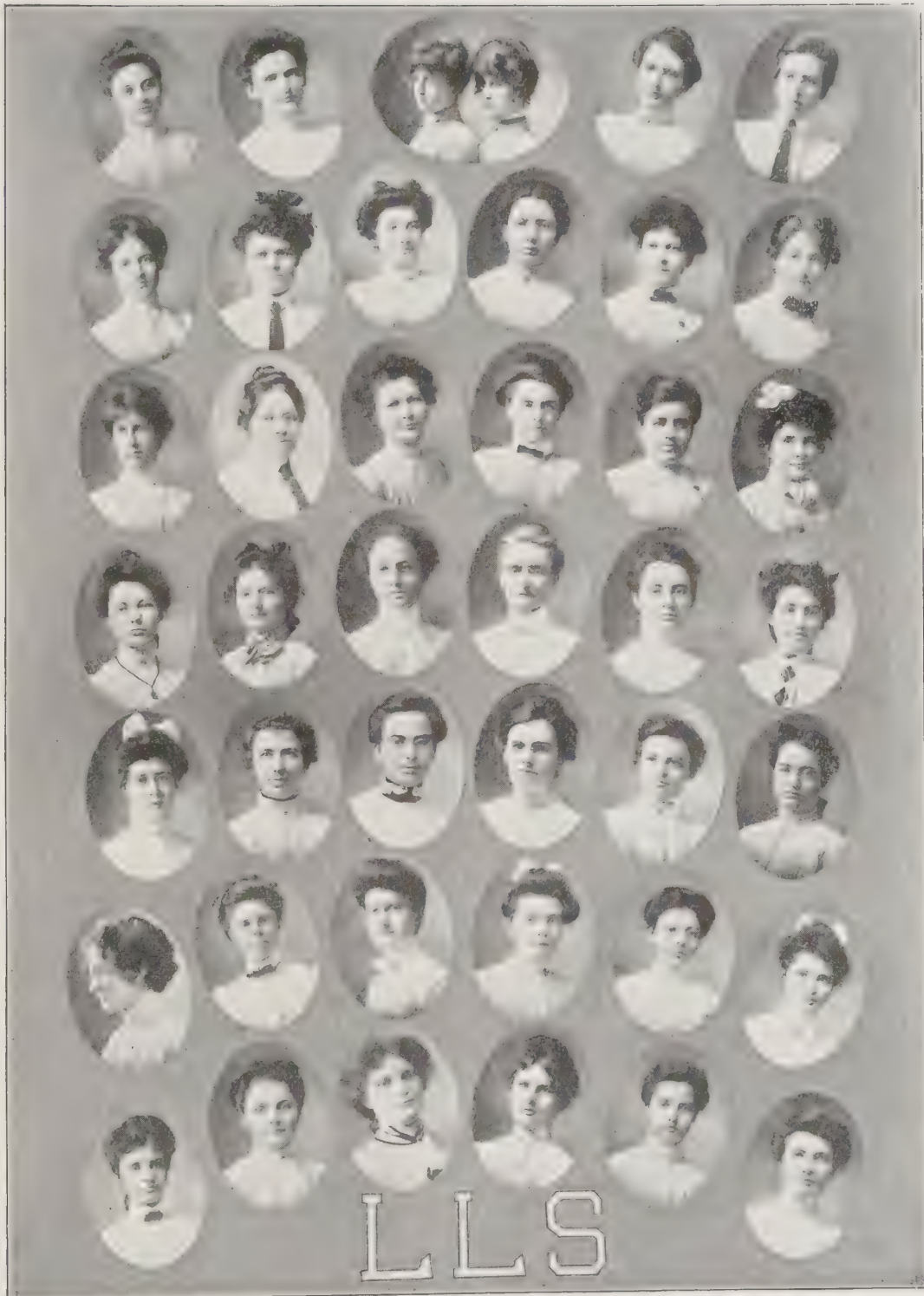
'06.

Alice Durand  
Rose Jenney

Gertrude Steuer  
Anna Strong

**CONSERVATORY.**

Miriam Lee



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## History of Alpha Zeta

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IT was 6:15 on Monday evening, and as yet Alpha Zeta Hall was deserted. Not a murmur, not a whisper, not even the ticking of a clock was heard as your scribe, in fear and trembling, crept slowly up the long, weary flights of stairs and peeped through a hole in the curtain into the sacred precincts of a most noble band. As he looked, suddenly the upper right-hand drawer of the secretary's desk popped open, the "Record of Alpha Zeta" stepped out and began to waltz with the president's gavel. Round and round they went in a dizzy whirl until they happened to trip over one of Dick's stray ballots, and fell off the desk with a most terrible crash. Your scribe cringed in fright and ere he got his eye adjusted to the peek-hole again, "Record," gavel and all had melted away, and from the ruins arose a towering skeleton, whilst a pale yellow light diffused itself through the room. With long bony finger and malignant nod of its gruesome head, it beckoned to the quaking figure outside the door. Drawn through the keyhole by some invisible power, he suddenly found himself face to face with the frightful monster, now fading away into a thin, filmy, gossamer being, at once transparent and almost invisible.

"W-W-Wh-Wh-o are you?" blurted out the awestruck scribe.

"I am the 'Truth Seeker' incarnate," came the reply in muffled tones, "the quintessence of all that is holy and good, the last criterion of all that is moral, the Intuitive Conscience, if you please, of Alpha Zeta."

"Well, old girl," said the adventurous scribe, now gaining his usual composure again, "got a little spiel for the Annual about the internal workings of the society this year? Is she hitting the trail 'according to the high standard set by Alpha Zeta in the past,' whatever that may be, of which the critics tell us so much?"

"My son," returned the Intuitive Conscience reprovingly, "scoff not at that little subterfuge. You have never yet had to fill out ten large blank pages with criticisms that might well be confined to three, which was always Harding's limit. But to answer your question. The prospects for Alpha Zeta are glowing indeed. In the first place she has in her midst the cream of that august body, the revered Senior class. Future generations of students will look back with pride upon such men as Cooper, the rank anti-coeducationalist (although Dame Rumor whispers that a fair-haired damsel is playing havoc with his theories); as Edwards, but his fate is written in somewhat darker hue; as 'Bohn Josselman,' whose little red booklet directs all our paths; as 'Chappie'—Edgar Kincaid Chapman, for I must say it all, so little, and yet so brim-full of Robert's 'Rules of Order' that he never can strike upon just the point he wants to use; as 'Uncle,' dear, simple old 'Uncle,' with his oratorical spirit and his whistling stunts; as Brother 'Parry,' forty-second cousin to the persistent, tireless 'Towser'; as gentle 'Happy,' with his friendship for everyone and his gift of sweet song; as Shultz, with his everlasting grin hanging over both ears like overgrown spectacles; and as Augustus Riley, whose words bear stress of voice, at least, if not of thought.

"But notwithstanding the fact that Alpha Zeta has Moore of the Senior celebrities





than any other society, yet the fact remains that her strength and pride lie in the Junior Class. Junior classes come and go, but the impress of the present Junior Class upon Alpha Zeta will never be blotted from the books of time—and the recording secretary. Never again will such a notable crowd of third year men grace her halls. There's Sackett, now, the worthy aspirant for presidential honors; and rosy-cheeked 'Edgie,' the oily-tongued authority on up-to-date bee-keeping; or the firm of Parmelee & Parmelee, a combine organized under the laws of Tiebizonde, ostensibly for the promotion of oratory and debate; and Kolbe, who is always thirsting for information; also the auburn-haired Bissell, who says but little, but says that little well; and Pappa—you'll find the rest of it trailing along somewhere between here and Turkey; as well as Johnny, who occupies an Angle of about 45° now, but hopes to increase it to a degree next year; to say nothing of McIntosh, who may eventually cease wearing a sweater within the sacred limits of Alpha Zeta Hall. Of truth I see much Hope for the future when 1904 dons cap and gown.

"The Sophomore class, however, is the society's long suite, as a casual glance at 'Slat's' dainty form will at once reveal. There is really only one Peck of them, all told, but when you count in the irrepressible Sturges, they make noise enough for a bushel.

"Lastly, Alpha Zeta is strong by reason of her many Freshman members, a wealth of material as yet mostly untried, although it has been proven that there is only one Jay amongst them, and his dire influence is counteracted by a really truly Dean, while the Board of Directors is still hopefully searching for the elusive Mr. Irving, who—" But just here the fire-bell rang at seven o'clock to call the city dads in conference, and simultaneously half a dozen Alpha Zeta-ites climbed laboriously up the stairs and opened the door. In the twinkling of an eye the Intuitive Conscience had melted into thin air and left your scribe alone with his thoughts, his fellow society members, and this manuscript.

#### FACULTY MEMBERS.

L. B. Hall, '72		H. C. King, '79
A. T. Swing, '74		A. S. Root
C. B. Martin, '76		F. E. Leonard, '80
J. F. Peck, '75		W. H. Sherk, '90
	'03	
J. Q. Bosselman		P. D. Jenkins
E. K. Chapman		E. A. Lightner
D. B. Cooper		E. J. Moore
E. P. Edwards		C. K. Schultz
R. T. F. Harding		O. B. Ramp
H. K. Heebner		A. Riley
	'04	
J. H. Angle		H. M. Papadopoulos
H. W. Bissell		J. H. Parmelee
A. R. Edgerton		M. F. Parmelee
A. H. Hope		C. H. Sackett
W. G. McIntosh		L. A. Kolbe
	'05	
W. Alvater		H. K. Keller
E. B. Comstock		H. W. Peck
A. Dick		S. F. Bellows
J. G. Earl		H. A. Sturges
	R. F. Howe	
	'06	
L. W. Cheney		D. Lightner
T. K. Jay		J. W. Kuyper
	M. F. Wilcox	



Helen C. Brand  
Annabel Carey  
Dorothy Carrier  
Edna Chapman  
Edna L. Crider  
Lillian Frederick  
Anna E. Gilbert  
Veva K. Harrison

Pauline Johnson  
Louise Kelsey  
Lena Kennedy  
Grace Nickerson  
Reba Nickerson  
Louise Rodenbeck  
Cloie Neal  
Katherine Sheldon

Amy Smith  
Lillie Smith  
Nellie Smith  
Elizabeth Swing  
Winifred Todd  
Hortense Watson  
Julia Wood

THE Lesbian Society has just passed its first birthday. One of the greatest trials of our first year has been the giving up of our pleasant room in Peters where we used to meet. This is how it came about. Till just this winter the Faculty meeting has been held in Peters on Monday night, but then for some reason it was changed to Tuesday. At that time it came out, to our great astonishment, that the Faculty considered they had been chaperoning the Lesbian. We were forthwith given our choice of "conforming to the usages—" by getting a regular chaperon or getting a different meeting place. After several hot discussions we decided that the presence of any chaperon would throw a check over the perfect freedom of the meeting. So, when the question was finally put, the unanimous vote of the Society was "Liberty or bust," *a la* Huck Finn. That is why we were moved into the lecture room at Sturges, where our sadly diminished numbers rattle around like so many dry seeds in a locust pod and where our voices echo as if we were talking into an empty cistern.

As our first anniversary passes we may compare the growth and development of the Society to that of a year-old child. Of all the periods of a child's life the first year is the most momentous. It is born then, which is without doubt the greatest event of a life-time. After months of careful tending and coddling its mind and reasoning powers begin to develop. So far the comparison is quite parallel. At the end of a year a child cannot talk; here, surely, is a point of contrast, for the Lesbian Society, collectively and individually, began to talk the day it was born and it has never left off. At the end of a year a precocious child is able to stand and walk alone. The Lesbian is not precocious (precocious children are usually disagreeable) but we hope and fully expect that all in the proper time the Society will learn to stand alone.



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# C a d m e a n      S o c i e t y

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WE are Cadmean! Why need more be said? But to convince any doubtful reader of the high quality of our work, here is a sample program.

The critic is Smith and his production is unique in that it is full ten minutes long and deals not only with criticism, but also with the skating rink and the world's affairs in general. It is very amusing and is greatly enjoyed by Mr. Smith.

"Mary Had a Little Lamb" is next presented by Rogers with excellent effect. This worthy member by studied gesture and intonation greatly impresses his audience, presenting the scene so vividly that the hearer can fairly see the innocent lamb being ousted by the enraged pedagogue.

The debate fulfills the expectations of the most hopeful. The question, "Resolved; that Oberlin mud is the worst in the State," is supported on the affirmative by Eminger and on the negative by Carpenter. The judges decide in favor of the affirmative, but it is suspected that they judged the merits of the question, rather than the ability of the debaters.

When in Wetzel Class Kibler makes an eloquent plea for coeducation on the topic, "The Football Game," it is thought time for Cads to be in bed and we adjourn.

## MEMBERS.

D. R. Born

A. G. Gutensohn

O. M. Horning

A. S. Kibler

A. P. Rank

C. F. Rogers

G. E. Stearns

F. B. Wolfe



### INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE.

W. R. U. VS. OBERLIN.

Question: "Resolved, that the United States should not retain permanent control of the Philippines."

Affirmative — W. R. U.  
Fred Desburg  
L. E. Souers.  
W. T. Dunmore

Negative — Oberlin.  
J. R. Morgan  
C. L. Sentz.  
J. H. Parmelee

Decision in favor of the affirmative.



### INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE.

NOTRE DAME VS. OBERLIN.

Question: "Resolved, That the United States should not retain permanent control of the Philippines."

Affirmative — Oberlin.

F. C. Van Cleef

M. F. Parmelee

C. A. Cross

Negative — Notre Dame.

B. V. Kanaley

G. A. Farabaugh

M. Griffin.

Decision in favor of the negative.





LYLE D. WOODRUFF

# HOME ORATORICAL CONTEST.

First Church, February 10, 1903.

Presiding Officer, D. Ray Gregg.

## PROGRAM.

1. H. K. Heebner .....The Triumph of Altruism
2. \*\*D. B. Barsamian .....The Mission of Tolstoi
3. W. R. Messenger .....America and Popular Education  
Duet—(a) The Passage Bird's Farewell.....Hildach  
(b) The Sparrows .....Misses Fisher and Funkey
4. \*L. D. Woodruff .....John Quincy Adams and the Constitution
5. E. C. Hamilton .....The Long Exile
6. \*\*\*F. W. Vincent .....Liberty Triumphant  
Music — In the Hour of Softened Splendor—Pinsuti.....Girls' Glee Club

\*Awarded first place.

\*\*\*Awarded second place.

\*\*Awarded third place.

## INTERSOCIETY DEBATES.

PHI KAPPA PI — ALPHA ZETA.

Sturges Hall, January 12, 1903.

Question: "Resolved, That the centralization of administrative power in the hands of the mayor is preferable to its distribution among elective officers or boards."

Affirmative — Alpha Zeta.  
A. R. Edgerton  
Alex. Dick  
E. B. Comstock

Negative — Phi Kappa Pi.  
Eric Anderson  
W. K. Van Cleef.  
C. F. Brissel

Decision in favor of negative.

PHI DELTA VS. ALPHA ZETA.

Sturges Hall, March 23, 1903.

Question: "Resolved, That the enactment of the Jenkins Anti-Trust bills would be expedient, waiving any congressional action."

Affirmative — Alpha Zeta.  
J. G. Earl  
L. W. Cheney  
L. A. Kolbe

Negative — Phi Delta.  
G. H. Patterson  
H. F. Schurtz  
A. S. Mann

Decision of the judges was in favor of the negative.



### REVIEW BOARD.

Dahl B. Cooper, '03 .....	Editor-in-Chief
Walter J. Ryan, '03 .....	Associate Editor
Cleveland R. Cross, '03 .....	Associate Editor
Edward J. Moore, '03 .....	Financial Manager
Eric Anderson, '04 .....	Assistant Manager
Oliver B. Ramp, '03 .....	News Editor
Mary R. Cochran, '03 .....	News Editor
Emelyn F. Peck, '03 .....	Literary Editor
Wallace Andrews, '03 .....	Athletic Editor
Walter G. McIntosh, '04 .....	Alumni and Exchange Editor







### ON HOBBS' TEA ROOM.

(Being the experience of one who was impressed by a report of Dean Luce's prophetic vision of a college tea-room.)

He thought he saw a cupboard small  
That opened on the street.  
He looked again and found it was  
A girls' tea-room complete.  
" 'Tis small," he said, " 'Tis passing small  
To hold a thing to eat."

He thought he saw some curtains there  
That were of silk, you know.  
He looked again and found they were  
Of naught but calico.  
"The 'usages,' I fear," he said, "will  
Never let this go."

He thought he saw a woman old  
With mother's air and mien.  
He looked again and found there was  
No matron to be seen.  
"Alas," he said, "this will not please  
Our honored friend, the Dean."





### SKETCH CLASS.

Miss Carolyn Sowers.

Miss Anna Clark  
Miss Mary Campbell  
Miss Marjorie Bunce  
Miss Lulu Beede  
Miss Emma Gravely  
Miss Helen Thorne  
Miss Jeanne Payne  
Miss Lela Adams  
Miss Marian Camp  
Miss Gertrude Wilson

Miss Clara Lewis  
Miss Ruth Wheldon  
Miss Mary Schrock  
Miss Florence Aulthaus  
Miss Anna Watson  
Miss Rebecca Shotwell  
Mr. Clerverdon  
Mr. Andrews  
Mr. Lewis  
Mr. Miller







### Deutscher Verein.

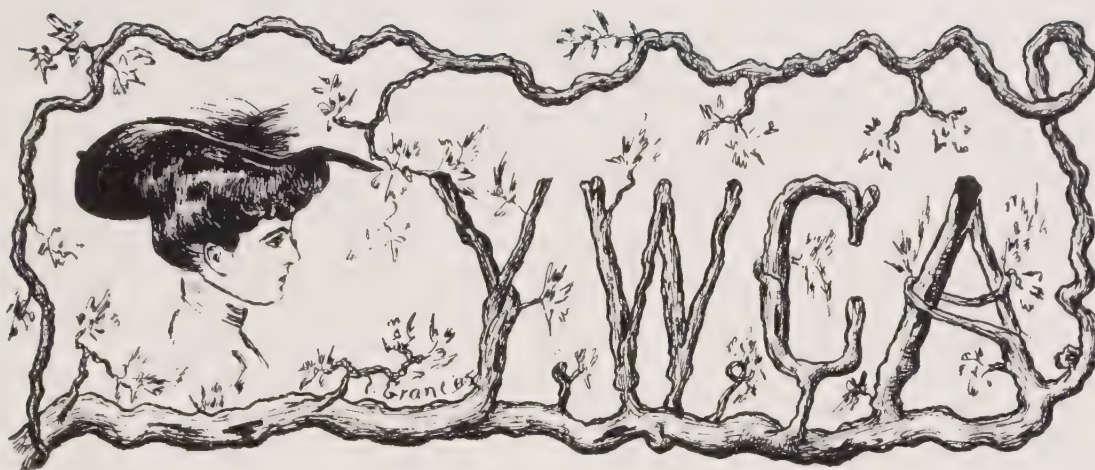
Fräulein Abbott	Fräulein Marks
Fräulein Porter	Fräulein L. Rose
Fräulein Walker	Fräulein Grant
Fräulein Durand	Herr Wilson
Fräulein E. Abbott	Herr Lothrop
Fräulein Husted	Herr Ross
Fräulein M. Mosher	Herr Gulick
Fräulein Clouse	Herr Sanderson

### **STUDENT VOLUNTEERS.**

Miss Flora K. Heebner, President	Miss Clara Thompson
Mr. Ellery P. Edwards, Secretary	Miss Allen
Miss Diantha Dewey	Miss Anna Watson
Miss Lucia B. Fuller	Mr. Paul Leaton Corbin
Miss Olive Norris	Mr. Michael John Anderson
Miss Fostoria Macklin	Mr. H. Chester Tracy
Miss Miriam Locke	Mr. Jesse Wolfe
Miss Mabel Haight	Mr. R. A. Sharp
Miss Alice Thom	Mr. Charles Elliott
Mr. Lawrence Stetson	

### **MISSION STUDY CLUB.**

Miss F. K. Heebner	Miss Newton
Miss M. A. Jones	Miss Strong
Miss H. A. Jenney	Miss Norris
Miss Cathcart	Miss Westlake
Miss Thompson	Miss Dewey
Miss Hume	Mr. Heebner
Miss Macklin	Mr. Clark
Miss Seeley	Mr. Stetson
Miss McCreary	Mr. Staub
Miss Adams	Mr. Button
Miss Smith	Mr. Woodruff
Mr. Sanderson	



## OFFICERS.

LAMIRA TREAT.....	President
MARY O. HILLIS.....	Vice-President
OLIVE SIEBEN. ....	Treasurer
FLORA GREENLEES.....	Corresponding Secretary
ALFARETTA GREGG.....	Recording Secretary

**D**URING the past year the Young Woman's Christian Association has taken great strides forward in progress. Its membership has doubled and the increase has come not only from college circles, but also to a great extent from Academy and Conservatory. It has sought to extend its usefulness beyond its former lines by work among the children at the Centennial building.

Our delegates to the conventions at Silver Bay, Lake Geneva, Wooster and the World Biennial at Wilkesbarre, Pa., have brought back much inspiration to us. A great impetus has been given the work, also, by a visit from Miss Spencer, the state secretary.

We cannot but feel that the Association has accomplished much this year in promoting a mutual helpfulness among the girls and in developing individual character—activities for which the Association particularly stands.





### OFFICERS.

E. ANDERSON.....	President
P. D. HILLIS.....	Vice-President
C. J. FORD.....	Corresponding Secretary
F. C. VAN CLEEF.....	Treasurer
D. C. JONES.....	Assistant Treasurer

THE Y. M. C. A. work for the past year has been characterized by the marked advance made in all the departments of its activity; the membership has increased from 200 to 260; definite work has been accomplished in the Boys' work; there has been a most gratifying increase in the enrollment of the Bible and Missionary Study classes; and by means of the Employment Bureau, definite aid has been given to many men who are working for all or a part of their college course.

Special meetings have been held during the year for the purpose of arousing greater interest in Christian work among the men of the institution. The visit of Mr. A. B. Williams, Jr., Eastern Secretary of the College Y. M. C. A., was unusually helpful to the Association work along this line.

Arrangements have been made by which it is hoped that an Advisory Board may be secured by the opening of another college year. This Board would consist of members chosen from the Alumni, Faculty, and under-graduates. Its establishment would undoubtedly tend greatly to facilitate the securing of an Association building, the need of which has become very pressing during the last year.

The work of the General Secretary for the past two years has fully justified the Association in thus broadening the scope of its influence. So numerous are the Christian activities now included in the Association work, that its potential power and influence can scarcely be estimated in their value to the student life, and their proper development can be secured only by a continued advance in the interest and earnestness of the members.



What an unmitigated bore clever girls are!

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## The Longest Way Round

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A FARCE IN THREE SCENES.

CHARACTERS.

TOMMY TRAILS, a young man locally noted for redundant *esprit*.

KATE DURFIELD.

WILL BRONTON.

SCENE I.

*Parlor of a boarding-house. Mr. Tommy Trails and Miss Kate Durfield discovered amicably sharing an old-fashioned settle in front of a glowing fire-place. Tommy, in tenderly modulated tones, reads aloud from "The Princess":*

"even so

With woman: and in arts of government  
Elizabeth and others; arts of war  
The peasant Joan and others; arts of grace  
Sappho and others vied with any man —"

(*He slaps the book down upon his knee.*) I say, Kate, what an unmitigated bore clever girls are!

Kate: Clever girls! (*stiffly*) Humph! What do you mean?

Tommy: Now, my dear Babe, don't be such a porcupine. You know I didn't mean you. (!) Drat it! Well, you're clever, of course. I'm sure you make grades I couldn't touch. You're astute enough to twist me around a plump little finger, the

third on the left hand, whenever you wish, you know. But that's not the kind of cleverness I mean.

Kate (*melting a bit*): Well, sir?

Tommy: No need to be ominous, cloudlet. I was just thinking of that absurd Francesca Townbridge. Why doesn't the freak give her name as Frances? It's quite good enough for anybody, and —

Kate: Tom Trails, Francesca 'absurd,' a 'freak'! She's a darling, the brightest, most original, most sparkling girl I know.

Tommy: And mighty *fond* of scintillating, too.

Kate: No! At least, (*judiciously*) not very. She's so full of moods, you know; so delightfully changeable, a perfect chameleon.

Tommy: A chameleon? but *she* doesn't blend into her surroundings. She's always straining to set herself off in high relief.

Kate: Tom! What has she been saying to you? I'm sure you deserved it. You're absurdly narrow — when it's a question of a rival luminary.

Tommy (*with a magnanimous shrug*): I was just thinking of how she posed around after dinner and descanted, in the way she thinks most effective, when she knew very well we wanted to read —

Kate: *You* did, you mean. I'm sure you think you're 'most effective' in that role.

Tommy: Whew! Now, Katie, don't you get contaminated. But didn't I annihilate her with dexterity? Did you see?

Kate (*soberly*): I wouldn't have thought it of you. (*With half-reluctant curiosity*) How?

Tommy (*nonchalantly*): Well, by the book, it was this way. She loves to talk and talk and have other people listen devoutly. You know it. She doesn't want to listen to anybody else — unless it's some Grand Mogul.

Kate (*with indignant irony*): And Thomas Trails likes to say a bit himself?

Tommy (*suavely*): Perhaps; and perhaps this time he wanted to hear a third person. But while she steamed away about her literary hobbies and her literary fervors I bethought me of a scheme to induce the brilliant young lady to retire to her own apartments. I just began to discourse, myself, with breathless haste, upon the subject of my own scholarly tastes and — she furled her wind-deserted banners and fled.

Kate: To say nothing of the mixed figures — you designed all that, Mr. Trails? (*rising*) I thought you were a gentleman.

Tommy: Now, Kate, this is too much. It was all just —

Kate: Malicious! every word. Men never gossip, they say. And you have maligned a girl whom you know to be my friend.

Tommy: Now, Katrina, you're foolish.

Kate: And you think me not only not clever, but — you — you just said it. (*Moving quickly towards the door*) I don't think I can go to the contest Wednesday evening. Good afternoon, Mr. Trails. (*She disappears abruptly behind the curtained door. Tommy, who has risen during this small typhoon, subsides into the nearest chair.*)

Tommy: O, darn. What a loon I am. I saw all that seething, and still kept stirring the fire. (*He rises slowly, chin sunk low, hands deep in pockets, and softly, but emphatically he kicks the foot-stool.*)

*Curtain.*



SCENE II.

*Archæology Room in Peters Hall. Hands of clock pointing to four. Kate Durfield hurries in, selects half a dozen large volumes from the book-case, and seats herself at the extreme left of the long table. She looks out of the window drearily, then suddenly up at the clock.*

Du Himmel! The janitor supposed to lock the door at three—and that hideous test tomorrow! Prof. Kutting *will* say something spicy when he sees my blue-book. The only hope's to cram till lock-up time. (*Buries her attention in a huge tome.*)

(*After a few minutes*) O me carissima, why can't I study? There's the janitor coming now.

(*Voices without. She hastily prepares to gather up the books; then abruptly reverses her plans and appears absorbed in the largest volume as Tommy Trails, carrying a large roll of white paper, and Will Bronton, enter the room. As Kate does not look up Dick raises his eyebrows at Tommy. The latter shakes his head mournfully.*)

Will (*spreading out the paper on the table, at the end opposite Kate*): I say, Traily, you're a most obliging chap. Don't know whether I can reconcile it with my tender conscience to let the Prof think I've been doing my half of this.

Tommy: Don't mention it.

Will: To the Prof?

Tommy: Sure. O, I find it middling absorbing. (*Dolefully*) Now the debate's over there isn't much to interest one.

Will: You should have tried for the Glee Club, Tommy. With that plaintive voice you'd have been thrilling in The Muffin Man.

Tommy: I *do* seem to have missed my proper role, somehow.

Will: Through lack of appreciation, doubtless.

Tommy: Doubtless. (*Bending over map*) Billy, can't you finish putting in those faces? That was a daft idea of yours—drawing women's heads for cities. I tried one; there.

Will: A genuine towered Cybele!

Tommy: No, a Minerva. That's a helmet, man. A Goddess of Wisdom for me. None of your apple-cheeked superficiais!

Will: Clever preferred? Well, really now! But I've got to get to practice. Sorry there's such a rush about the thing, especially since you don't feel competent to finish out that type of beauty I began. But just gradually change the faces into blank circles. If the old man has *your* critico-philosophical eye he won't see the difference.

Tommy (*with over-pronounced solicitude*): You don't have to go, Bron?

Will: Must. Don't dawdle over your work. Attend strictly to business. Mighty sorry to leave you in such a ticklish position—about the *map*, I mean—but I'll see you later. (*He shuffles sidewise out of the room, eyeing Kate's rigid back-hair the while with an idiotic grin.*)

Tommy, at one end of the table, continues work with ruler and pencil all the time furtively watching Kate, who, at the opposite end, turns the leaves of her book with insulting coolness and takes copious notes. Several minutes pass. A deliberating step is heard in the hall outside. A key slips into the lock and turns with unusual noise. The steps briskly retreat while Tommy and Kate stare at each other for two seconds in petrified horror. Then Kate, jumping up and spreading books and note-

*paper, utters a breathy shriek. Tommy leaps wildly over two chairs and dashes for the door. It resists a convulsive jerk.*

Tommy (*coming back to the table*): That janitor's deaf, you know!

Kate: No, I don't. He ought to have looked in if it is almost five. O, Tom, what shall we do?

Tommy: Let's consider. (*Seats himself upon the table and looks blandly but with impersonal thoughtfulness at Kate.*)

Kate (*uneasily*): There might be a belated professor in the Faculty Room. (*Stamps emphatically*) Perhaps we could work on his sympathetic system so as to bring him to the rescue.

Tommy: That allusion is not exact, but—how dreadfully embarrassing it would be! Besides, I know there is no one there.

Kate (*running to the window*): We might hail a passing stranger and get him to look up the janitor.

Tommy: We'd have to shout down a ridiculous lot of explanation.

Kate (*giggling hysterically*): Perfectly absurd! But here comes Teddy Clark smug as usual. There isn't another person in sight. Could you intimidate him so he wouldn't tell? He's just a Cad.

Tommy: They're an undeveloped, slippery lot. Besides, he's one of the slap-'em-on-the-back sort of fellows. 'Twouldn't take long for him to spread this epic tale; and the Annual hasn't gone to print yet. (*Ingratiatingly*) I shan't have you talked about, Katie.

Kate (*ignoring personalities*): You do nothing but object. O, Tom, stop swinging your heels and *do* something. I like men of action, not the everlasting, considering, Arnold type. O *do* something! You're a man; you ought to.

Tommy (*springing up*): Now you're illuminating, Katie. I have it. By dad, we'll adopt drastic measures. We'll climb through the transom!

Kate: Brilliant! It is big enough—even for you.

Tommy: A delicate compliment. I just heard the janitor leaving, down-stairs. But once over this parapet, I know a way we can easily escape. Really, now, isn't it larky?

Kate (*doubtfully*): I don't know. How shall I ever climb that high?

Tommy: Easy enough. (*He rolls the table over by the door and thereupon places a chair.*)

Kate: And the books on top! (*She passes three of the largest up to him as he stands on the table. By the aid of a chair she climbs up beside him, Tommy elaborately assisting.*)

Tommy (*mounting the pyramid*): I'll climb through and drop first.

Kate: But I can't do that!

Tommy: Mein liebes kind, you shan't even ruffle your precious hair. I'll get some chairs from the Fräulein's room. (*He clambers through and springs down rather heavily on the other side.*)

Kate (*anxiously*): You haven't hurt yourself?

Voice of Tommy: Nary a bit. Now, Katie, be careful about that chair. It's wobbly.

(*While Kate mounts the pile Tommy is heard dragging furniture outside. Swinging to the ledge of the transom, Kate accidentally kicks the back of the chair. It and the books crash to the floor.*)

Kate: Oh-o-o!

Voice of Tommy (*excitedly*): Hold on tight, Kate. Are you burning bridges behind you?

Kate (*perched uncomfortably upon the transom*): I'm all right. (*Peering over*) But, mine gracious, that's only one chair! How can I ever—

Voice of Tommy: I won't let you fall. You see, I can't pile one crazy chair on another, and the desks are too heavy to drag out, and the benches tip, and the umbrella racks are too uncertain footing, and—I'm sure I'm sturdy enough.

Kate: O, Tommy, you're too obvious. You should be more subtly suggestive. However, I'm not exactly in a position to criticise. Indeed, I'm in an awfully uncomfortable position.



I am not in a position to criticise.

Voice of Tommy: Och, hone! Come Katie, my own.

Kate: You blatant Irishman! Now *don't* be sentimental.

Voice of Tommy: Now *don't* be a prude.

Kate: A prude? Never! (*Brief pause*) Tommy, dear, I'm coming. Now *don't* let me fall.

*Curtain.*

### SCENE III.

*Parlor of the boarding-house. Mr. Tommy Trails and Miss Kate Durfield discovered standing by a glowing fireplace. Enter Mr. Will Bronton. With all the benevolence of the newly engaged, they step forward to greet him.*

Kate: Mr. Bronton!

Tommy: Hello, Billy. It's an age since we saw you last. Where do you keep



yourself? So many things going on *we're* kept pretty busy. Suppose you are too.

Will: Editorial "we"! Oh, I'm the "cat that walks by himself." However, I've not been confining myself strictly to the "wild, wet woods." Possibly you're of those that have eyes and—don't see. But I'll wager you can hear—a key in a lock, for instance. How long were you people in the Archæology Room Monday last?

Kate: Mr. Bronton! You didn't—

Tommy: Billy, you're a villain of the purplest hue. But perhaps you're "not so bad as you logically ought to be." You didn't keep us in there very long. In fact, just long enough.

Will (*incredulously*): Keep you in!

Tommy: Don't feign innocence. Kate's perspicacity is more than equal to my own.

Will (*suppressing amazement*): Really. But how-er-did you escape?

Tommy: Between ourselves—positively!—we scaled the transom.

Will: No!! (*laughs deliriously*) O, rich! rich! (*between uproarious convulsions*) Didn't—you—try—the—door?

Tommy (*stiffly*): Of course, you idiot. What is the matter? It was locked.

Will: Oh, oh, oh! it—must—'a—stuck. I remember it does—usually. Ha, ha! I merely twisted the key in the lock and turned it back again. (*Throws himself upon the couch where he creates a small earthquake among the pillows. Tommy and Kate eye each other ruefully.*)

Tommy: Never mind, Kate, I'll throttle him. (*Turning to the couch*) Look here Bronton; if a word of this leaks out I'll send to the Annual an illustrated version of the Junior-House Smoke Story, with all the sea-sickness and green-sickness thrown in. I will.

Bronton (*sitting up, still tremulous*): How did you ever—  
Curtain.

EMELYN FOSTER PECK.

✍

Miss Hampson, '05, hurriedly rushed into Miss Grosvenor's closet to borrow a promised evening-coat. On arriving at the Glee Club she discovered that she had draped around her shoulders a somewhat incongruous skirt.

Tune: "It's All Over Now."

When the tea-room neat was all complete,

Two men and two maids so rash

With beating hearts and guilty starts,

Went in for a gentle smash.

They were football men, so big that when

Inside that tea-room small

Without an excuse there appeared Dr. Luce,

They couldn't get out at all.

When we were Freshmen—Miss Jenner, '05, having just arrived, goes shopping. Seeing a desirable waste basket in a window, she enters and remarks: "I'll take that basket. Charge it and send it up." Exit.



### **WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.**

Morning. Address by General G. W. Shurtleff, "A Year With the Rebels."  
Evening. Faculty Reception to the Students. Warner Gymnasium.

## THE OBERLIN IDEA



The Oberlin idea,  
That poor, long-suff'ring joke,  
About which, in the ages past  
Each anxious writer spoke,

Has undergone amendments,  
Improvements by the score —  
Until the dear old thing itself,  
Alas! exists no more.

The latest introduction  
They've made with faces bold,  
Is writing — "Dancing's proper."  
In the Constitution old.

The maidens do it — one and all,  
They've got it, through and  
through —  
The solemn Senior does it,  
The giddy Freshman, too.

They spend their recreation hours,  
They risk their life and limb  
To learn the two-step, or the waltz,  
To dance in Warner Gym.

The faculty, they smile consent,  
And in their robes of state  
Are present, and in secret sigh  
Because it's getting late.

We know not what we're coming to,  
We fear to count the cost.  
From out our steady-going minds,  
Our old Idea's lost.

For though these gay proceedings  
Our proper senses shock,  
The worst of all, methinks, is this —  
They dance till nine o'clock!  
—L. W., '06.



### MADAME ENCOURAGES PUGILISTIC TENDENCIES.

Shepler pinches Dave Grosvenor while he is reciting. D. G. turns around and shows disapproval by a forceful blow upon "one cheek," whereupon Madame exclaims, "Good enough for him! only you ought to have done it fifty times as hard."

Miss Boorman, having gone mad because of the caterwauling beneath her windows, stalks Hamletistically up and down, chanting—

"How they stroll along the fences  
Making all the echoes ring,  
While the neighbours look for boot-jacks  
As the prima Tommies sing."

Cleveland Plain Dealer, Jan. 29, 1903: "Prof. C. H. A. Wager of Oberlin College was in the city for the vaudeville at the Colonial."



Miss Edwards, '05, in Eng. Lit., responding to roll call: "Come."

Miss Fette, '05, seeing a duck for the first time in several years, exclaims: "Why, haven't ducks more than two feet?"

Dr. Luce, in general ex., bounding Oberlin: "Orphans' Home on the West, two blocks beyond the railroad on the South, as far as Dill field on the north, as far as beyond the cemetery on the East.

"Dutch" peacefully slumbered during Economics as Prof. Bogart remarked: "You observe in the Preamble, 'every man is entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.' Mr. Sperry is taking advantage of that last clause."

### **To Our Old Friend.**

"Under very dubious circumstances"  
You dine, if you dine at Mun's, it  
chances.  
You'd best not go, for the dictate reads,  
"A restaurant cheap," and then pro-  
ceeds —  
If once you've been, pray go no  
more —  
"All in the back of a queer old store."



Miss Cook, special, walking down street behind a cigarette smoker, sniffing her nose, says: "My! I smell something good. I wish we could have some for supper."

At the beginning of the year Berryman, '04, tries to help a new co-ed find a boarding house. When the situation is explained at one place the matron asks: "Do you wish to do light housekeeping?"

Prof. Jewett in chapel (urging subscriptions to the Review): "Many people spend much money foolishly. I know of a woman who spent \$15.00 for a piece of apparatus called a bonnet."

Dr. Luce: "Here are Leontes' accusations: 'Is whispering nothing? Is leaning cheek to cheek? Kissing with inside lip? Stopping the career of laughter with a sigh? Skulking in corners? Is this nothing?' With these he accused the innocent Hermione. Of course it is nothing, nothing but the commonest occurrence, what we see every day of our lives and think nothing of."

## THE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB.

### Officers.

J. F. Peck, '75 .....	Manager
Herbert Harroun, '94 .....	Director
C. T. Roome, '04 .....	Assistant Director
W. K. Breckenridge, Con., '88 .....	Pianist
E. A. Lightner, '03 .....	President
C. G. Livingston, '04 .....	Secretary
C. T. Roome .....	Treasurer
D. B. Grosvenor, '03 .....	Librarian

### Members.

#### *First Tenor.*

Herbert Harroun '94  
D. B. Grosvenor '03  
E. A. Lightner '03  
Ralph Rigby, Con.

#### *Second Tenor.*

P. D. Jenkins '03  
D. B. Reed '03  
C. T. Roome '04  
Albert Conkey, Academy

#### *Baritone.*

S. C. Hotchkiss '04  
C. G. Livingston '04  
E. B. Chamberlain '04  
L. C. Stetson '03

#### *Bass.*

J. E. Wirkler '03  
W. J. Sperry '05  
R. E. Ewalt, Academy  
C. B. Ullman, Academy

### Season of 1902-1903.

Sylvania, Ohio.	Fremont, Neb.
Berwin, Ill.	Omaha, Neb.
Hudson, Wis.	Des Moines, Iowa.
Bismark, N. Dak.	Oberlin, Ohio.
Butte, Mont.	Mt. Vernon, Ohio.
Boise City, Idaho.	Kenton, Ohio.
Salt Lake City, Utah.	Nevada, Ohio.
Ogden, Utah.	Londonville, Ohio.
Seward, Neb.	Orville, Ohio.
New London, Ohio.	





## GLEE CLUB PROGRAM.

Home Concert.

In First Church, March 28, 1903.

### PART FIRST.

Song of the Vikings ..... *Tanning*  
Sunday on the Ocean ..... *Heiazh*  
Medley ..... *Reed*  
Solo — "I Implore the Sweet Bird" ..... *Bedford*

Allan Lightner.

The Forest Mill ..... *Nessler*  
Gypsy Life ..... *Schumann*  
Piano Solo .....

Mr. Breckenridge.

The Sword of Ferrara ..... *Bullard*

### PART SECOND.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod ..... *Nevin*

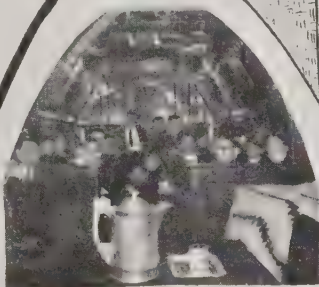
Mrs. Adams and Mixed Chorus.

On the Sea ..... *Buck*  
Pleaudrig Crohoore ..... *Sandford*

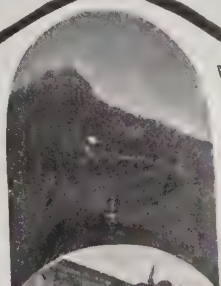
Mixed Chorus.

### PART THIRD.

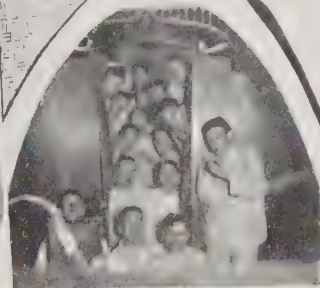
A Group of College Songs.



The Dining Room



Hot Hand



Herr Meier & Dimples



"Good morning"



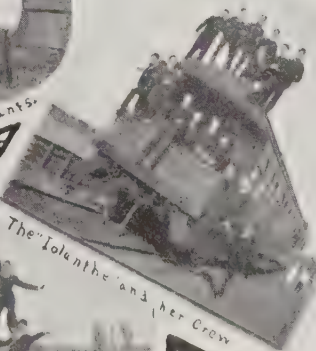
A Fluck of Ducks



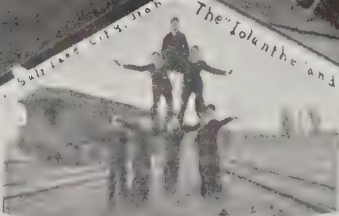
Mormon Temple



The Servants



The Jolanthe and her Crew



1.

On the Glee Club a fellow called Dudley  
Spent his time making poetry rudely,  
    And while on the trip,  
    He was using his lip  
At such verses that follow so crudely.

2.

There was a young fellow named  
    “Mose,”  
Who washed and hung out his *close*.  
    As was always his luck,  
    He found he was stuck,  
When some friends, passing by, saw his  
    *tose*.

3.

Our manager's dubbed Señiorella,  
And he is a jolly good fella.  
    You may say what you please,  
    But when at his ease,  
You will find he can be quite a swell-a.

4.

On the train a fellow called “Stet,”  
Who awoke in a terrible sweat,  
    In the rush and the stew  
    Donned another man's shoe,  
And the reason is scarcely known yet.

5.

The most sedate of our rank  
Is Chamberlain — long, lean and lank.  
    When his soul leaves its shell  
    It will *not* go to.—Well,  
The remainder I'd better leave blank.

6

There was a young fellow named Sperry  
Who choked on a green huckleberry.  
    The boys called him “Dutch,”  
    But it didn't mean much,  
For his language was immature — very.

7.

A bad little boy named Sammy  
Ran away one day from his mammy.  
    He fished in the brook  
    With a pin for a hook.—  
In the water expired our poor Sammy.

8.

And then a sonnet to Toll,  
Who tried to crawl through a hole,  
    And got fast in the middle,  
    So he scarcely could widdle,  
And nothing got out but his soul.

9.

Ralph Rigby, the fellows call “grandpa.”  
The Mormon girls gave him the “ha, ha.”  
    But he found two or three  
    As sweet as could be,  
So he took them away to Iowa.

10

There was a young fellow called Roome,  
Who was so sick to go home,  
    That he climbed in his bed  
    And covered his head,  
And prepared at once for the tomb.

11.

Our “Prexy” you'll find very mild,—  
Not at all inclined to be wild,  
    And early in Spring,  
    When base ball's the thing,  
You'll find that he never gets riled.





## WOMEN'S GLEE CLUB.

MRS. CHARLES ADAMS.....Director.  
MISS FUNKEY .....President.  
MISS SHEFFIELD.....Secretary and Treasurer.  
MISS KINNEY .....Pianist.

### *First Soprano.*

Miss Jenney  
Miss Pleniwall  
Miss Fisher  
Miss Sheffield

### *First Alto.*

Miss Funkey  
Miss Leeper  
Miss Terpenning  
Miss Parmelee

### *Second Soprano.*

Miss Florence Carpenter  
Miss Gladys Carpenter  
Miss Greene  
Miss Brahemare  
Miss Williston

### *Second Alto.*

Miss Coughtry  
Miss Warner  
Miss Bradshaw  
Miss Avery





## WHY?

What means that midnight oil?  
That face, so pale and wan?  
That goes with all alike,  
Though college, cad, or con.

Ah, what dire thing has happened?  
Come, tell the dreadful news.  
And why those gloveless hands—  
Those shabby Sunday shoes?

And why, no more, the tea room,  
Fond visits do you make?  
I pray you, is it piety.  
Or all for love's sweet sake?

Explain that rough fore-finger,  
Bepricked with needles long.  
To keep us longer in the dark  
Is sure a dreadful wrong.

Oh why spend hours and hours  
In making fudges sweet,  
But give no morsel small away,  
And not a bite to eat?

And why, grown mercenary,  
In calculations nice—  
For e'en a lent alarm clock  
You needs must have your price?

You see, no more your secret  
From anxious eyes you shield—  
You're working boldly, nobly,  
For our Athletic Field!

—L. W., '06.

/

In Freshman Math.—Mr. Cairns: "Mathematics is an exact science unless you make a mistake."

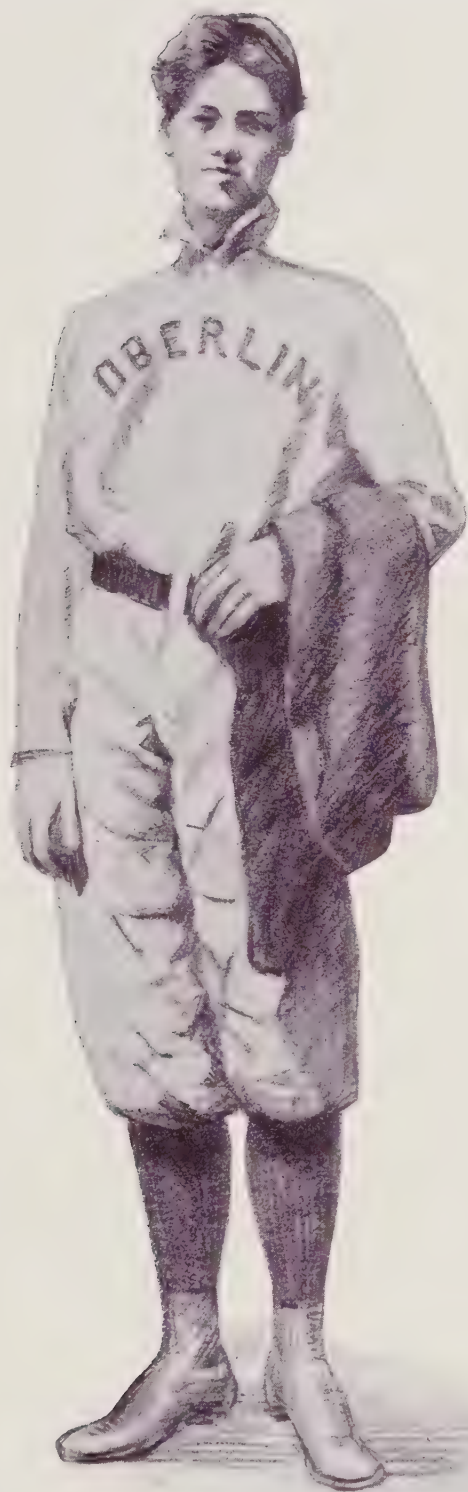
Mr. Roberts (conducting a class): "I wish everyone who is sitting alongside of anyone who is absent today would report."

Lightner, '03, speaking in Y. M. C. A.: "I have figured out that if a hundred of us each gave a cent we shall raise thirty-six dollars."

A Freshman (reporting on his problems): "I only worked the last four, but they are all right, except a little mistake in all but one."

Miss Luce: "What is your conception of Snug, the joiner?" After a pause, in which several guesses are hazarded, a determined voice is heard: "Well, I think he had red hair."

Miss Luce: "Well, that certainly would illumine the picture somewhat."



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## OBERLIN ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

### OFFICERS.

FRANK C. VAN CLEEF, '04 .....	President
RICHARD H. LONG, '06 .....	Vice-President
E. ALLEN LIGHTNER, '03 .....	Secretary
ARTHUR S. BARROWS, '05 .....	Treasurer
CHARLES F. RODGERS, '07 .....	Field Marshall
DR. G. C. JAMESON, '90 .....	Graduate Treasurer

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#### *Undergraduates.*

E. A. Lightner, '03; R. T. F. Harding, '03; F. C. Van Cleef, '04.



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G. M. JONES, '94 .....	Graduate Manager
R. T. F. HARDING, '03 .....	Associate Manager Foot Ball
H. P. GRABILL, '03 .....	Associate Manager Base Ball
M. A. LAUGHBAUM, '03 .....	Associate Manager Basket Ball
H. C. HUNTINGTON, '04 .....	Associate Manager Track





THE TWINS



## FOOT BALL TEAM, 1902.

- |                                     |              |
|-------------------------------------|--------------|
| 4. D. B. Bradley, Acad. ....        | left end     |
| 16. H. E. Funk, '05                 |              |
| 3. P. D. Hillis, '04, Captain ..... | left tackle  |
| 11. E. E. Shepler, '04 .....        | left guard   |
| 18. E. P. Cole, '03                 |              |
| 17. J. B. Miller, '03 .....         | center       |
| 9. J. H. Scroggie, '05 .....        | right guard  |
| 13. F. M. Dolan, '05 .....          | right tackle |
| 6. H. F. Shurtz, '04 .....          | right end    |
| 5. J. R. Morgan, '03 .....          | quarterback  |
| 10. H. C. Huntington, '04           |              |
| 8. L. S. Miller, '04 .....          | left half    |
| 14. L. Cheney, '05                  |              |
| 12. J. P. Stimson, '06 .....        | right half   |
| 15. W. K. Van Cleef, '05            |              |
| 7. W. J. Sperry, '05 .....          | full back    |

## FOOT BALL SCHEDULE, 1903.

Sept. 26.—Ada at Oberlin.	Oct. 24.—Purdue at LaFayette.
Oct. 3.—Kenyon at Oberlin.	Oct. 31.—Case at Oberlin.
Oct. 10.—Wooster at Oberlin.	Nov. 7.—W. R. U. at Cleveland.
Oct. 17.—O. W. U. at Oberlin.	Nov. 14.—O. S. U. at Columbus.
Nov. 21.—U. of M. at Ann Arbor.	



FOOT BALL SQUAD.





### **BASKET BALL TEAM, 1903.**

Sandberg

Hoopes ..... left forward

Brown (captain) .....right forward

Olmstead ..... center

Peabody .....left guard

Vradenburg .....right guard

■

### **BASKET BALL RECORD.**

January 10 .....Oberlin 55, Berea 6.

January 17 .....Oberlin 17, Reserve 39

January 31 .....Oberlin 19, O. S. U. 15

February 7 .....Oberlin 22, Wooster 18

February 14 .....Oberlin 16, O. S. U. 37

February 25 .....Oberlin 12, Allegheny 26

March 7 .....Oberlin 31, Reserve 16





### BASE BALL TEAM, 1903.

D. B. Reed .....	third base
J. R. Morgan, captain .....	short stop
E. A. Lightner .....	second base
E. E. Shepler .....	first base
L. W. Todd .....	catcher
S. C. Hotchkiss .....	right field
D. B. Grosvenor .....	center field
M. F. Hoopes .....	left field
F. H. Tenney .....	pitcher
J. H. McClosky .....	pitcher
A. B. Conkey .....	pitcher
A. S. Barrows .....	short stop

### BASE BALL SCHEDULE 1903.

April 20.—Hiram at Oberlin.	May 16.—U. of M. at Oberlin.
April 25.—Kenyon at Oberlin.	May 23.—O. W. U. at Delaware.
April 29.—U. of M. at Ann Arbor.	May 28.—U. of I. at Champaign.
May 1.—U. of C. at Oberlin.	May 29.—U. of C. at Chicago.
May 2.—Wooster at Oberlin.	May 30.—O. S. U. at Columbus.
May 6.—Case at Oberlin.	June 6.—open, at Oberlin.
May 9.—O. S. U. at Oberlin.	June 22.—Varsity-Alumni.



### TRACK TEAM, 1902.

H. W. Peabody—Broad jump.	H. L. Marsh, Mgr.—Dashes.
F. M. Hatch—Weights.	R. F. Berryman—Two mile run.
P. D. Hillis—Weights.	E. Anderson—One mile and 440-yard dash.
W. K. Van Cleef—Hurdles.	F. C. Van Cleef—Hurdles.
L. Cheney—Dashes.	R. W. Paterson—Dashes.
R. W. Foley—Pole vault.	J. H. Angle—440-yard dash.
E. B. Chamberlain—Runs and high jump.	L. S. Miller, Capt.—Dashes and broad jump.
W. G. Mallory—One mile.	H. M. Pappodopoulos—Two-mile run
H. K. Heebner—High jump.	A. L. Webster—Coach
S. F. Bellows—High jump.	

### TRACK SCHEDULE, 1903.

May 2.—Home Field Day.  
May 9.—O. S. U. at Columbus.  
May 16.—W. R. U. at Cleveland.  
May 23.—Purdue at Oberlin.  
May 28.—Ohio Conference Meet at Cleveland.  
May 30.—W. I. A. A. at Chicago.



TRACK SQUAD, 1903.



## WEARERS OF THE "O."

### Foot Ball.

P. D. Hillis, '04	D. Bradley, '06
F. M. Dolan '05	H. F. Shurtz, '05
E. E. Shepler, '04	H. E. Funk, '05
J. R. Morgan, '03	L. S. Miller, '04
H. C. Huntington, '04	J. B. Miller, '03
J. P. Stimson, '06	W. J. Snerry, '05
L. Cheney, '05	W. K. Van Cleef, '05
J. H. Scroggie, '05	

### Base Ball.

M. P. Robinson, '02	F. H. Tenny, '06
C. F. Akins, '06	E. E. Shepler, '04
E. A. Lightner, '03	J. R. Morgan, '03
A. L. Holter, '04	M. F. Hoopes, '05
F. H. Pierce, '04	S. C. Hotchkiss, '04

### Basket Ball.

G. R. Brown, '04	J. G. Olmsted, '07
H. S. Sandberg, Acad.	G. A. Vradenburg, Acad.
H. W. Peabody, '03	

### Track.

R. W. Foley, '03	F. C. Van Cleef, '04
F. M. Hatch, '02	S. F. Bellows, '05
L. S. Miller, '04	E. Anderson, '04
F. L. Bickford, '04	R. F. Berryman, '04

## FOOT BALL RECORD, 1902.

Oct. 4, at Oberlin.....Oberlin.....	61	Heidelberg .....	0
Oct. 11, at Oberlin.....Oberlin.....	40	Wittenburg .....	0
Oct. 18, at Oberlin.....Oberlin.....	10	O. W. U.....	18
Oct. 25, at Ithica.....Oberlin.....	0	Cornell .....	57
Nov. 1, at Oberlin.....Oberlin.....	0	Case .....	16
Nov. 8, at Oberlin.....Oberlin.....	16	Reserve .....	12
Nov. 15, at Alliance.....Oberlin.....	34	Mt. Union.....	6
Nov. 22, at Ann Arbor.....Oberlin.....	0	Michigan .....	63
		161	172

## BASE BALL RECORD, 1902.

April 19, at Oberlin.....Oberlin.....	6	Case .....	7
April 23, at Oberlin.....Oberlin.....	11	U. S.....	2
April 26, at Oberlin.....Oberlin.....	20	O. W. U.....	15
April 30, at Oberlin.....Oberlin.....	8	W. R. U.....	3
May 3, at Oberlin.....Oberlin.....	5	Kenyon .....	4
May 10, at Oberlin.....Oberlin.....	7	O. S. U.....	5
May 19, at Oberlin.....Oberlin.....	4	Michigan .....	7
May 23, at Oberlin.....Oberlin.....	1	Chicago .....	8
May 24, at Cleveland.....Oberlin.....	10	Case .....	4
May 29, at Chicago.....Oberlin.....	6	Chicago .....	9
May 30, at Ann Arbor.....Oberlin.....	3	Michigan .....	4
June 10, at Delaware.....Oberlin.....	10	Delaware .....	11
June 12, at Oberlin.....Oberlin.....	1	Cornell .....	5

## OBERLIN TRACK AND FIELD RECORDS.

Event.	Holder.	Record.
100 yard dash.....	E. H. Boothman, '96.....	10 seconds
	L. T. Dillon, con.	
220 yard dash.....	E. H. Boothman, '96.....	21 3-5 seconds
440 yard dash.....	C. M. Woodruff, '01.....	53 1-5 seconds
Half mile run.....	F. C. Kellogg, '04.....	1 minute, 59 3-5 seconds
1 mile run.....	E. Anderson, '04.....	4 minutes, 39 1-5 seconds
2 mile run .....	R. F. Berryman, '04.....	10 minutes, 19 1-5 seconds
120 yard hurdle.....	H. Keep, '94.....	16 3-5 seconds
220 yard hurdle .....	H. A. Young, '97.....	25 3-5 seconds
High jump.....	S. F. Bellows, '05.....	5 feet, 10½ inches
Running broad jump.....	L. S. Miller, '04.....	21 feet, 8 2-5 inches
Pole Vault.....	G. F. Hammond, '07.....	10 feet, 6 1-4 inches
16-lb. hammer throw.....	F. M. Hatch, '02.....	117 feet, 4 8-10 inches
16-lb. shot put.....	A. Hall.....	38 feet, 1-4 inch
Discus throw.....	F. M. Hatch, '02.....	103 feet, 3 inches

## HOME FIELD DAY, 1902.

100 yard dash.....	Miller, '04.....	10 2-5 seconds
	Marsh, '03.	
	Bickford, '04.	
120 yard hurdle.....	F. C. Van Cleef, '04.....	17 1-5 seconds
	W. K. Van Cleef, '05.	
	Grosvenor, '04.	
440 yard dash.....	Anderson, '04.....	54 4-5 seconds
	Angle, '04.	
	Keller, '05.	
Two mile run.....	Berryman, '04.....	10 minutes, 46 seconds
	Pappadopoulos, '04.	
One mile run.....	Anderson, '04.....	4 minutes, 45 4-5 seconds
	Mallory, '05.	
	J. H. Parmelee, '04.	
220 yard hurdle.....	W. K. Van Cleef, '05.....	28 4-5 seconds
	F. C. Van Cleef, '04.	
	Grosvenor, '04.	
Half mile run.....	Berryman, '04.....	2 minutes, 8 1-5 seconds
	Chamberlain, '04	
	F. L. Bickford, '04.	
220 yard dash.....	Paterson, '04.....	23 4 5 seconds
	Cheney, '05.	
	Clark, '05.	
Shot put.....	Hatch, '02.....	36 feet, 7.3 inches
	Hillis, '04.	
Pole vault.....	Foley, '03.....	9 feet, 7 inches
High jump.....	Bellows, '05.....	5 feet, 5 inches
	Heebner, '03.	
	Chamberlain, '04.	
Hammer throw.....	Hatch, '02.....	117 feet, 4.8 inches
	Hillis, '04.	
Discus throw.....	Hatch, '02.....	92 feet
	Hillis, '04.	
Broad jump.....	Miller, '04.....	19 feet, 8.4 inches
	Peabody, '03.	
	Bissel, '04.	

### Summary of Points.

1902	1903	1904	1905
15	11	62	18



## DUAL TRACK MEET, 1902.

*Purdue vs. Oberlin at La Fayette, Ind.*

### TRACK EVENTS.

120 yard hurdle.....	Russell, P.....	17 1-5 seconds
	F. Van Cleef, O.	
100 yard dash.....	Rice P.....	10 1-5 seconds
	Russell P.	
One mile run.....	Hearn P.....	4 minutes, 36 seconds
	Anderson O.	
220 yard dash.....	Rice P.....	22 4-5 seconds
	Levy P.	
Half mile run.....	Anderson, O. ....	2 minutes, 14 3-5 seconds
	Haxtable P.	
220 yard hurdle.....	Osborn P.....	27 4-5 seconds
	Russell P.	
440 yard dash.....	Levy P.....	54 2-5 seconds..
	F. Huffman P.	

### FIELD EVENTS.

Discus throw.....	Miller P.....	104 feet, 7 inches
	Hatch O.	
High jump .....	Bellows O.....	5 feet, 7 inches
	Corns P.	
Shot put.....	Miller P.....	36 feet, 11 inches
	Hatch O.	
Broad jump.....	Corns P.....	21 feet, 3 inches
	Russell P.	
Hammer throw.....	Miller P.....	120 feet, 2 inches
	Hatch O.	
Pole vault.....	Huffman P.....	10 feet, 2 inches
	Peck P.	

Summary.	Purdue.	Oberlin.
Track .....	40	9
Field .....	31	11
	—	—
Total .....	71	20

## DUAL TRACK MEET.

*Oberlin vs. Reserve, at Oberlin.*

100 yard dash.....	Prentice R.....	10 1-5 seconds
	Hubbell R.	
440 yard dash.....	Anderson O.....	54 4-5 seconds
	Nims R.	
120 yard hurdle.....	F. C. Van Cleef O.....	17 seconds
	W. K. Van Cleef O.	
Two mile run.....	Berryman O.....	10 minutes, 19 1-5 seconds
	Pappadopoulos O.	
220 yard hurdle.....	Bissell R.....	27 3-5 seconds
	F. C. Van Cleef O.	
One mile run.....	Anderson O.....	4 minutes, 41 1-5 seconds
	Hall R.	
Half mile run.....	F. L. Bickford, O.....	2 minutes, 6 4-5 seconds
	Berryman O.	
220 yard dash.....	Prentice R.....	23 seconds
	Hubbell R.	
One mile relay.....	Oberlin.....	3 minutes, 41 2-5 seconds
	F. L. Bickford, Paterson, Angle, Anderson.	
	Reserve — Nims, Byal, Hubbell, Bissell.	
Shot put.....	Hatch O.....	35 feet, 8 2-5 inches
	Hillis O.	
Pole vault.....	Foley O.....	9 feet, 10 4-5 inches
High jump.....	Bellows O.....	5 feet, 7 4-5 inches
	Heebner O.	
Hammer throw.....	Dugan R.....	110 feet, 8 2-5 inches
	Hillis O.	
Discus throw.....	Hatch O.....	99 feet
	O'Brien R.	
Broad jump.....	Miller O.....	20 feet, 5 2-5 inches
	Peabody O.	

Summary.	Oberlin.	Reserve.
Track .....	38 .....	23
Field .....	33 .....	7
Total .....	71 .....	30



### STUDENT BAND.

C. T. Roome, Director

N. W. McGill  
 L. Dillon  
 T. G. Pasco.  
 R. M. Murphy  
 H. F. Pitkin  
 J. O. Richards  
 E. C. Thompson  
 R. W. Jordon  
 E. P. Edwards  
 R. O. Bartholomew  
 L. I. Miller  
 J. B. Wolfe

F. B. Wolfe  
 F. C. Kellogg  
 G. C. Ross  
 J. Ashley  
 F. Warner  
 F. H. Shaw  
 M. L. Eastman  
 L. V. Koos  
 H. L. Bland  
 R. B. Abbott  
 A. B. Robinson  
 W. G. Mallory



## CHAGRIN.

'Twas the Delaware game  
And all round the field  
The people were watching  
Our doom being sealed.

The faces grew longer,  
The faces grew long,  
Not a Hi-O-Hi stirring,  
Not even a song.

A man and a girl  
Sat close side by side;  
Not a move of the game  
By either was spied.

As the people dispersed,  
Lamenting aloud,  
They rose and were carried  
Along with the crowd.

On the way they were asked  
To tell forth the score  
Full twenty-five times,  
If not a few more.

The girl looked so puzzled,  
The man looked so bored,  
That the people passed on;  
Unknown what was scored.

When later 'twas learned  
What had happened that day,  
Folks thought 'twas chagrin  
Had forbade them to say!

—D. E. P.

*Hi-O-Hi! O-Hi-O!*

*Hi-Hi! O-Hi!*

*O-ber-lin!*

*Rickety-ax! Quax! Quax!*

*Rickety-ax! Quax! Quax!*

*Hullabaloo! Hullabaloo!*

*Oberlin!*





### THE NEW MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY.

CHARLES NELSON COLE, Ph. D.,  
Associate Professor of the Latin Language and Literature.

HERBERT HARROUN, A. B.,  
Instructor in Singing.

JAMES JUDGE JEWETT, A. B.,  
Assistant in Physics.

MRS. MARGARET JONES ADAMS,  
Instructor in Singing.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS,  
Instructor in Singing.

JULIUS AUGUSTUS BEWER, Ph. D.,  
Professor of Old Testament Language and Literature.

ALICE CHIPMAN McDANIELS, A. B.,  
Tutor in German.

In comparing our college life with that of other colleges, we find that with us the annual class "hop" is a minus quantity.



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## S i c S e m p e r T y r a n n i s

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A GENERAL air of jolly anticipation and hilarity pervaded every corner of the Rivers campus. In the road in front of the girls' boarding hall, half way up the college hill stood a fast growing pile of dry goods boxes, excelsior and brush, gathered from different quarters of the little town and awaiting the celebration of the first great foot-ball victory of the season. Girls strolled, laughing, up and down in the warm, smoke-scented fall evening. Small boys officiously assisted about the black heap in the road and occasionally added to the general bustle by a premonitory toot from small tin horns. From the steps of the old dormitory, still farther up the hill came the sound of boyish voices singing, "Sweet Rosie O'Grady." The song, softened by the distance floated down to the oak grove behind the chapel, where one of the players on the victorious team, Dick Burton, was strolling with his sister, her room-mate, Beth, and his chum.

"I miss your soulful tenor soaring among the tree-tops, Dick," said Tom. "Sweet Rosie's evidently setting out for a conquest in love or war; presumably the former, as is his wont."

"Highly probable," Betsey laughed. "Did you ever see such an abused cherub in your life? I played the sympathetic feminine the other day, sinner that I am, and got him to confide a few of his woes. That Sweet Rosie business is the worst. When he, William Ansthorpe O'Grady, ex-Cornell student, whose great-great-something or other was boot-black to King James, who has his clothes made by the swellest tailors in Detroit, and heaven knows what else, comes to this Liliputian school and is hailed as Sweet Rosie from the first—it's too much for him, poor chap. He is clever, though, sometimes, for all that he's such a ridiculous dude. Did you hear how our beloved German teacher tried to squelch him tonight at table? You know she doesn't understand the English idiom very well and hates slang worse than she does mice. They were talking about catching on bobs and all of a sudden he said: 'Oh, do the young ladies here apprehend Roberts?' Of course every one shouted but Miss Braun. She couldn't see what connection apprehend had with catch on, and the more we tried to explain the angrier she got, until she put up her eyeglass and said: 'Mr. O'Grady, I consider such attempts at wit execrable.' Wasn't that a fall for Rosie?"

"Yes, rather," Dick said, "but, like truth and green young saplings, he'll rise again. He's going to get a tumble he won't get over so soon, though, if our lucky star shines tonight, isn't he, Tom?" as he nudged his room-mate. "Shall we divulge? Madge, being my sister, won't tell, but as for Betsey, I'm dubious."

"Oh, what is it, a lark? And can we be in it? I'm developing a regular pedagogic squint, I've been so good this year."

"Yes, it's a lark, but I'm sorely afraid the lady prin wouldn't approve of your presence, much as we'd enjoy it. The truth is, we're planning to rid the Rivers world of an attempt at tyranny in the person of Sweet Rosie O'Grady. We expect to have



our statues set up in front of the meat-market as second Harmodius and Aristogriton. In future ages the godly will pour their libations there."

"Oh," Tom groaned, "what learning!"

"Dick," Madge, the studious and prudent, remonstrated, "you aren't going to get into another scrape? Do remember our walk down the grade last year when we all nearly got fired."

"Trust me for that, sis. Our little scheme wouldn't fire us from a female seminary, unless it were found out, I mean, to say nothing of a coll like this, where one student more or less makes an appreciable difference. Besides, it's our Christian duty to let Rosie see the folly of his ways. He'll bring his father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave if we don't begin training him pretty soon. After I make my speech Tom and I are going to sneak off and stack Rosie's room, haul all his precious clothes out and fix them so that he won't be likely to want to wear them to the reception tomorrow night, put nice cold wet sheets in his bed, and do the unforgettable generally. Then we'll leave a little missive pointing the moral. We're going tonight when there won't be a fellow in the house. You know last year, when things were smashed up so in the hall, the faculty swore by all the gods that be that they'd fire anyone who interfered with any man's divine right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—in other words, to having his room unstacked. Rosie has his friends, for all he's such a chump, and they'd raise a row if they saw us."

"The best thing," Tom interrupted, "is that we've a pleasing little scheme whereby we're going to hear Rosie and his dandy room-mate swear and sputter when they discover the state of their fair abode."

"How on earth, without their knowing it?" Betsey asked.

"Oh, want to know, do you?" Tom said teasingly. "Trade about's fair play. Tell me who's coming on your society public and I'll tell you this now. Otherwise you'll have to wait till tomorrow."

"Oh, I can't," replied Betsey, who was loyal in spite of her curiosity.

"Well, we'll tell you in the morning. We've got to go now anyway."

The light of the great bonfire was already fitfully piercing the black of the campus, with the wonderful red glow flickering now over the branches of the oaks by the roadside, now over the stone hall back among the trees. Students circled about in the fire-light, a merry, chattering throng apart from the deep quiet of the surrounding night. Now and then there was heard the sharp bark which college students designate a yell,

"Rivers, Rivers, rah! rah! rah!"

Rivers, Rivers, rah! rah! rah!"

In the general excitement Tom and Dick escaped after their speeches and hurried toward the old dormitory. Once in Rosie's room the work progressed rapidly. Nettles in the bed, chairs ornamented with the daintiest of neckties, packages of letters in feminine handwriting scattered temptingly about—such was the state of the once orderly chamber.

"Bless him, but he'd be a fit subject for the Kalamazoo insane asylum if he could see with what disrespect I treat his immaculate collars," said Dick as he marked them in a sprawling hand, "Rosie O'Grady, gentleman."

"Gracious, man," Tom shouted as he dived into the cupboard and reappeared with two bottles of champagne which he swung like dumbbells over his head. "Evidently

our Irish friend needs a little temperance lecture. We'll quote the Scriptures to him on the subject. I presume the faculty'd be glad to have a friendly chat with him about it. Now, let's get his clothes. You've got the thread? I always sew with the back end of the needle, but it won't matter. Wouldn't his swell Detroit tailors rise from their beds to see my handiwork beside theirs?"

"Heavens, Tom," gasped Dick suddenly as he dropped the water-pitcher and pushed his room-mate into the closet just in time to escape the astounded gaze of Rosie, who opened the door at that moment. But Rosie was equally quick. Comprehending the situation in one enraged glance, he jumped toward the closet and turned the key.

"Ha, ha, you idiots!" he shouted, "just be patient a minute, will you?"

"Sure, Rosie, and we'll wait for you until the crack of doom, providing you don't lose your temper," the answer came back in a disguised voice.

Half in rage, half in triumph he looked at the utter chaos around him. There, to his disgust, stood the wine bottles. Even when he found who his tormentors were, they would have stronger evidence against him than he had against them. Evidently his vengeance, if he was to have any, would need to be personal and immediate. Without noticing the occasional exasperating taunts of "Too bad, Rosie! We liked her letters ever so much," and the like, Rosie emptied a chair of its confused mass of collars, neckties, books and letters and sat down to consider. Every glance increased his anger. Every time he thought of the insult done to the aristocracy of America as represented by himself, William O'Grady, he grew more certain that no ordinary vengeance would be sufficiently sweet.

"Ye gods and little fishes," he muttered. "I have it. What a fool not to think of it before. Won't they try a practical joke on me again, though? It'll be all over college in a day and they'll be the biggest guys in town. Wonder who they are, anyway."

Rosie dashed from the room, followed by the mild interrogation, "Got an idea, Rosie? Keep it, man." Back he came in a moment, dragging a length of garden hose. With a chuckle of pure triumph he fastened the hose on the faucet. Regardless of consequences of any sort except the very gratifying humiliation of these upstarts who seemed to think they could master him, Rosie turned a sizzling, sputtering stream through the transom into the closet.

"You're blame cool," he shouted above the noise of the water, "but you'll be cooler yet before I get through."

At that moment his little room-mate entered to find Rosie ruling supreme and glorious in this kingdom of moisture and confusion. Rosie explained the situation briefly and forcefully. Some way at first George didn't seem to have a sense of humor sufficiently keen to make him see that the well-deserved drenching of the two unknowns was more than compensation for being obliged to spend the night in such a watery paradise.

"Oh, Will," he said suddenly, "our clothes! They aren't out here. You're soaking them too."

"Clothes!" muttered Rosie dumbfounded. "I supposed they'd hauled them out. Oh, hang! what do we care? It'll be worth more than all the clothes in the universe if we make guys of these fellows."

"Yes, I can see you," his room-mate replied rather tartly, "going to that reception tomorrow night in a dress suit that has been well soaked, and dried over an oil-stove. You've asked a girl and so've I. I think we'll be the guys. You're mighty lucky that

none of the fellows come back. The room underneath must be getting a trifle moist."

Rosie's spirits, very properly exalted, were not to be in the least subdued even by the prospect of a disaster to his wardrobe. The more sarcastic his room-mate grew, the more jubilant he became. Finally he called out, "Well, fellows, enjoyed your spray bath? Sorry to stop so soon." Then to his room-mate, "Turn off the water, George. We'll be all through before any one else comes back."

His revenge so nearly completed, Sweet Rosie threw himself upon the bed in spasms of laughter. "Pleasant looking couple they must be. Feathers rather draggled. I wish we could keep them there till morning and escort them down to breakfast. Oh, I'll tell you what. We'll tie them up and leave 'em down on the steps," said Rosie, whose opinion of his own strength was rather too optimistic. "The fellows will find them there when they come back. And now," as he leaped from the bed, "we'll have the conclusion to this pleasant little comedy."

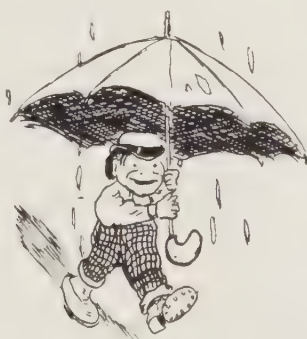
With an exasperating show of mock politeness, the two, armed as well as circumstances would permit, opened the closet door and invited their guests to step out. But no one came. Rosie gave one surprised look at his room-mate. Then, in the heat of his excitement, forgetting his usual cowardice, he pushed into the closet only to return in a second with blank astonishment on his face. "They're gone," he said, "and the door into the back hall's open."

The two stared dully at each other for a moment.

"I don't see," said Rosie. "It's always been boarded up. I never once thought of it."

"It doesn't occur to you that they might have intended to listen to us and then get out that way? Probably came up and knocked the bars off during supper. Fine joke on them, isn't it, schön? They're down there high and dry, patting themselves on the back, and, Oh, heavens, Will, you idiot, we'll never have any peace after this."

Rosie's spirit was too much broken to answer. He dropped into a chair by the open window and looked stupidly out from the hush and dark around the dormitory to the light of the bonfire in the distance. Now and then he heard yelling and clapping as some one finished speaking. Suddenly, from off at one side, too far away for the separate voices to be distinguished, came the sound of several students singing (Oh, addition of insult to injury), the detested strains of Sweet Rosie O'Grady.



"Spring would be but rainy weather  
Were there nothing else but *Spring*."



Oct. 1, 1902. When olives appear on Talcott table, Mary Ray, '06, exclaims, "O Moses!"

Oct. 7. MacLennan, in Psychology: "Don't be afraid of that clock. It's fast. We have five more minutes to fool away."

Oct. 27. Miss Norris, '05, on ornithology trip to Elyria: "Mr. Jones, what is the Elyria spirit?"

Mr. Jones: "Chiefly alcoholic, I guess."

MacLennan, in Psychology: "A lady who was traveling in Europe met another gentleman."

MacLennan: "Prof Jones' chapter on Self, *than which* there is none *equal to it*."

Dahl Buchanan Cooper, anti-coeducationalist, having taken Miss Daugherty two or three places, thinks it is so important a matter that he buttonholes various members of the Annual Board, beseeching them not to publish it broadcast through the Annual.

Dr. Luce, at general ex.: "Girls, we are looking forward with great pleasure to the Woman's Athletic Field, where you may go and sit under your hammocks."

Tired, oh yes, so tired dear,  
I soundly shall sleep tonight;  
For my English themes are all burned up  
And my Math. is out of sight.

It has seemed so long since morning  
tide,  
And then, I was left so lone—  
When out from the test so early  
Those brilliant folk had gone.

For they grew tired long before,  
And I saw them from me flit.  
But *I* was left to struggle on—  
I and my Analyt.

Sing once again "My Oberlin"—  
I'll see her, ne'er again.  
I'm going home tomorrow, dear;  
I take the early train.



Count that day lost whose low descending sun  
Finds that you've been to visit Hobbe's or Mun.

There was a young teacher of French  
Whose ardor for puns none could  
quench.  
He was long, pale, and lean  
And of serious mien,  
This so witty young teacher of French.

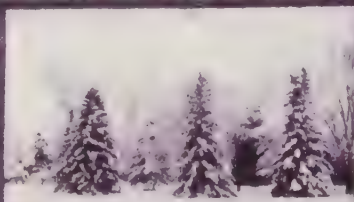
Mrs. Johnston, to girls: "Don't ever marry a man who doesn't like flowers.  
Mr. Roome may recite." (Nisson leans over and whispers to his neighbor.)

Mrs. Johnston: "Pardon me a second, Mr. Room—I know what Mr. Nisson  
said: 'I will come tomorrow with a big flower in my buttonhole.'"

The next day after Madame said,  
"Now, girls, I warn you, never wed  
A man who scorns to love a flower"!  
Each youth appeared when struck the hour  
Adorned with nosegay, sweet and fair—  
Each several man who entered there  
Observed the warning of the pedagogue,  
*Except* the married theologue!



THREE BEATS TO A MEASURE



A BIT OF THE CAMPUS



A WINTER KING



PLUM CREEK



A BIT OF WINTER



WINTER SCENE



BALDWIN COTTAGE



TAPPAN WALK



ELM STREET



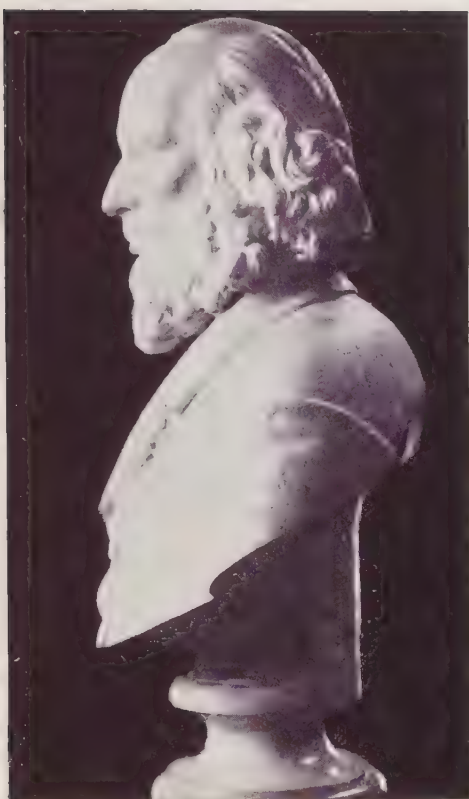
WARNER HALL



REMAINS OF THE ICE AGE

# Oberlin In Winter.





**PRESIDENT CHARLES  
G. FINNEY.**

This bust was made in Rome, 1889, by Andreoni. Presented to Oberlin College by F. Norton Finney, son of President Finney, and a trustee of the college. The bust is to be placed in the new Finney Memorial Chapel when finished.

**SCIPIO AFRICANUS.**

This bust was found in the excavations near Rome. Purchased 1881 by Joseph Cook. Presented to Oberlin College by Mrs. Cook after the death of Mr. Cook.





GOING INTO CHAPEL.

'Tis rumored that our Dr. Luce  
 Is now engaged to Prexy Thwing;  
 Or otherwise by what excuse  
 Can she explain her diamond ring?

If you wish your friend well,  
 You may call her a belle,  
 But of all things don't call her a "bird."  
 (Some are of no use —  
 Like the crow and the goose.)  
 There'll be trouble, my boy, mark my  
 word.



## Ping-Pong.

O love is a game, they say;  
And hearts are but ping-pong balls.  
They're tossed on the board of life  
With never a fear for falls.

My lady is quick at the play,  
But little she recks of the heart  
That she lightly sends at will,  
And little she cares for its smart.

O love is a game, they say.  
Alas for the hearts that fall  
Forgot, when the game is done.  
Alas for the ping-pong ball!



Prof. G. F. Wright shows perception: The men on the back seat, Gabill, '03, Morgan, '03, and Hillis, '04, in Christian Evidences, wrote a composite paper for use in recitation, passing it along as each was called upon. At the close of the hour, Prof. Wright called in the papers, creating consternation on the back seat.



I'd hate to be Anderegg  
And flunk poor souls again.  
But 'twere worse, as Professor Andrews,  
To play that short Amen.



'There is a young Soph'more named Ike,  
Who's such a condemnable tike,  
That he breaks every rule  
In this blessed old school,  
That awful young Soph'more named Ike.

The saddest words of tongue or pen  
Are not, my friends, "It might have  
been";  
But those of some co-ed.—suppress her!  
Who calls her pedagogue, "Professor!"



There is a young lady named Ryder,  
For funning there's no one beside her,  
She's plum full of jokes,  
She's a regular hoax,  
More enlivening far than hard cider.



Was it the sweetness of her smile  
That dazzled me as ne'er before?  
Was it her radiance of look?  
Was it the violets she wore?

I cannot tell, but ah, I know  
That life is not as 'twas before.  
An unrest, haunting, now is mine,  
Since those violets she wore.

If you don't know a part of your lesson  
And aren't very sure of the rest,  
Just sit right up straight — face it  
bravely —  
Be pleasant — appear your best.

And when comes a dead-easy question,  
Spruce up, man, and look alive!  
Just smile at the Prof., and he'll ask you,  
And write by your name a big five.

### IN ECONOMICS.

There once was a fellow called "Dutch,"  
His text-book he never did touch.  
Asked the laborer's wage  
He turned the wrong page,  
And answered by three dimes too much.



OBERLIN'S GRAND MARCH.

**To L. B. H.**

With thund'rous peals the earth Jove shook,  
He had a mighty, passive look.  
His double 'mong us stalks—a soul  
From whom we wait the thunder's roll.  
So powerful, mighty, he appears,  
All gray with wisdom of the years;  
But should he speed th' expected volt,  
His students would the thunder-bolt.

✍

The Prexy he did make a pun  
In chapel not long sence.  
He could 'a' made another one  
On fence and no offense.

✍

Miss Cook, special, noticing the steam issue from an exhaust pipe down town:  
"Oh, look! How white that smoke is. I guess they don't burn soft coal there."

✍

In table repartee 'tis sure you'd make your reputation,  
If when that fitful silence comes you launched a scintillation.

✍

Prof. Cole, in Latin Prose: "An intransitive verb takes the dative; a transitive, the indicative."

✍

*Athletic Committee, Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio.*

Gentlemen: We are manufacturers of a line of pipe racks, as you will note by the catalogue which we herewith enclose. On a number of the orders which we have received, the specifications call for the colors of your college. May we ask you to kindly advise us what these colors are, and also the colors which make up the athletic uniform, as well as the style of letter on the breast of the sweater.

We desire this information so that the requirements of our customers can be properly complied with, and thank you kindly in advance for your reply, which we hope to receive promptly. Yours truly,

H. M. ROSENBLATT & Co.

## **OUR CONTRIBUTORS.**

H. Chester Tracy

Mabel Ferrell

Della Elouise Purcell

Stanley Bates Harkness

Alice Durand

Lois Walker

Luther Dav Harkness

C. H. A. Wager

Emelyn Peck

## **PRIZES.**

The prize for the best farce, donated by Mr. Paul D. Cravath, was awarded to Miss Emelyn Peck.

The prize for the best drawing, donated by Mr. J. R. Severance, was awarded to Mr. E. V. Wilkinson.

The prize for the best collection of amateur photographs, donated by Mr. James Pettit, was awarded to Mr. L. R. Adkins.

The prize for the best heading, donated by Mrs. Lord, was awarded to Mr. Irving Grant.

The prize for the best sketch, donated by Mr. T. E. Burton, was awarded to Mr. Chester Tracy.

The prizes for the metrical translation for the poem, for the story, and for the collection of illustrated jokes, were not awarded.



*To One and All.*

*If you don't receive a roast,*

*Do not boast.*

*You don't deserve the brains*

*And the pains*

*It takes to write a verse,*

*Bad or worse.*

*And you who get a roast,*

*Do not boast.*

*You're not the sweetest gum drop*

*In the shop.*

*We gave **you** folks a place*

*To fill space.*



## The Oberlin Memorial Spoon

This is a beautiful piece of Sterling silver handwork, having a likeness of ex-President Barrows, the Historic gown on the front of the handle; child, a coat-of-arms and a football. The bowls are beautifully engraved. Seniors! In a few weeks you for yourselves. The Alumni Pin of Oberlin, and you can do the



Elm and a Senior girl in cap and a fine profile of ex-President Fair-boy on the back of the handle. with any college building you wish. will be out in the world hustling that you wear will find the friends rest.

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OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER

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The following letter from the Cleveland Y. M. C. A. indicates something of the standing of this school:

Employment Department  
Young Men's Christian Association

MR. J. T. HENDERSON,  
President Oberlin Business College,  
Oberlin, O.

CLEVELAND, O., April 18, 1903.

Dear Sir:—We have in the past had numerous young men from your school on our files and the readiness with which they are placed and the excellent satisfaction given by them has made a very favorable impression in our Employment Department.

Just at present we are having many opportunities for stenographers which we are unable to fill. If there are young men in your school who are competent for this kind of work and who would be interested in membership in the Association, I should very much like to have them referred to us.

Thanking you for whatever you may be able to do in this matter, I am  
Very truly,

JNO. W. PERKINS, Secretary.

Such a letter as the above tells its own story. *The Oberlin Business College* has prospered because it deserves prosperity. Students come here to attend it from all parts of the country, because they can secure a more thorough training than in other schools.

## ***Oberlin Graduates in Demand.***

Miss Tresa Canfield completed her course April 1, went to Cleveland and secured a position as stenographer for The Klinker-Brook Mfg. Co., which firm has in the past employed several stenographers from the Oberlin Business College. Under date of April 12th she writes: "I applied Thursday, and when they learned I was an Oberlin graduate, decided to give me the place. There were a number of applicants, and most of them would work cheaper, but they said they should always have an Oberlin graduate when they could get one." This is an illustration of a common experience with graduates from this school, and it is the determination of the college to make this experience even more common than it is at present.

*The Oberlin Business College* has the finest systems of instruction, able and experienced teachers, an elegant new building, and the strongest management.

Visitors are always welcome. For full information address

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## TWO LEADERS

### The leading literary college

in the State of Ohio is the Oberlin College. Its thorough work commends it to every young man and woman who desires the best literary education that can be secured. As a place for securing a thorough literary education Oberlin College is without a superior. This college does not, however, have a department of Commercial Education, and young men and women in search of the best place to secure such an education have to look to another town.

### The leading commercial college

in the State of Ohio is the Elyria Business College, situated in the City of Elyria, Ohio, about eight miles from Oberlin. The same high standard of instruction which characterizes the literary work of Oberlin College is maintained in the commercial work of the Elyria Business College.

Any young man or woman desiring further information regarding this college can secure same by addressing a request to the

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I sigh not for unexplored regions,  
Nor wonders unknown to me —  
But a genuine faculty meeting  
Is the sight I long to see.

All my money's dwindled sadly,  
Now my purse is strangely light.  
Father thinks I manage badly,  
But I'm sure he isn't right.

Books are such a scand'lous price,  
Room rent high a fellow robs.  
Old class taxes are not nice—  
And — you've got to go to Hobbs!

Potent, pragmatism, praiseworthy, puissant professors,  
All despise you.

Plain, pungent, powerful, practical portentous truth

Must quick descry you.

Poor, pale, plotting peace-provoking partners

Soon deny you.

Perverted property profaning people of the paint pot!!!

I shouldn't want to be Dr. Luce,  
And make the maidens cry;  
Nor yet to be Prof. McLennan,  
Who makes the Juniors sigh.



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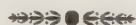
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J . B . M C G E E , M . D . , *Secretary*  
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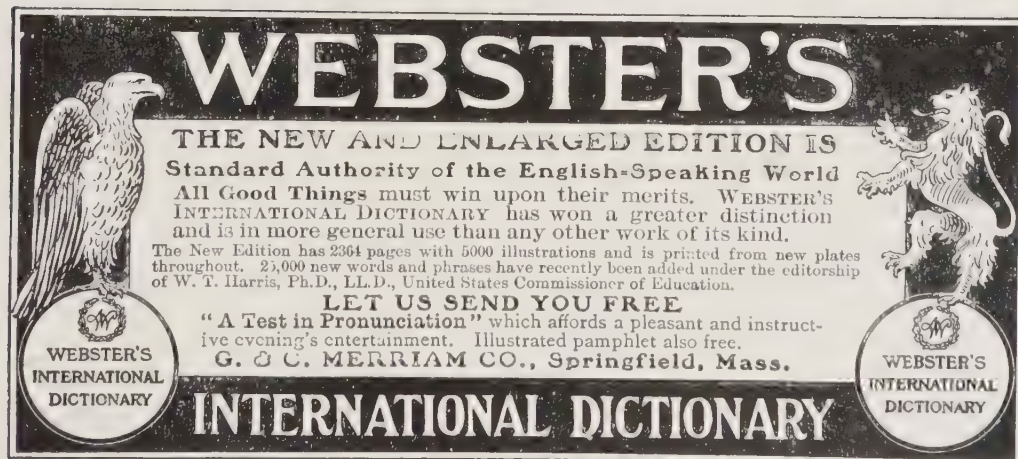
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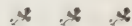
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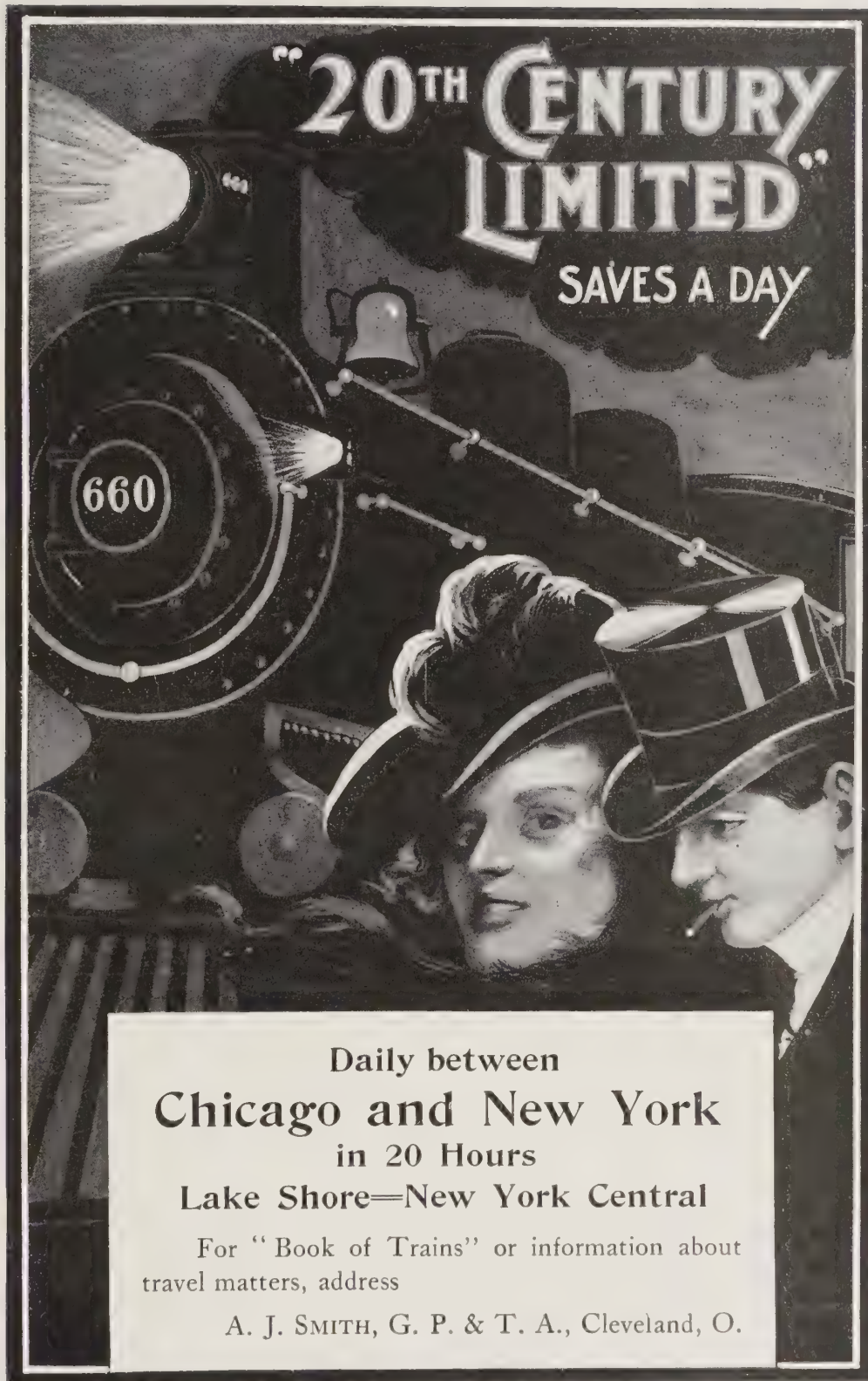
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A black and white illustration of a steam locomotive, number 660, moving from left to right. The locomotive has a large smokestack emitting a plume of smoke. In the foreground, a man and a woman are looking out of the train window. The man is wearing a top hat and smoking a pipe. The woman is wearing a large, ornate hat. The background shows a dark, cloudy sky.

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Todd ordering dinner at the Great Southern Hotel in Columbus.

Todd: "Well, hold on—well, never mind—we'll just go ahead with the order (Pause.) Well, I hardly know what I do want."

Waiter: "Would you like some soup, and fish or radishes?"

Todd: "Well, hold on—let me see—you haven't got any sirloin to-day, have you? Sirloin is about all I want to-day."

Waiter: "We have two kinds of soup there, consomme and heavy soup."

Todd: "Yes, I'll take that." Studies the bill of fare carefully while waiter is gone.

Todd, loaded and primed: "Well, hold on—let me see—I'll take consomme and fish—baked cod, and—"

Waiter: "Well, that's what you're eating now."

Todd: "Well, hold on—I don't know what I do want—let me see—say, Dud, you order my dinner for me, will you?"



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